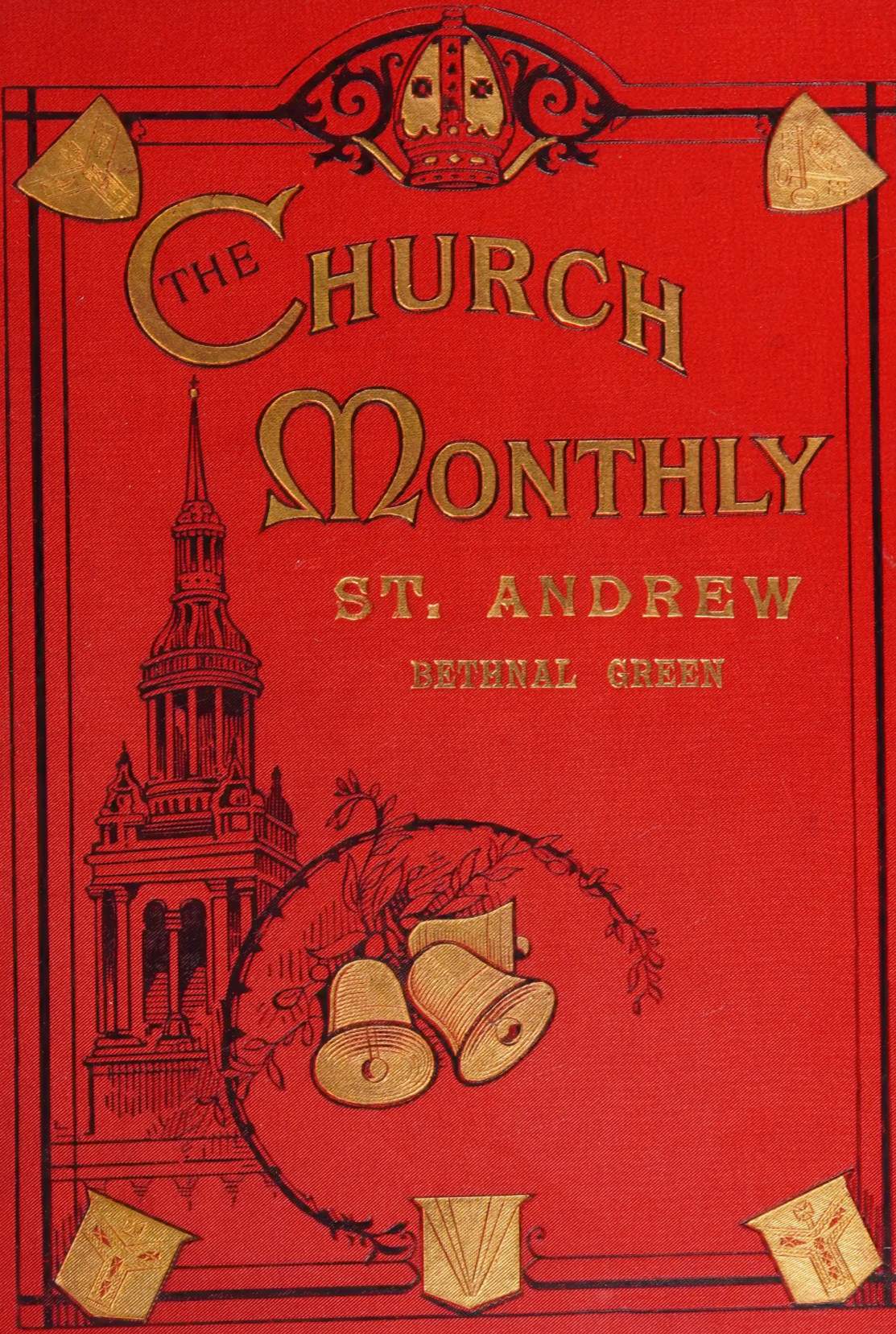




THE CHURCH

MONTHLY

ST. ANDREW

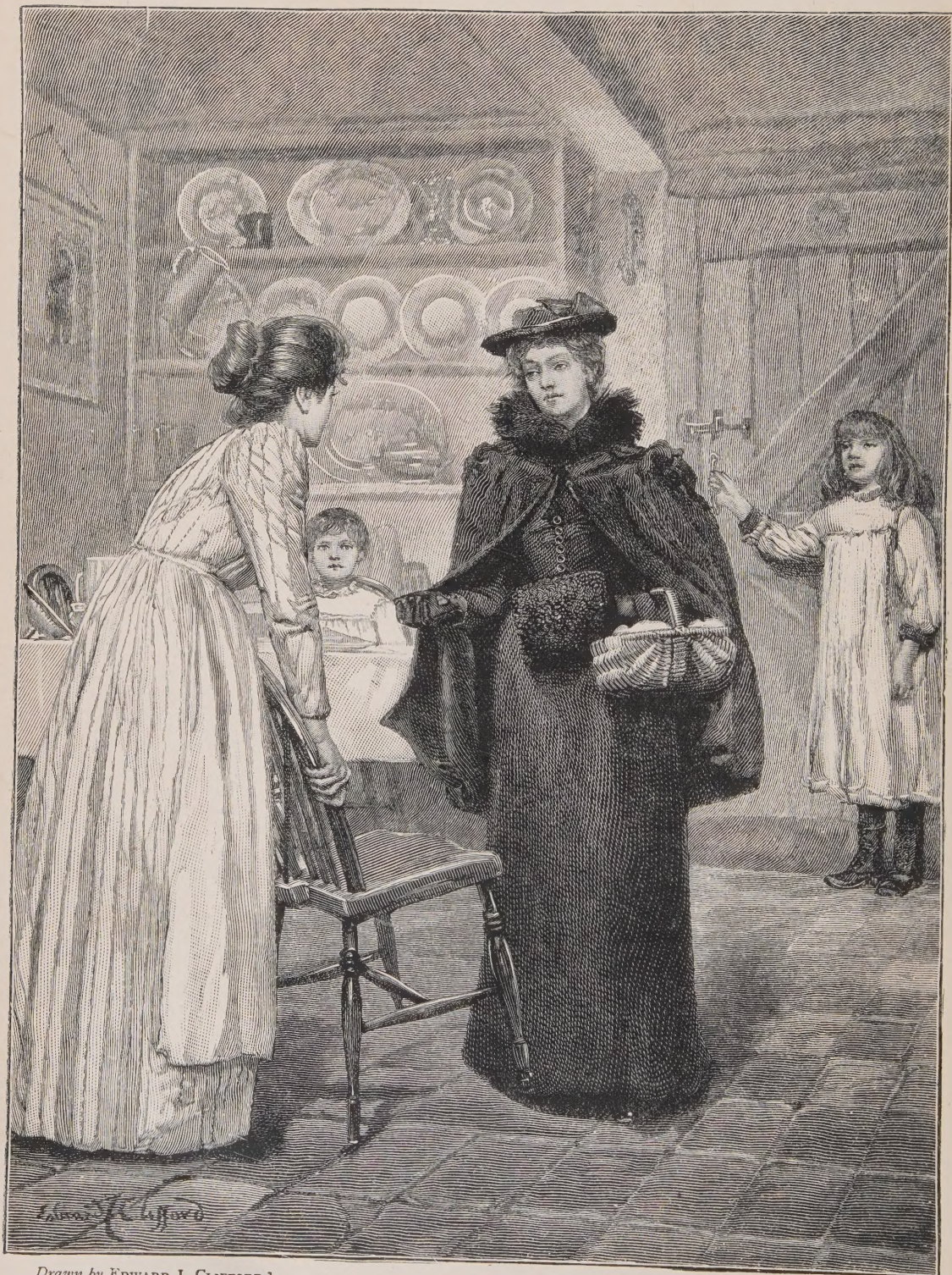
BETHNAL GREEN





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

<https://archive.org/details/churchmonthly0000vari>



Drawn by EDWARD J. CLIFFORD.]

"THE DISTRICT VISITOR" (see page 3).

[Engraved by R. TAYLOR & Co.

THE CHURCH MONTHLY.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR

HOME READING.

PRINCIPAL CONTRIBUTORS:

THE ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH.
THE BISHOP OF DERRY AND RAPHOE.
THE BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER AND
BRISTOL.
THE BISHOP OF RIPON.
THE BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN.

THE BISHOP OF WAKEFIELD.
THE BISHOP OF DERBY.
THE DEAN OF ELY.
CANON JELF, M.A.
CANON DE CHAIR, M.A.
CANON TWELLS, M.A.

ARCHBISHOP BENSON, D.D.
ARCHDEACON SINCLAIR, D.D.
ARCHDEACON STEVENS, M.A., F.S.A.
PREBENDARY HARRY JONES, M.A.
THE REV. J. E. C. WELLDON, M.A.
SIR B. W. RICHARDSON, M.D., F.R.S.

THE REV. G. W. BANCKS, M.A.; MRS. CALVERLEY BEWICKE; THE REV. F. BOURDILLON,
M.A.; THE REV. A. R. BUCKLAND, M.A.; CHRISTIAN BURKE; E. A. CAMPBELL; THE REV.
CAMERON CHURCHILL, M.A.; MARIA CORBOULD; W. CHATTERTON DIX; THE REV. W. H.
DRAPER, M.A.; THE REV. C. DUNKLEY; THE REV. EGBERT HACKING, M.A.; THE REV. S. F. HARRIS,
M.A., B.C.L.; T. C. HINE, F.S.A.; THE REV. E. NEWENHAM HOARE, M.A.; F. M. HOLMES; RUTH
LAMB; THE REV. FREDK. LANGBRIDGE, M.A.; JOHN LEA; THE HON. CORDELIA LEIGH; THE REV. H. S. N.
LENNY, M.A.; THE REV. W. SUNDERLAND LEWIS, M.A.; THE REV. NEVISON LORAINÉ; THE REV. H. D. MADGE,
LL.M.; THE REV. NORMAN F. MCNEILE, M.A.; A. MIDLANE; KATE MEREDITH; THE REV. THOMAS MOORE, M.A.;
THE REV. J. D. MULLINS, M.A.; THE REV. A. PEARSON, M.A.; THE REV. S. PHILLIPS, M.A.; THE REV. H.
BEDFORD PIN, M.A.; THE REV. I. P. PRESCOTT, M.A.; M. RAE; MRS. B. REED; THE REV. A. C. RICHINGS,
M.A.; R. RICHMOND; MERCY E. ROWE; FREDK. SHERLOCK (*Editor*); M. PAYNE SMITH; EDWARD STEP,
F.L.S.; THE REV. S. J. STONE, M.A.; THE REV. E. A. STUART, M.A.; THE REV. T. W. STURGES,
B.A.; E. M. TESTER; THE REV. J. C. THRING, B.A.; E. M. UTTERTON; THE REV. F. VAUGHAN;
THE REV. H. RUSSELL WAKEFIELD; THE REV. J. M. WALKER, M.A.; ESTHER WIGLESWORTH;
THE REV. A. F. WINNINGTON-INGRAM, M.A.; THE REV. THEODORE WOOD, F.E.S.

Composers:—SIR FREDK. BRIDGE, MUS. DOC.; R. H. EARNSHAW, MUS. DOC.; THE REV. W. J. FOXELL, M.A., MUS. BAC.; E. J.
HOPKINS, MUS. DOC.; THE REV. H. G. BONAVIA HUNT, MUS. DOC.; THE REV. J. LIGHTFOOT; SIR GEORGE MARTIN, MUS. DOC.; H. C.
MORRIS; THE REV. F. PEEL, MUS. BAC.; W. J. REYNOLDS, MUS. DOC.; A. RHODES, R.A.M.; J. VARLEY ROBERTS, MUS. DOC.

Artists:—H. BAILEY; W. BOTHAMS; MAYNARD BROWNE; EDWARD J. CLIFFORD; W. CORBOULD; S. T. DADD; A. T. ELWES; W. H.
C. GROOME; PAUL HARDY; A. JOHNSON; H. JOHNSON; A. F. LYDON; W. MALIPHANT; R. H. MATHER; W. S. STACEY; G.
HILLYARD SWINSTEAD, R.B.A.; RICHARD TAYLOR; C. TRESIDDER; J. F. WEEDON; W. B. WOLLEN, R.I.; H. B. WOODBURN.

1897.

LONDON:

THE "CHURCH MONTHLY" OFFICE,

30 & 31, NEW BRIDGE STREET, LUDGATE CIRCUS, E.C.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
Advent Hymn. By the Rev. W. H. Draper, M.A.	262	"Majestics, The." A Visit to Chatham Dockyard. By F. M. Holmes	62
"After Ten Years." By Fredk. Sherlock	282	May-Day, A Bright	100
Ascension Day? Why do we Keep. By the Rev. Nevison Loraine	99	Message of the Fir Trees. By E. M. Utterton	259
AUGUSTINE, THE COMING OF. By the Rev. Thomas Moore, M.A. 19, 44, 72, 95, 108, 138, 156, 171, 216, 237, 203, 280	280	Midnight Carol, The. By the Rev. Canon Twells, M.A.	18
Blessed Dead, The. By R. H. B.	264	MISSIONARY GLEANINGS	20, 71, 95, 143, 160, 192, 240
Broken Ground. By Esther Wiglesworth	76	Moving Out and Moving In. By the Rev. Frederick Langbridge, M.A.	4
Children on the Stairs, The. A Poem. By the Rev. H. D. Madge, LL.M.	278	MUSIC :—	
Church Congress, The. By the Rev. C. Dunkley	233	"Abide with Me." By R. H. Earnshaw, Mus. Doc.	100
Churchwardens, A Hint to. By Fredk. Sherlock	94	"According to Thy Gracious Word." By the Rev. W. J. Foxell, M.A., Mus. Bac.	76
Confirmation. By the Rev. Canon Jelf, M.A.	39	Advent Hymn, An. By J. Varley Roberts, Mus. Doc.	262
Conscience. By the Rev. Canon De Chair, M.A.	34	"Come, Gracious Spirit, Heavenly Dove." By E. J. Hopkins, Mus. Doc.	142
Curiosity Satisfied : A Picture Story for the Little Trots "Daddy!"	215	"It Came upon the Midnight Clear." By the Rev. H. G. Bonavia Hunt, Mus. Doc.	281
Dancing Bear, The. By M. Corbould	196	"Lord of the Harvest." By the Rev. F. Peel, Mus. Bac.	192
District Visiting. By Kate Meredith	3	"O Father All-Creating." By W. J. Reynolds, Mus. Doc.	212
Dorothy's Fright. By Fredk. Sherlock	92	"Saviour, Breathe an Evening Blessing." By Herbert C. Morris	160
DRIFT AND DUTY : OR WHAT CAME OF A HOLIDAY IN MANXLAND. A Serial Tale. By the Rev. E. Newenham Hoare, M.A.	5, 28, 51, 77, 102, 126	"The Children to the Queen." By Archdeacon Sinclair	48
Eastertide, The Lesson of. By the Rev. H. Russell Wakefield	89	"Thou, Whose Almighty Word." By Sir J. F. Bridge, Mus. Doc.	66
Ebbsfleet and St. Augustine. By M. Payne Smith	157	"Thy Will Be Done." By the Rev. J. Lightfoot	240
Father's Coming. By Fredk. Sherlock	59	"Who is This so Weak and Helpless?" By Sir George C. Martin, Mus. Doc.	24
Feathered Friends, Some of Our. By the Rev. Theodore Wood, F.E.S.	84	Mustard Seed, The. By the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Derry and Raphoe	27
Felt Presence, A : A Meditation for the New Year. By the Rev. F. Bourdillon, M.A.	11	"Now be Friends!" By Fredk. Sherlock	138
Flower Seller, The. By Fredk. Sherlock	75	Old Captain. By John Lea	261
Football. By the Rev. J. E. C. Weldon, M.A.	45	Old Jack of Kinsale, An. By the Rev. Frederick Langbridge, M.A.	154
Foreign Missions, Side-Lights on. By the Rev. A. R. Buckland, M.A.	113, 257	OUR PARISH CHURCHES :—	
GARDEN WORK	18, 46, 57	I. St. Nicolas, Nuneaton	12
Gerald and his Book. By Fredk. Sherlock	23	II. Wrexham	36
God, The Wisdom of. By W. Chatterton Dix	142	III. All Saints', Leighton Buzzard	59
Going to Market. By Fredk. Sherlock	40	IV. St. Peter's, Market Bosworth	86
Good Friday Hymn, A. By the Rev. Norman F. McNeile, M.A.	92	V. St. Mary's, Haverhill	136
Grumbling. By the Ven. Archdeacon Sinclair, D.D.	119	VI. St. James's, Holloway	204
Harvest Hymn, A. By the Rev. I. P. Prescott, M.A.	171	VII. St. Mary's, Nottingham	231
Harvest Lesson, A. By the Right Rev. the Bishop of Derby	195	VIII. St. Mary's, Bottesford	252
Harvest of the Hives, The. By the Rev. Gerard W. Bancks, M.A.	68, 140	IX. St. Mary-in-the-Castle, Dover	283
Health at Home. By Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, M.D., F.R.S.	58, 96, 101, 168, 175	OUR PUZZLE CORNER, 20, 42, 69, 96, 115, 117, 143, 164, 189, 214, 237, 263, 284	284
Her First Love. By Fredk. Sherlock	59	OLD ROGER'S BIT OF PRIDE. A Serial Tale. By Ruth Lamb	147, 182, 197, 223, 244, 268
Holidays. By the Rev. Frederick Vaughan	175	Pansy, The.	236
Holiday Ramble, A. By the Rev. Egbert Hacking, M.A.	179	Practical Hints for Cottagers on Poultry Keeping. By the Rev. Thomas W. Sturges, B.A.	189, 210
Holy Child Jesus, The. A Poem. By E. M. Tester	279	Queen, To the. By the Archbishop of Armagh	124
Hospital Visiting, Some Hints on. By Mrs. Calverley Bewicke	276	Queen, The. By the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol	123
HOMELY COOKERY. By M. Rae	22, 141, 216, 235, 262, 279	Quiet Pasture, A. By Fredk. Sherlock	133
Homeward. By Fredk. Sherlock	165	REPRESENTATIVE CHURCHMEN :—	
How a Plant is Made. By Mercy E. Rowe	178	I. The Bishop of Salisbury	15
Insects, About Some Useful. By the Rev. Theodore Wood, F.E.S.	16	II. The Bishop of Peterborough	40
"In the Children's Ward." By Christian Burke	275	III. The Bishop of London	64
Iona and the Isles, A Hymn of. By the Rev. S. J. Stone, M.A.	219	IV. The Bishop of Rockhampton	118
"It's a Secret." By Fredk. Sherlock	238	V. The Archbishop of Canterbury	159
"Jacko!" By Fredk. Sherlock	166	VI. Archdeacon Diggle	176
Joppa, A Visit to. By the Rev. S. F. Harris, M.A., B.C.L.	208, 255	VII. The Bishop of Southwell	219
Lantern in the Parish, The. By the Rev. H. Bedford Pim, M.A.	207	VIII. The Bishop of Southwark	278
Lesson from the Snow, A. By the Rev. J. C. Thring, B.A.	38	Resurrection, A Song of the. By the Hon. Cordelia Leigh	96
"Let's Hope it Wasn't True." By John Lea	191	Sea, The Depths of the. By the Rev. F. Bourdillon, M.A.	243
Lion Sermon, The. By the Ven. the Archdeacon of Essex	220	Semi-Detached, The : A Lay of the Suburbs. By the Rev. Cameron Churchill, M.A.	165
Little Girl on Her Birthday in April, To a. By the Bishop of Wakefield	75	Seven Bible Lents, The. By the Rev. E. A. Stuart, M.A.	65
Little Worker, The. A Temperance Tale. By Mrs. B. Reed	161, 173	Shot and Shell : Some Wonders of Woolwich Arsenal. By F. M. Holmes	21
		Sixty Years. By Esther Wiglesworth	135

	PAGE		PAGE
Speaking the Truth, On. By the Rev. Preb. Harry Jones, M.A.	258	Unknown Guest, The. By the Right Rev the Lord Bishop of Ripon	3
St. John the Baptist, A Hymn for the Festival of. By the Late Archbishop Benson	132	Vision of Christ and its Results, The. By the Bishop of Sodor and Man	163, 171
St. Michael and All Angels, The Feast of. By Esther Wiglesworth	206	Water Spiders. By the Rev. Theodore Wood, F.E.S.	222
Sunday Night Hymn. By W. Chatterton Dix	235	What a Donkey Did. By Fredk. Sherlock	47
Sunday Service in the East, A	109	Whit-Sunday. By the Rev. A. C. Richings, M.A.	141
SUNDAY QUESTIONS. By the Rev. W. Sunderland Lewis, M.A., 20, 42, 59, 83, 115, 116, 143, 166, 182, 203, 213, 230, 250, 284		Whit-Sunday Promise, The. By the Rev. A. F. Winnington Ingram, M.A.	134
Temperance Song, A. By Fredk. Sherlock	115	Window Gardens, A Few Words on. By Edward Step, F.L.S.	110
Threefold Cord, A. By the Rev. A. Pearson, M.A.	42	Wisdom of God, The. By W. Chatterton Dix	142
Time's Paces. A Poem. By the Rev. Canon Twells, M.A.	280	Wooden Legs. A Tale. By Christian Burke	70, 93, 111
		Worship of the Christ Child, The. By the Dean of Ely	267

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE		PAGE
Augustine's Cross at Ebbsfleet	19, 158	Hospital Kitten, The	93
Bridge at Alport	181	Hospital Visiting	277
Bright May Day, A	95	Ichneumon	18
Buckingham Palace	125	In the Children's Ward	266
Canterbury Cathedral	159	"It's a Secret!"	239
"Christopher George"	70	"Jacko!"	167
Coronation Chair	135	Joppa: A Street Scene	255
Cromford Bridge	180	Joppa, Embarking at	209
Curiosity Satisfied	215	Lacewing and Grub	18
"Daddy!"	275	Lead Below, The	242
Dancing Bear, The	194	Lea Hurst	180
District Visitor, The	63	"Let's Hope it Wasn't True"	191
Dockyard, Chatham, The	91	Middleton Dale	181
Dorothy's Fright	91	Mossley Hill Church	176, 177
DRIFT AND DUTY, 5, 6, 8, 10, 28, 29, 30, 31, 33, 51, 52, 55, 79, 80, 82, 102, 103, 107, 127, 131		"Now be Friends!"	139
Empty Tomb, The	89	Old Captain	251
Father's Coming	67	Old Jack of Kinsale, An	146
Feeding Time	190	OLD ROGER'S BIT OF PRIDE, 149, 153, 184, 187, 198, 202, 225, 227, 229, 244, 249, 248, 250, 268, 269, 271, 273	
Flower Seller, The	74	OUR PARISH CHURCHES:—	
Gerald and His Book	23	I. St. Nicolas, Nuneaton	13, 14
Gloicester Cathedral	123	II. Wrexham	36, 37, 38
Going to Market	26	III. All Saints', Leighton Buzzard	59, 61
Harvest Field, In the	170	IV. St. Peter's, Market Bosworth	86, 87, 88
"Her First Love"	50	V. St. Mary's, Haverhill	136, 137
"He took them up in His arms and blessed them"	43	VI. St. James's, Holloway	204
High Tor, Matlock	180	VII. St. Mary's, Nottingham	231, 232
Homeward	165		

	PAGE
OUR PARISH CHURCHES (continued):—	
VIII. St. Mary's, Bottesford	253
IX. St. Mary-in-the-Castle, Dover	283, 284
Pansies	236
Peterborough Cathedral	40
"Ploughing in Hope"	17
Quiet Pasture, A	133
Raft Spider	222
Reculvers, The	72
Richborough Castle	19
Rooks	84
Salisbury Cathedral	15
Sir John Gayer's Monument	221
Southwell Minister	219
St. Augustine's Well	157
St. Martin's, Canterbury	72
St. Paul's Cathedral	64
St. Saviour's, Southwark	278
Sunday Service in the East	109
"Thou art the Man"	162
Thrush, The	84
Time's Paces	280
Water Spider	222
"What a Donkey Did"	47
Windor Castle	144
Wingfield Manor	179
Woolwich Arsenal	21
Youlgreave Church	181

PORTRAITS.

	PAGE		PAGE
Her Most Gracious Majesty, The Queen	122	Hodge, M.A., Rev. E. Grose	205
Beckton, M.A., Rev. A. C.	233	Holden, M.A., Rev. R.	233
Benson, Archbishop	132	Holden, Bishop	257
Bowers, M.A., Rev. P. H.	86	London, Bishop of	64
Boyd-Carpenter, Rev. W.	205	Lynch, S. J. T.	234
Canterbury, Archbishop of	159	Mackay, Alexander	114
Deed, Rev. J. G., D.D.	14	Mackenzie, Bishop	113
Diggle, Archdeacon	176	Mackenzie, Rev. W. B.	295
Edge, J.P., T. L. K.	234	Martyn, Henry	114
Ferris, Canon T. B. B.	233	Monro, C.B., James	114
Fletcher, Rev. Canon	36	Peterborough, Bishop of	41
Gem, M.A., Rev. H. A.	233	Ransom, D'Oyley S.	234
Heber, Bishop	38	Richardson, Sir B. W.	175
		Richardson, Ven. J. G.	233
		Rockhampton, Bishop of	178
		Salisbury, Bishop of	15
		Selwyn, Bishop	113
		Sinclair, Canon J. J.	233
		Smith, F. Abel	234
		Southwark, Bishop of	279
		Southwell, Bishop of	218
		Statham, B.A., Rev. S. P. H.	283
		Stuart, M.A., Rev. E. A.	205
		Thornton, J.P., H. E.	234
		Vincent-Jackson, Canon	252
		Whiston, J.P., W. H.	234



THE UNKNOWN GUEST.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF RIPON.

MY home is my castle, I hear you say,
Where a man has a right to his own,
Where he can smile or rest awhile,
Or dwell with his grief alone.
For a weary man such a home is sweet,
Fast closed from the great world's roar.
Shut fast if you will, but keep awake still
For the pilgrim who knocks at your door.

You may be small in the eyes of the world,
Unnoted in thought and act ;
But live on in hope—you will yet find scope
For love and for kindly tact.
And though obscure the place you dwell,
And common and scant your store,
Wake and listen well—you never can tell
Who will come and knock at your door

For the children of want live all around,
And the hearts that are sad are many ;
And 'tis like a king, though an easy thing,
To open your door to any.
For who can say with what doubtful hand,
Bruised heart, tired frame, feet sore,
In dread of fate, there may tremble and wait
Some pilgrim who knocks at your door.

And should no one come, and your waiting seem
Wake still and your watch endure ; [waste,
The vigil of love is never in vain,
The knock of the pilgrim is sure.
When your lamp is low, and your hearth is cold,
And hope tells its tale no more,
To your lonely home there is One who will come
With a knock of love at your door.

"DISTRICT-VISITING."

BY KATE MEREDITH,
Author of "Our Parish Clubs," etc.

(See ILLUSTRATION, page 2.)



WHAT is the use
of health and
life if not to do
some work therewith?"
says Carlyle ; and this
would seem to be the
opinion of the majority
of women nowadays.
By "work," too, they
mean an occupation
which will not only fill
up their own time, but
benefit their fellow-
creatures as well, *only*

—it must be work a hundred or more miles away from
home. Their own neighbourhood, populous town or
crowded suburb though it be, cannot, they think, offer

them the opportunities for which they long ; and all
the while, almost at their door, a work is languishing
for lack of helpers, which, by reason of its nearness,
has certainly a first claim upon their sympathy.

It is a work that needs no uniform or special training,
and so the younger women think it is not quite important
enough, and the elder ones go to the other extreme,
and, turning a deaf ear to pulpit and personal appeals,
declare that they have not the necessary qualifications
for what is known as "district-visiting." Yet the chief
qualifications are just those which they no doubt pride
themselves on possessing ; for, when brought to book,
they will hardly ask to be excused on the plea that they
are deficient either in tact or common-sense, while
most people believe themselves to be sympathetic.

There are of course the Clergy ; but even if they
could visit each home weekly, which is impossible, are
they likely to hear, or be able to help in the same way,
that one woman can listen to and help another ? for it
is the women whom one sees mostly on one's rounds,
and it is through the women that the needs of the rest
of the family are learnt.

[All rights reserved.]

Here, mothers, you have common ground at once! You have brought up children; they are bringing them up. You have had difficulty in placing out your boys; so have they. Friends in days gone by have talked to you on these subjects, and you have just listened and sympathised, and helped when you could. Do the same now; for, after all, a woman's joys and sorrows and anxieties are much the same, whether she is rich or poor.

If, however, the mothers whom we would urge to this work possess what their up-to-date daughters do not—experience—the daughters, many of them, can bring a trained knowledge of nursing and cookery, and an intelligent acquaintance with all that is going on in the world, which will enhance their usefulness among the homes of the poor: and surely the troubles and misfortunes and sicknesses of even half a dozen families will give them scope enough for their energy and talents.

Sometimes, indeed, where their elders want courage, they want modesty, and to remember that "an Englishman's house is his castle"; also, that there is a time for everything, even for the dissemination of the gospels of "sweetness and light," whether for soul or body—an opinion evidently held by the wife of a working man, who once remarked: "Miss B—— is a rare nice young lady, and she talks beautiful; but I do wish she would not always come when I am getting my husband's dinner ready, for what with keeping one eye on the saucepan, and one ear a-listening for his step, I can't pay no attention to what she is saying."

Visitors, too, both young and old, frequently fail to see the practical outcome of their theories. Preach cleanliness by all means, but take into consideration what its practice means to some people.

"Oh, Mrs. Brown!" said a lady one hot day, as she eyed the shabby, stained, old black cashmere worn by the hard-working mother before her, "would you not find it better to wear cotton gowns,—say, one or two a week,—they always wash, and look fresh, however old they may be? I wear them often."

"Yes, mum," was the grim reply, "and I s'pose you gets them up yourself?"

And the visitor, as she caught sight through the window of several lines of pinafores and children's garments already hung out to dry, saw the point of the remark.

A TRUE GENTLEMAN.—"A man who does not do his share of the world's work, either with head or with hands, is a tramp rather than a gentleman. Even the South Sea Islanders who murdered Bishop Patteson understood that every true gentleman is a worker. When the Bishop first went amongst them he surprised them by being ready to put his hand to anything. He would do a bit of carpentering, wash up the things after meals, teach the young blacks to wash and dress themselves. Other white men seen by the natives were lazy, and wanted to put all the work on them. To distinguish the Bishop from these they called him 'a gentleman gentleman,' and the others 'pig gentlemen.'"—THE REV. E. J. HARDY, M.A.

MOVING OUT AND MOVING IN.

FROM NUMBER '96 TO NUMBER '97.

BY THE REV. FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A.,
Rector of St. John's, Limerick; Author of "Sent back by the Angels," etc.



RIGHT, Neighbour, right! I move to-night
One higher up the Row;
A cottage white and light and bright—
Fresh paint from top to toe.
And soon, I guess, at that address
I'll welcome all my friends.
At present,—yes, excuse the mess,—
I'm burning odds and ends.
'Twould quite surprise a body's eyes
To see the stuff we keep:
One never knows how rubbish grows—
I'm making such a heap.

What have we here?—a foolish tear
That trickled in a pet
At handsome gowns (like Mrs. Brown's)
Which I could never get.
A temper stiff—a huff—a tiff—
A speech that cut and stung;
A habit still of thinking ill,
And trusting every tongue:—
Well, words I know are quick to grow,
And squabbles bad to sweep:
And tempers must be making dust—
There! throw them on the heap!

And what is there?—a kindly care,
Some little artful wiles
To smooth and coax queer-tempered folks
To half-reluctant smiles;
Some pleasant ways of giving praise,
And eyes of failing sight
For trifles wrong, but quick and strong
For all things kind and right:
There's nothing there I'd like to spare—
I would such gear were more!
So bend, old friend, a hand to lend
And carry them Next Door.

And what are those?—A prayer that rose
And set God's wicket wide;
A text or more, well pondered o'er,
To be my daily guide;
A cheerful view that knew the Blue
The passing cloud above;
A quiet trust through death and dust
In that eternal Love:—
Why, these, God knows, are what I chose
As best of all my store:
I'll carry these, so Mercy please,
Right home, to Heaven's own door.



OR,
WHAT CAME OF A HOLIDAY IN
MANXLAND.

BY THE REV. E. NEWENHAM HOARE, M.A.,
Vicar of Stoneycroft, Liverpool.

NEW BRIGHTON LIGHTHOUSE, AND THE ISLE OF MAN BOAT.

CHAPTER I.

MOTHER AND SON.

WHERE to spend Bank Holiday? That was the subject on which James Peterson Kerruish was talking with his mother, after tea, one bright, warm evening during the last week of July. They used to talk of everything together, this simple, loving pair, whether it were of a winter evening when the lamp burned between them on the round table in the tiny parlour, or in the happy evening ends of summer as they cultivated together the miniature garden that imparted a certain grace and dignity to their cottage home that stood back obscurely sheltered in a street communicating with one of the great suburban thoroughfares of busy Liverpool.

"It seems a pity, dear boy, that you should not accept the Hepworths' invitation; you certainly need a change after all the hard work you have had at the office," Mrs. Kerruish was saying as she handed the re-filled watering-can to her son, who was busy supplying a few cherished plants with their evening refreshment.

"Well you see, mother, there are such a lot of odd jobs waiting to be done at home, and for all you say I look seedy, I assure you I feel fit enough," replied the young fellow—for he was quite young—cheerfully.

"Thank God for that; but still the fresh sea air would set you up for the winter, and I am sure a change is good for everybody."

"And if for everybody, why not for my old mother?"

he interrupted, turning towards her with a bright, honest smile.

"No, no—not for me, James. It is rest and quiet the old folks crave for—just such rest and quiet as I enjoy with my dear boy beside me," and she reached out her thin, delicate hand and laid it lovingly on his arm.

"You haven't half rest enough, mother dear," he responded tenderly, for he noticed how the veins and sinews stood out beneath the shrivelled skin; "that is what makes me so impatient to have my screw raised so that we might keep a proper servant and you not be bothered about things as you are."

He laid down the can, took the thin hand and raised it to his lips. He was not ashamed of his love to his mother, as young fellows growing to manhood are at times tempted to be. He knew how much he owed to her—how she had toiled and watched and prayed for him—and he spoke but simple truth when he said that he chiefly coveted success so that he might be enabled to solace her declining years.

"You want to make a fine lady of your old mother, but that would never do; it's better for me to be as I am. But about going to the Hepworths', Jim. I think when they have been so kind as to ask you, you ought to go; and you have never been to the Island, you know."

"Well, mother, of course I'd like to go well enough, and Hope says the girls are having a rare good time over there. But then, there is the question of the cost, and I really don't like the idea of leaving you all alone—it seems so selfish."

"It will only be for two or three days, dear, and the money won't run to much; better write and say you will go."

"But I thought, mother, you didn't like the girls Flossie and Bossie, as people call them."

This was said with a mischievous twinkle of the eye, but Mrs. Kerruish took the matter seriously and answered with a little sigh,—

"I suppose we old women are hard to please, but it certainly seems as if the girls of to-day are not like those that used to be. However, I don't want to judge any one or to say an unkind word; and I'm sure, too, my boy has more sense than to be led away by any mere outside appearance, by showy clothes or a fuzzy, curly head of hair."

"Oh, mother, mother, is that your way of not saying an unkind word?" interrupted the young man.

"Well, well, I'll say no more about the young ladies," said Mrs. Kerruish, good-humouredly, "but against Hope, at all events, I have no prejudice. He is such a good friend for you, dear—so steady and yet so bright and clever; they tell me, too, he is in a nice way of business and is sure to get on."

James Kerruish listened to this encomium with a slight elevation of his eyebrows. He fancied he knew a thing or two about Hope Hepworth, but not wishing to disturb his mother, he simply gave his assent to her final words.

"Oh yes, I think Hope is just the sort of fellow that is sure to get on—safe to do so, I should say."

There was a pause. The watering was finished, and Jim was standing by his mother's side, holding in his warm hand the thin fingers that had awhile since been laid on his arm. Thus they stood silent. Mrs. Kerruish gave a little sigh while her son glanced disconsolately round the miniature garden plot. Yes, Hope Hepworth was of the sort that "get on"—a bright, plausible, pushing fellow. He heard his mother's sigh, and it smote on his ear as though it had been intended as a reproach. What a small return had he been able to make to her for years of devotion! How hardly-earned and yet how poor was his own position at that moment! He was little better than an office boy, and his prospects seemed to be just the average ones of a friendless clerk. And there was his schoolmate, Hope Hepworth, who seemed always to drop on his feet—yes, he had suffered some slips and falls (about which James Kerruish knew more than most other people), but he had always had the luck to "pick himself up." With his varied accomplishments, bright face and plausible manner, he had never lacked friends, and now (with a well-to-do uncle to back him) he was in "a nice way of business." "A lucky fellow was Hope Hepworth," all said; "and deservedly so," the majority were ready to add.

For the first time, young Kerruish definitely rebelled against his lot. Not infrequently—especially of late—he had been dimly conscious of a certain sense of dissatisfaction and unrest. Then he had said to himself that he was tired; that the work of his office was monotonous; that the ventilation was not of the best. But for these things there was no help; they were all in the day's work; there was nothing for it but to grind on at the mill, looking forward to the quiet evenings at home, to Sunday and to the next brief holiday that loomed on the horizon of the future. But now young Kerruish found himself in sudden and daring revolt against the established order of things. "Why shouldn't I have as good a time as other young fellows? There is Hope Hepworth, for instance, that poor mother thinks such a model! Why the chances he has chucked away would have been the making of me; and now, at the end of all, his old uncle is there to give him a hand and to push him along! Why haven't I a rich uncle! or rather, what is the use of having one when it's only for the honour of bearing his name? Peterson indeed! To think that I was called for him, and yet he never put forth as much as his little finger to help poor mother!



"THUS THEY STOOD SILENT."

And still she goes on talking and hoping. I've no patience!"

Certainly at that moment he didn't seem to have much; for as the thought of Uncle Peterson surged up in his mind, the young fellow dropped his mother's hand and walked away sullenly. But the garden being so small, he couldn't go far; so having gazed for a couple of minutes over the low party-wall on the desolation that reigned throughout the premises of a drunkard that lived next door, he returned to where his mother was still standing. She had not moved; she had not spoken. She was speculating, somewhat ineffectually, as to the cause of these moody fits to which her boy had been subject of late. Was he in love? Or was his liver out of order? Or was there any business trouble?

She was not a very wise woman, this poor widow Kerruish; but she was a very patient one. She had had her cross to bear, and being conscious of much weakness, she had early looked to the great Cross-Bearer, and had found in Him wisdom and strength sufficient for her need. She had learnt to be silent and to bide her time.

Nor had she now any long time to bide. Soon recovering himself, Jim returned and took the thin hand in his warm grasp once more.

"I heard a little sigh just now. What did that mean, pray?"

"Did I sigh?"—and the tone bespoke simple and genuine surprise. "It must have been a sigh of contentment."

"That's queer, isn't it? Do people sigh for pleasure?" he asked incredulously.

"Yes, I think they do at times," she answered, looking into his frank young face. "But now I remember—I was thinking of your poor Uncle Robert, of how sad and lonely his lot must be, for all his worldly success, compared with mine."

"Compared with yours, mother!"

"Yes, I am so happy with my boy; our little home has been so blessed."

"Certainly, we have been very happy together, mother," he said softly.

"We have been and we are, Jim," she replied, looking at him uneasily.

"Oh yes, we are; but I hope to make you happier yet, mother dear."

"I do not know that I want any greater happiness; at any rate the future is in Higher Hands." She spoke gravely, almost anxiously; but then added lightly, "You know, Jim, it is greedy to ask for more—that's what I used to tell you when you were a child."

"But you spoke just now of Hope Hepworth being sure to get on and all that."

Now she understood the secret of his moody petulance, and with all a mother's solicitude was swift to soothe the tender spot she had unwittingly touched.

"And will not my own darling boy get on too?" she

said, drawing him towards her and kissing his forehead. "Why, Jim, everybody speaks well of you, everybody praises your willingness and your perseverance."

"Oh yes, it is all very well to cry 'good dog! good dog!' when the poor brute is half killing himself fetching and carrying for the master that shouts at him; but it seems to me a fellow just gets put upon in proportion as he is found to be willing and persevering, as you say."

"Well, Jim, young Hepworth told me that they think a lot of you at the office and that you have a good chance of promotion."

"Did Hope say that, now?" exclaimed the young man with pardonable eagerness; then he added with at least a tinge of bitterness, "But of course he wouldn't be Hope Hepworth if he didn't find something pleasant to say, especially to a lady. For my part I don't see any sign that my zeal and intelligence are appreciated by any of our bosses, least of all by old Lamont himself."

"All of which goes to show how badly you are in need of a holiday," said Mrs. Kerruish sensibly; "so just sit down and write a nice note to Miss Bossie or Miss Flossie saying you will be pleased to accept the kind invitation conveyed through their brother."

"Do you really think I ought to write, mother?" And a flush of pleasant embarrassment mantled the young fellow's fair cheek.

"Certainly, you must write; why, you are to be their guest so far as I understand."

"Well, partly. The idea is that I am to pay for my own bed and breakfast, but to be most of my time with them," explained Jim.

"A very nice plan, and better perhaps than being all boxed up together. But still you must write; let me see—which sister is the elder?"

"Oh, Flossie of course—she is a year and a half older than the other; and Hope is the youngest."

"Well then, you had better write to her,—‘My dear Miss Hepworth.’"

"Ought I to say ‘my,’ or only ‘dear’?" inquired Jim, looking up from the table at which, in obedience to his mother's suggestion, he had seated himself.

"Whichever you wish," laughed Mrs. Kerruish; "it depends on the state of your feelings."

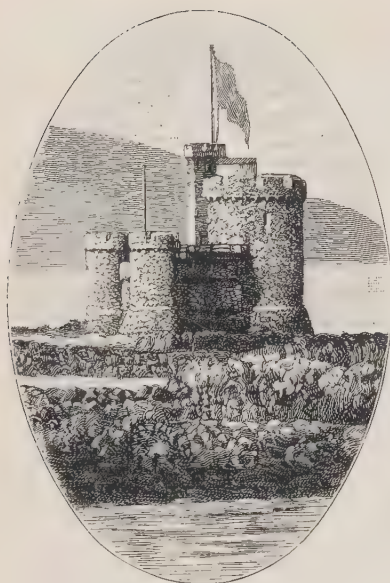
"I think perhaps ‘dear’ will be enough," was the hesitating response.

Thus Mr. James Peterson Kerruish proceeded to indite, with all due care, what was in fact his first letter to a young lady.

CHAPTER II.

THE HOLIDAY-MAKERS.

JIM KERRUISH was fortunate in being able to get away from Mr. Lamont's office early enough to catch the Friday afternoon boat to Douglas. Fore and aft the roomy and powerful steamer was crowded, so much so that there seemed little, if anything, to choose between first and second class. Every seat was occupied, and



"THE TOWER OF REFUGE."

indeed there was scarcely a spot capable of affording rest or support to the human body that had not been appropriated for some time before the vessel cast off from the landing-stage. For'ard, the deck was packed with a swaying, jostling, laughing, good-humoured throng, almost as densely as they stow sheep on a cross-channel steamer

from an Irish port. No wonder that the Isle of Man is "swamped with trippers," when such cargoes are discharged into it daily throughout the summer season—yes, two or three such daily from Liverpool alone, not to make any count of those who cross otherwise from Fleetwood, Barrow, etc., etc. With not very far short of a quarter of a million people visiting it each year, one is tempted to say that the "final cause" of the creation of the island was to afford a playground for the teeming populations of the towns of northern England.

And a splendid playground it is for those who have fairly earned and who often sorely need all the "play" that they can get. It is said that there is no holiday resort in the world that quite compares with Douglas in the height of the season. The crowd is of a special class—of the class indicated above, people who have worked for, saved up for, looked forward to and now finally achieved a holiday. Not people such as you meet at the fashionable watering-place or foreign spa, who seek distraction merely, and are often just "putting in the time" till they can arrange to go elsewhere. But these holiday seekers have no time to lose. Their days are strictly numbered—so, often, are their shillings or their sovereigns. They are bent on getting all they can, alike for time and money. For to this, these sturdy Yorkshire and Lancashire folks, these mill-hands and iron-workers and mechanics, aye, these more delicately-bred clerks and shop-assistants—to this one "outing" they have been looking forward throughout the year, for this they have for weeks been getting ready. And now they must have their fling. They shout, they sing, they dance. They are here, there and everywhere. Nothing comes amiss to them—everything is enjoyed!

Who can grudge them their pleasure; yet who that loves his fellows, that considers what the human mind and spirit is capable of rising to, but must long for the time when the amusements of the people will be less tinged with coarseness, when relaxation shall minister, not merely to the lower, but to the higher nature, quickening sensibility, artistic feeling, thoughtfulness and gratitude to the bountiful Father "Who giveth us richly all things to enjoy"?

It was in the midst of a throng such as we have described that young Kerruish found himself on that Friday afternoon. The day was lovely, and fortunately for the peace of many on board, the sea was very calm. It was laughing and singing, smoking and flirting, lounging and larking, eating and drinking, all the way. But in the midst of it all Jim felt like a fish out of water. The scene was novel to him and not agreeable. We are all apt to think laughter loud, and merriment too unrestrained when we ourselves are "out of it." It was so with Jim. He knew no one on board, and though it was scarcely possible for any one to be seasick, his sympathy was certainly with those (and there are always some such) who—when the bar was crossed and the two light-ships passed—began to look pensive, sitting very still with half-closed eyes and declining with querulous protest or ghastly smile the kindly offers of refreshment with which their more active friends plied them from time to time.

But if the passage, short as it was, proved wearisome to young Kerruish, his whole frame thrilled with delight when—upon the lifting of a cloud which had obstructed the view—"the Island" (as Liverpool folk affectionately call it) lay full to view in the tender glow of the evening sun. The scene was certainly very fair, and might have well arrested the attention even of one who had travelled in many lands. The line of hills that culminates towards the north in the well-marked summit of Snaefell, forms a noble and dignified background for Douglas town and bay, which open out full in front. On the left, as you approach, Douglas Head defines the south-western limit of the bay which sweeps away in a grand curve towards the north-east, beyond the Loch and Marine Promenades, the Castle Mona Road and the Queen's Promenade. The several heights are crowned with palatial-looking hotels and pleasure-gardens, well-built houses form the sea-front, and the sheltered bay is gay with pleasure boats of every size and description.

It was not only pleasure at the beauty of this scene that affected James Kerruish: he was moved to thankfulness and awe. How loving, as well as powerful, must be the Being Who had made this world so fair! Nature, in her stillness, seemed to be witnessing for God, and at the same time to be pleading with man—remonstrating with his blindness, his ingratitude, his frivolity!

As the Liverpool steamer drew in towards the Victoria Pier and the ancient Tower of Refuge, round

the base of which the bright wavelets were playing, the boats from Fleetwood and Barrow were visible, converging towards the same point. Both of these too were crowded with passengers, and it seemed as though these eager visitants from the outer world were running a race, each striving to be first to arrive at what used to be the lonely Isle of Mona, or Ellan Vannin, hidden away from the commerce of men, as by some enchantment, amid the mists and fogs of the silent northern seas.*

Among the throng on the pier that awaited the disembarkation of the passengers, young Kerruish was not long in recognising Hope Hepworth and his two handsome sisters—or rather he recognised Bossie and Flossie, and concluded that the young gentleman that accompanied them, arrayed in flannels, a magnificent blazer, and a straw hat, was their usually soberly-clad brother. But any lingering doubt as to identity was quickly dispersed by the hearty salutation heard on board, crossed and mingled with a hundred other cries from many a lusty throat.

"There you are, old boy; we see you! How are you? A bit fishy about the gills; but never mind, we'll soon warm you up."

Jim took off his hat to the ladies and made a great effort to look cheerful and seaman-like. Meantime, Bossie seemed trying to restrain her brother's exuberance, while Flossie, having apparently discovered some more interesting acquaintance on board, was calling out facetious greetings from behind her prettily-gloved hand.

The rest of the afternoon and the evening passed quickly and merrily. Hope introduced Jim to a place where he could get a "wash and brush up," then they all had tea and shrimps, followed by a good look round. Later on they adjourned to one of the public halls for which Douglas is famed. Jim was fairly amazed at the sight. It was dazzling, bewildering, and in a sense it frightened him. Hundreds—it might be for all he could count, thousands—of young people were moving about, clad in every variety of costume. There was no formality or restraint; yet there was nothing that amounted to bad behaviour. Either no introductions were needed, or the Hepworths knew a great variety of people. Hope seemed to be quite at home with everybody, nor did Flossie want for friends. Bossie, however, was more reserved. She kept with Jim the greater part of the time; and that young gentleman began consciously to appreciate what he considered

the girl's sober judgment and quiet demeanour. So the time sped on till they had to leave hurriedly in order to catch the train to Ramsey. Hope wanted to know what could have induced them to put up in such a very out-of-the-way hole, and Flossie "thought it a pity." Miss Bossie, however, explained to Jim that Ramsey was quieter and more select.

Saturday was devoted to what is certainly the most beautiful excursion that the Isle of Man affords—namely, the ascent of Snaefell *via* Sulby Glen. Immediately after breakfast a large waggonette-load of bright, happy, pleasure-seeking young people—thrown together, party with party, individual with individual, as chance would have it—started from Ramsey. Once comfortably, albeit closely, packed above four high wheels, and behind three good, fresh horses, our young people thought and spoke with pity of the quiet folk who elected to go by train in a quarter of an hour to Sulby Glen Station.

It was certainly a beautiful drive. The road for several miles winds round the feet of the well-wooded hills which mark the abrupt termination of the central mountain ridge on its northern face. Far away to the right spreads the low-lying, fertile district that extends to the Point of Ayre. After passing the curious, isolated mass of rock called Cronk-y-Samack (the "hill of the shamrock") the main road is left and the glen is entered. Very soon the hills draw together, Mount Karrin looming in front and threatening, with the aid of its opposite neighbour, Slieu Moragh, altogether to close the way; hence for a couple of miles the river fills the gorge, while high above one bank the narrow road clings to the hill-side on the western slope. At the head of the glen there is a picturesque hotel within the grounds, attached to which are hidden the pretty waterfalls of Tholt-y-will and Alt. Yet farther on the mountain road winds steeply up a spur of Snaefell, that summit and several others being now full in view. The highest point being reached, the track drops down, between Snaefell and Pein-y-phot, towards Laxey and Douglas.

Young Kerruish was deeply impressed by the scenes through which he passed that day. It all came as a revelation to him. He had travelled but little, and he could not conceive of anything more beautiful and awe-inspiring. And certainly the glen and the great mountain were seen to the best advantage. The atmosphere was bright and clear, but from time to time great masses of light-coloured cloud came rolling over the hills or through the intervening passes. A certain mystic grandeur and exaggerated massiveness was thus imparted to them. Distance and relative size could not be accurately measured by the eye. Now some rounded hill-side, its base and sides swathed in rolling vapours, would seem to hang almost vertically above the road; again, some far-off rocky peak, stricken with a ray from the hidden sun, would appear close at hand. For the first time in his hitherto limited life the

* Tradition tells that in the Druid period, about the middle of the fifth century, the island was ruled by a wizard king bearing the imposing name of Mananan-beg-mac-y-Lheir. This monarch used neither bow nor spear for the protection of his kingdom, but simply enveloped it in a fog whenever a ship was seen approaching. He had also the power of making one man on a hill appear equal to a hundred. It seems hard that such a potentate should have been ruthlessly banished by St. Patrick, when that great saint introduced Christianity, and established himself on the island that still bears his name off Peel. See Train's "History of the Isle of Man."

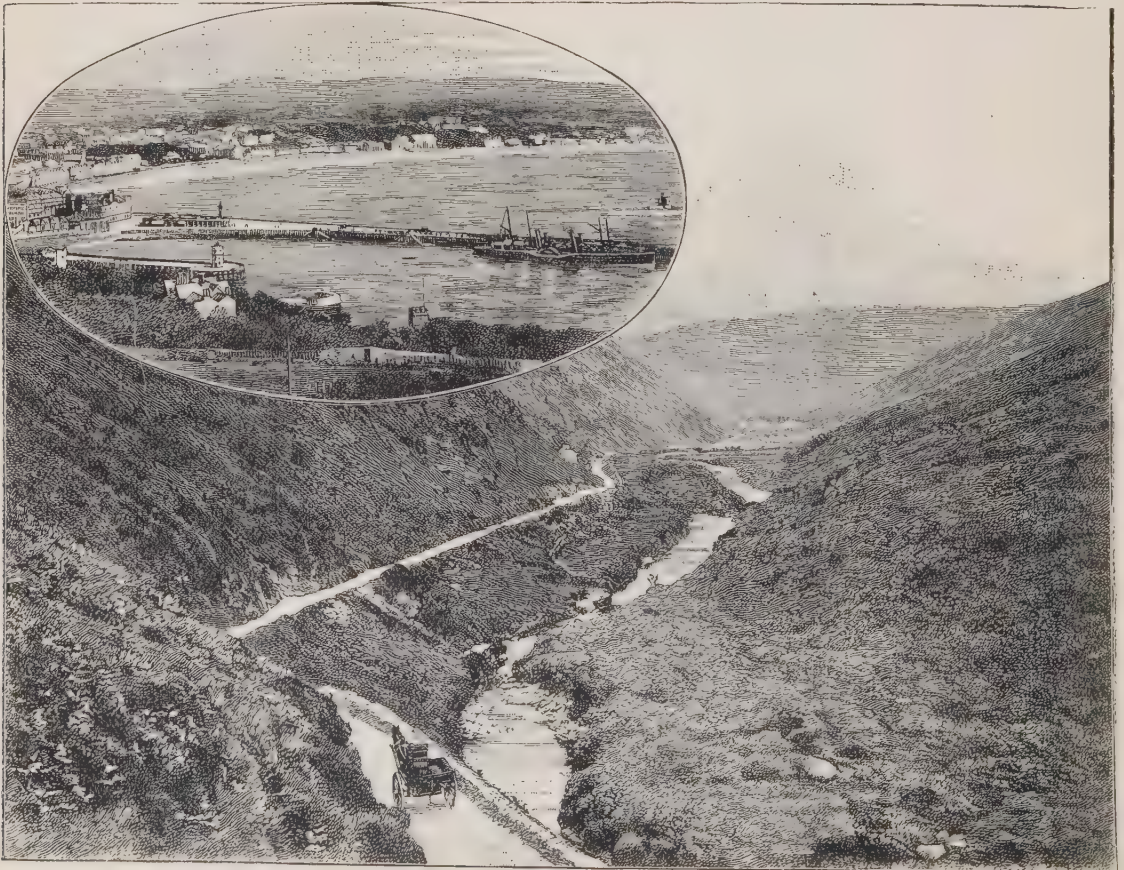
young man experienced that sensation of mingled awe and joy and peace that comes to every imaginative soul when it is brought to feel God's presence and power as revealed in the sublime and beautiful marvels of creation! He felt himself now in the presence of God, and he felt that he was unworthy to be there!

The best was when the summit of Snaefell was reached. Probably from no other spot in the United Kingdom is there a more interesting view to be obtained; and when our little party reached the cairn that day, the scene round the entire circle of vision was one of undimmed loveliness and grandeur. Facing north, the apparently flat surface of the Curragh and the Ayre melted away into the sea, while beyond what now looked like a mere silver streak, the Scotch mountains stood forth on the horizon. Close at hand to the right, the mountain crest was continued, rising and falling till it culminated in the magnificent peak of North Barule. Beyond that, the bold headland of Maughold stood forth to guard the sail-studded bay of Ramsey. And here too, across the sea, there were mountains outlined against the eastern sky—Helvellyn and Scawfell Pike and Conistou Old Man and the rest. Turning slowly

towards the west, the eye drops upon Sulby Glen, the road and stream that wind through its recesses hidden by the lower hills, and those hills themselves but half-revealed amid rolling mists.

It is perhaps as well that from the summit of the mountain that rules over Ellan Vannin no town is actually visible—though from a point some little distance down, a beautiful peep of Ramsey is obtained. But we know in what direction Douglas and Peel and Castletown and Port Erin lie, and we can name the hills that dominate them. Once more lifting our eyes to the horizon, Slieve Donard and the Mourne mountains are plainly visible in the west; while away to the south we fancy we see something that they tell us is Snowdon! What a prospect! The sea all round—except just at one point to the south-west where the last of the hills that form the backbone of the island are so high that they obstruct the horizon. Yes, the sea all round, but beyond the sea the mountains of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, with Scafell Pike and Snowdon saluting their brother lord-paramount in Mona!

"This is glorious, is it not?" exclaimed Jim, as he gazed with rapture round the entire prospect.



SULBY GLEN, AND DOUGLAS BAY.

"Awfully jolly, I call it," responded Bossie with genuine enthusiasm.

"Aye, it's a grand spot, and it will be grander when they get the electric railway and a good pub., with accommodation for refreshing the inner man after a stiff climb," shouted Hope.

"They are going to commence shortly, I hear."

"Look at me; I'm the tallest woman in the Isle of Man now!" cried Flossie, who had scrambled to the top of the cairn in order to be in a position to make this time-honoured joke. While they were thus laughing together, a noisy crowd of trippers came panting and shouting and running up the final slope to the summit.

"Let us get away before we are inundated by all this crowd," said young Kerruish.

"Not a bit of it!" retorted Hope.

The brother and his favourite sister turned away, but Bossie remained beside Jim.

"It does seem rather a pity to have such a lot of people, with the prospect of a public-house, and smoking and drinking and all the rest of it up here," she said, instinctively comprehending what was passing in her companion's mind.

"Yes," responded Jim. "Let us walk a little this way; we'll avoid the people and get a different view."

They walked for a few moments in silence; then the girl said with genuine feeling,—

"It is really very beautiful. It makes one feel like being good to be up here."

"I am glad you feel that way," he said approvingly; "to me it is simply wonderful—glorious."

Then said Bossie after a pause, perhaps because she was a woman of business and a cashier,—

"I wonder, will this electric railway pay when it is made, and how many passengers they will carry every day."

Jim was disgusted; probably too he looked it, for the girl added apologetically, "Now I suppose you are angry with me, Mr. Kerruish, for being so unpoetical. But it is difficult to get rid of the shop all at once. Oh, wouldn't it be grand to have nothing to do, but just to go about and please oneself, and see lovely places and all that?"

"Probably one would soon get tired of a useless life of that sort; and I don't believe that when all is said, the big swells are a bit happier than people like us who have to work for our living," said Jim philosophically.

"Well, perhaps not; and anyhow, we are happy enough just at present, are we not?" assented the girl.

"Yes indeed—I at least am very happy," he murmured. In truth, Miss Bossie's words, with the look that accompanied them and the slight touch on his arm as she steadied herself against the wind, sent an unwonted thrill through his frame. He liked also to hear himself called "Mr. Kerruish."

(To be continued.)

A FELT PRESENCE.

A MEDITATION FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY THE REV. F. BOURDILLON, M.A.,

Author of "*Bedside Readings*," etc.



WHO does not know the difference made by the mere presence of a person—how lonely the room would be without that presence, and what a feeling of companionship the mere presence gives?

The student is deep in his books. He reads, and thinks, and writes. His attention is fixed, his whole mind is engrossed, his thoughts are concentrated on his subject—for

the moment there seems no room for anything else. Yet he is conscious, though unknowingly, of that sweet presence that is with him.

It is the same in a *walk*. When two, whose hearts are one, walk together, they are not always in conversation, yet are they always in companionship. At times thoughts and feelings are interchanged, and some subject of common interest is discussed; at others, they walk in silence side by side. Meanwhile, each is thinking, and seemingly thinking apart. But they are not really apart; there is companionship still, as close, and almost as conscious, when they are silent as when they speak. Each would miss the other; the walk would be quite different alone, though few words are spoken. It is a great test of intimacy and fellowship, this power of being silent when together.

In like manner we may have a happy sense of the presence of God, at times when no direct communication is passing, and our thoughts are on some other subject. "Pray without ceasing" does not mean that we shall do nothing but pray; "Search the Scriptures" does not bid us search

nothing else ; and, though it is the highest blessing of the Christian to hold communion with God by the Spirit, yet he is not to be always in that holy and sweet employment. There are times, and long periods of time, when his mind must be fixed on other things.

But need he at those times lose the sense of God's presence ? Oh, no. In the first place, in one who truly loves God there is at all times an undercurrent of thought which is fixed on God ; consciously or unconsciously to the man himself, the recollection of God mixes itself with all he is about, and there is something that underlies all surface-thoughts, and even those which seem deepest. They are not really the deepest ; there is in him a deeper place still, and "the LORD is in this place."

At times, when we are not listening to the Voice of God in His Word, or speaking to Him in prayer, or even actually thinking of Him, we may experience the comfort of His presence. It is our happiness that we may be *always* with God, and always conscious of being so. Our consciousness need not take the form of a thought or a definite feeling, yet is it there. "In Him we live, and move, and have our being."

We cannot consider the precious words of our Saviour, "Abide in Me, and I in you," except as meaning a *constant* union ; or the assurance, "I am with thee," except as of a constant presence. This is what He promises, and this is what we are to seek and cherish. No loving wife, sitting or walking in silence with him who of all earthly objects is *first* with her, derives half so sweet a fellowship from his presence as we may find in the constant presence of God.

Wherever we are, there He is too. Whatever we are doing, it is in His presence we are doing it. Whatever we are thinking of, it is before Him that our thoughts are thus occupied. How happy this is ! The husband may have to go, the wife may be called off to other things ; but God will be with us always, and the sweet sense of His presence.

Do nothing, say nothing, be engaged in nothing, and give your mind to nothing, with regard to which the thought, "God is here," would not be a happy thought. Let it be your delight to "walk with God," and to have Him, though unseen, yet always near, and known and felt to be so.

OUR PARISH CHURCHES.

I.—ST. NICOLAS, NUNEATON.

GEORGE ELIOT, in her "Scenes of Clerical Life," described Nuneaton as a "dingy-looking town with a strange smell of tanning up one street and a great shaking of hand-loom up another." Much has changed since the times of which she wrote, though the place cannot even now pretend to any attractiveness in its appearance, nor boast that the air near some of its larger factories is as "sweet as new-mown hay." The shaking of the hand-loom has, however, almost ceased, for the "French Treaty" which let in cheap ribbons from the Continent, brought sad poverty and consternation to Nuneaton. But the period of depression was closed by the advent of new trades following on the making of the Trent Valley Railway. This line has now become the main line of the London and North Western, and has assisted greatly in developing the natural resources of the neighbourhood.

From Nuneaton there are branch lines to Coventry, Leicester, Ashby, and Burton. Thirty-six years ago there were but four resident men in the railway employ—a stationmaster, a porter, a lamp-cleaner, and a policeman to open and shut the gates at a former level crossing. Now there must be between two and three hundred connected with the working of the London and North Western alone. The Midland Railway has also a station in the town, on its branch from Leicester to Birmingham.

Nearly every one who has travelled much between London and the North, has passed through Nuneaton, but few, in the hurry of their journeys, recognise "Milby" under its every-day name, and think to visit the Parish Church in which "Mr Crewe" officiated for over fifty years, whose sermons were "the soundest and most edifying that ever remained unheard by a church-going population," or the shops of the descendants of the "lax Episcopalians who held that inasmuch as Congregationalism consumed candles it ought to be supported, and accordingly made a point of presenting themselves at 'Salem' for the afternoon Charity Sermon, with the expectation of being asked to hold a plate."

Not a few, we think, if they remembered that at Nuneaton's busy station they were in George Eliot's market town of "Milby," would stay to visit the place which did something more than suggest many of the characters and scenes of her stories, and recall "Mr Pilgrim, who loved to relax his professional legs in one of those excellent farmhouses where the mice are sleek and the mistress sickly," and Mrs Jerome, whose sweet differentiation of Church and Dissent concluded with the statement that "the ministers say pretty nigh the same things as the Church parsons, by what I could iver make out, an' we're out o' chapel i' the mornin' a deal sooner nor they're out o' church. An' as for



Drawn and Engraved by]

NUNEATON PARISH CHURCH.

[R. TAYLOR & Co.

pews, ours is a deal comfortabler nor any i' Milby Church." The chapel-of-ease on "Paddiford Common," the curate of which, "Mr. Tryan," caused so great a sensation by his Sunday evening lectures in "Milby," must now be sought as Stockingford Church. There are yet parishioners living who remember many of the characters depicted and who witnessed some of the exciting scenes which George Eliot "worked up" into her charming stories.

But Nuneaton, being a railway centre, and trains not always fitting even at the junctions of the best regulated of railways, it comes to pass that now and again a waiting passenger finds his way to the fine old Parish Church. It seems impossible to ascertain with any certainty its earliest date, for the building has evidently been often and much altered.

There was standing on the present site in the reign of Henry I. (1100—1135) a church dedicated to St. Nicolas, for it was then given to the monastery of Lira in Normandy by Robert Bossu, Earl of Leicester; but the Church was almost entirely rebuilt in the time of Henry III. (1216—1272), and again enlarged in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. To those who lived in those stirring times we mainly owe the Church as it now exists. The eastern arch of the tower belongs probably to an earlier period: the mark of a roof-pitch over it has preserved for our eyes the height of the earlier nave.

The roofs are boldly panelled and carved. They are ornamented with the "York Rose," and with shields bearing the sacred emblems of the Passion, while at the centre of the west end of the nave roof is a hideously Satanic-looking face, grinning down its spite at Holy Baptism.

At the east of the south aisle is a chapel for which we are probably indebted to one John Leeke, who founded a chantry here in the twenty-third year of Henry VII. (1507-8). The roof of the chapel is somewhat higher than that of the aisle.

In the chancel is a fine alabaster tomb, with a recumbent effigy of Sir Marmaduke Constable in armour. He was created a Knight Banneret at Roquesborough in 1547. The monument was moved



THE REV. J. G. DEED, D.D.
(From a photograph by J. RUSSELL & SONS,
17, Baker Street, W.)

to its present position when the Church was restored and the chancel lengthened, under the late Mr. Ewan Christian, in 1851, when the late Canon Savage had been Vicar for six years. A drawing in "Dugdale" shows this tomb to have been originally twice the size: a space, which was never occupied, being left on the slab for the effigy of Sir Marmaduke's wife. But he was twice married, and as it could not be determined which wife should be honoured on the monument, equal justice was meted out to the memory of both by leaving the space vacant.

Sir Marmaduke was enriched by Henry VIII.'s gift to him, at its dissolution, of the lands which had belonged to the Priory. This Priory, for Nuns and Monks, presided over by a Prioress, had led to the parish which was formerly called Eton or Eaton, being distinguished from other Etons by its present name.

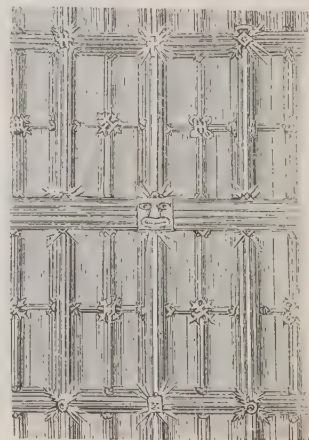
There are also, in the chancel, monuments to the families of Ryder, ancestors of the Earls of Harrowby, and of Trotman and Stratford, ancestors of the Dugdale family.

On the wall of the south aisle is a monument especially interesting to those who have pictured to themselves the Mr. Crewe of George Eliot. It is to "the memory of the Rev. Hugh Hughes of Tynmynydd in the County of Denbigh, Rector of Hardwick, Northamptonshire, Vicar of Wolvey, Warwickshire, Thirty years head master of the Grammar School, and Fifty-two years Curate of the Parish of Nuneaton. . . . He departed this life August 3rd, 1830."

The Registers date from 1577, but are in places defective.

Dugdale gives a list of twenty-nine Incumbents from 1310 to 1627, but he omits Nicholas Beale, who was appointed in August 1590, and held the Vicarage for a few months only. Among the Vicars mentioned is, in 1505, a suffragan Bishop, described as Thomas, Dei Gratia Panadensis Episc.

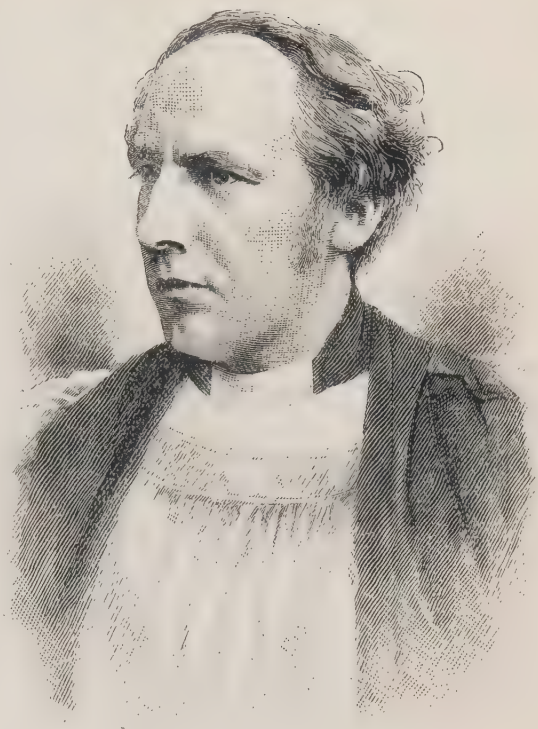
William Cradok, appointed on September 3rd, 1627, who closes Dugdale's list, was followed by a Mr. Richard Pyke, Clerke, who was nominated by "His Highness Oliver, Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England." It would appear that Cromwell's nominee was in Priests' Orders; and though the King at the Restoration promised the living to a Thomas Hollyoke, Clerke, he never obtained possession. Richard Pyke was



PORTION OF ROOF.

allowed, in spite of the Royal promise and of a petition from Hollyoke, to hold the living till his death. The petition, which may be read in the Record Office, sets forth that Pyke kept the petitioner from the living notwithstanding the fact, "proved by four credible witnesses," that the said Pyke had several times "justified the horrid murder of his late Majesty of ever blessed Memory, and prayed against his Sacred Majesty, as by a Certificate of the Commissioners for confirming and restoring of Ministers appeareth." But though the dispute as far as Pyke was concerned was ended by his death, Hollyoke did not succeed after all, albeit another and a longer petition from him to the King pleaded many services and much loyalty shown, with loss of worldly goods; but a Mr. Robert Ridgeway, M.A., was appointed in November 1660. Among the succeeding Vicars was Dr. John Ryder, a native of the parish, born in 1697, and educated at Queen's College, Cambridge. He was appointed to the Vicarage at the early age of twenty-four, and held it for twenty-two years, when he was consecrated Bishop of Killaloe, from which he was translated to Down and Connor, and then advanced to the Archbishopric of Tuam.

After Dr. Ryder, the Vicars, for about a hundred years, appear to have been non-resident. Canon Savage was presented to the living in 1845, and at once took steps to make the Vicarage House fit for habitation. To his loving and laborious work for twenty-six years the parish owes a great debt of gratitude. Not only was the fabric of the Church restored and day-schools built, but new life was infused into the Church's manifold operations. On his death, in the autumn of 1871, he was succeeded by Canon Bellairs in January 1872, well known as formerly one of H.M. Inspectors of Schools, on whose resignation, in 1893, the Rev. John George Deed, D.D., the present Vicar, was appointed.



THE BISHOP OF SALISBURY.

(From a Photograph by ELLIOTT & FRY, 55, Baker Street, W.)

Bishop Moberly in 1885, Dr. Wordsworth was called to preside over the See of Salisbury.

In addition to the discharge of the onerous duties of his Diocese, the Bishop has taken a prominent part in public affairs, and is a voluminous writer.

REPRESENTATIVE CHURCHMEN.

I.—THE BISHOP OF SALISBURY.

THE RIGHT REV. JOHN WORDSWORTH, D.D., Lord Bishop of Salisbury, is the eldest son of the late Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, who was Bishop of Lincoln for so many years.

The Bishop of Salisbury is a great-nephew of the poet Wordsworth, and was born at Harrow on September 21st, 1843. He was educated at Ipswich, and Winchester School, and graduated at New College, Oxford, in 1865. In 1866 he became a Master at Wellington College, and in 1867 was elected Fellow, and in 1868 Tutor of Brasenose College, Oxford. He was appointed a Prebendary of Lincoln Cathedral in 1870, Select Preacher at Oxford in 1876; Bampton Lecturer in 1881; Oriel Professor of the Interpretation of Holy Scripture in 1883; and a Residentiary Canon of Rochester Cathedral in 1883. On the death of



SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

ABOUT SOME USEFUL ENGLISH INSECTS.

BY THE REV. THEODORF WOOD, F.E.S.,

Author of "Our Bird Allies," "The Farmer's Friends and Foes," "Life of the Rev. J. G. Wood," etc., etc.



VERY few people, I imagine, have the faintest idea of the debt that we owe to insects. For these creatures are constantly working for us in a

variety of different ways; and it is scarcely too much to say that, but for their invaluable labours, it would be quite impossible for man to live on the earth.

In the first place, they act as scavengers, helping to keep both air and water constantly pure. If a bird or a small animal dies, burying beetles wing their way to the spot, and inter it in the ground. That is one reason why we so seldom find the bodies of animals which have died a natural death. The busy orange-and-black insects are sure to detect them in the course of a few hours; and then, shovelling away the soil with their broad, flat heads, they sink the carcasses well beneath the surface, and finally cover them in. In the case of a small animal, a single pair of these beetles usually work together: in that of a larger one, several pairs will unite. So the carcass is buried before it can become offensive, and the generation of mischievous gases is prevented.

In like manner, the water is purified by the labours of such insects as the grubs of the common gnat. These tiny creatures, which literally abound in every pool and pond, feed upon the tiny scraps of decaying animal and vegetable matter which are always floating in the water, and so prevent them from putrefying; while, if a fish, newt, or tadpole dies, its carcass is speedily devoured by the various water-beetles and their voracious grubs.

In the second place, insects act as foresters, removing dead and dying trees, in order that their places may be taken by healthy vegetation. This they do, in the

first instance, by removing the bark. So long as *that* remains, the trunk is preserved from decay. So the parent beetle runs a tunnel between the bark and the wood, laying eggs as she goes; the grubs which hatch out from the eggs do the same, cutting away the fibres which fasten the two together: and before very long the loosened bark falls away in great sheets, leaving the trunk exposed. Then bigger beetles come, and bore into the solid wood itself, and their grubs honeycomb the trunk with their tunnels; the rain soaks into the burrows, and the frost freezes the rain: and so at last the tree is broken up, and falls to the ground in fragments, which serve as nourishment for fresh vegetation during the first few months of its life.

These wood-boring insects are frequently looked upon as very mischievous creatures. But they never touch healthy trees; they only accelerate decay in those which are diseased or dying. And there can be little doubt that, but for their labours, we should scarcely have a forest in the world, since the ground would be completely blocked up by dead and useless trees.

In the third place, insects help us very materially indeed by destroying the various pests which so greatly injure our crops.

There are, for example, the various ichneumon flies, which lay their eggs within the bodies of caterpillars. These number their victims literally by millions. Out of every hundred of those caterpillars, for instance, which do so much damage to our cabbages and cauliflowers, no less than ninety-five are "stung" by these flies, and destroyed by the grubs which hatch out from the eggs. But for their help we could grow no cabbages at all.

Certain wasps, too, provision their nests with caterpillars, placing eight, ten, twelve, or more, in each cell, to serve as food for their grubs, and sometimes stinging them in such a manner as to keep them alive, although paralysed, until the time comes for them to be devoured.

But the most useful insects of all, as far as our own country is concerned, are undoubtedly those which attack the "green blight" or "green fly" which works such terrible mischief to our hops, beans, corn, lettuces, and fruit-trees, and indeed, to our crops of almost all kinds.

One of these is the grub of the lace-wing fly, a pretty, pale-green insect, with large wings and long antennæ, which may often be seen slowly flitting to and fro on warm summer evenings. This grub feeds upon nothing at all but the blight insects. It is so voracious that when its victims are plentiful it will dispose of them at the rate of two in every minute; and as fast as it drains them of their juices, it fastens their empty skins upon its own back, until at last it is completely concealed from view.

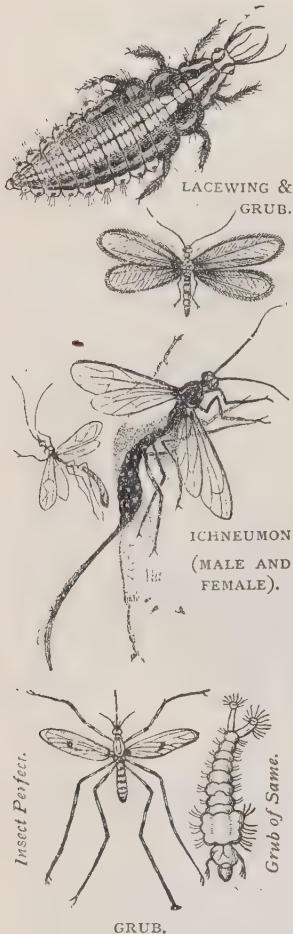
Then there are certain ichneumon flies which attack the blight insects. One egg, as a rule, is laid in the body of each, and the little grub, when it hatches out, feeds upon the juices of its victim, and finally cuts



Drawn by HENRY BAILEY.]

[Engraved by R. TAYLOR & CO.]

"PLOUGHING IN HOPE."



a round hole through the skin of its back, through which it makes its escape. But there are other flies which lay as many as twenty-four eggs in the body of a single victim! Needless to say, both grubs and flies are numbered among the dwarfs of the insect world.

Earwigs, too, will devour blight at times, as some small set-off to their own depredations in the flower-garden; and thousands more of the mischievous little insects are destroyed by the grubs of those orange- and black flies which we so often see hovering in mid air during warm weather, and which vanish almost with the speed of light when alarmed by a sudden movement.

A PRIZE OFFER.

I have purposely passed over several of the most useful insects that we have in this country; and I have made no mention of a fourth way in which certain insects—such as humble bees—benefit us very materially. For I am enabled, by the kindness of the Editor of the CHURCH MONTHLY, to offer a prize, consisting of books to the value of ten shillings and sixpence, for the best essay upon useful English insects. Essays should refer only to insects not mentioned in this article; should not exceed five hundred words in length; and should be sent in to the office of the CHURCH MONTHLY (30 and 31, New Bridge Street, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.) not later than January 31st.

SUNDAY REST.—"Sunday is not lost. While industry is suspended, while the plough lies in the furrow, while the Exchange is silent, while no smoke ascends from the factory,—a process is going on quite as important to the wealth of the nation as the work which is performed on more busy days. Man—the machine of machines—the machine compared with which all the contrivances of the Watts and Arkwrights are worthless—is repairing and winding up, so that he returns to his labours on Monday with clearer intellect and livelier spirits, with renewed corporeal vigour."—**LORD MACAULAY.**

THE MIDNIGHT CAROL.

BY THE REV. CANON TWELLS, M.A.,
Author of "At even, ere the sun was set," etc.

"**HUSH!** 'twas a sound of sweet voices that told me
Of glory to God, and good-will among men:
Is the brightness of Heaven coming down to enfold me?
Will the vision of angels appear here again?"
Nay, dreamer, nay; for thy slumbers were broken
By a choir of frail singers but mortals at best;
But the news is as grand as when first it was spoken,
So thank God for His mercies, and turn thee to rest.

"O see! on my brow, and around my white pillow,
A beam of soft radiance has suddenly smiled;
Has the Star of the East shone o'er mountain and billow?
Does it bid me take presents, and seek the Young Child?"
Nay, dreamer, nay: what thou deemest its dawning
Is the light of the moon on an eyesight yet dim;
But thy presents thou yet may'st prepare in the morning,
For in giving thine alms thou'lt be giving to Him.

"And may I not travel to see the young Stranger?
And may I not follow some sign in the skies,
Till I enter the stable, and bend o'er the manger,
And mark the mild lustre that gleams from His eyes?"
Thou can'st not, O dreamer! Yet think on the story,
With its marvels so great, and its love so Divine;
There are those who shall see Him—not there, but in glory—
And God grant, O dreamer! such lot may be thine!

GARDEN WORK FOR JANUARY.

Kitchen Garden.

IN frosty weather, when the paths and beds are hard, wheel manure in heaps on to the beds ready for digging in immediately favourable weather occurs. If the weather is mild and open, small sowings may be made on warm borders, of beans, peas, and turnips; also plant potatoes towards the end of the month.

Fruit Garden.

Pruning fruit-trees should be continued; also plant in open weather, taking care to protect the roots, should frosty weather intervene. Dig the borders in favourable weather.

Flower Garden.

Bulbs which are showing above ground should be protected from frost, by covering with dry litter, straw or fern. Plants in frames and greenhouses in mild weather should have a supply of fresh air. Water only occasionally and sparingly. Prune rose-trees under glass.

EARLY RISING.—Napoleon devoted only four hours to sleep, Lord Brougham did the same: Bishop Burnet commenced his studies every morning at four: so did Bishop Jewell and Sir Thomas More: Archdeacon Paley rose every morning at five.



RICHBOROUGH CASTLE.

THE COMING OF AUGUSTINE.

BY THE REV. THOMAS MOORE, M.A.,

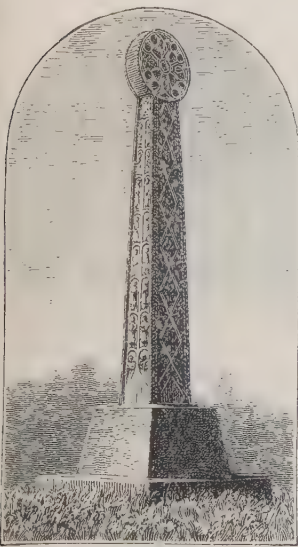
Rector of *St. Michael Paternoster Royal*, and *St. Martin Vintry*, College Hill, with *All-Hallows-the-Great-and-Less*, Thames Street: Author of "*The Englishman's Brief*," etc.

THIS year will be commemorated the thirteenth hundredth anniversary of the coming of Augustine. It is fitting that in these pages we should place ourselves in accord with an historic event so interesting and important to the English Church and Kingdom. We shall endeavour, therefore, in the course of the year, to describe as briefly and yet as comprehensively as our space will allow, not only the circumstances connected with the mission of Augustine to the kingdom of Kent, but also the principal events connected with the conversion to the faith of Christ of the several early English kingdoms.

It will be understood that in our narrative we shall deal with *England, not Britain*, and with the conversion of the *English*, and not the conversion of the *British*, people.

When the heathen Jutes, Angles, and Saxons, subsequently known as the English people, from 447 to 577 A.D. conquered or drove into exile the Christian and other inhabitants of Britain, they soon took the land into their own possession, and divided it amongst their several tribes, after which it was called Angleland or England. The British Christians who did not escape from their fury they massacred; their churches they desecrated and destroyed.

But scarcely had the heathen English settled down to enjoy their landed possessions as the spoils of their victory than they began to quarrel amongst



CROSS AT EBBSFLEET, ERECTED
TO COMMEMORATE THE
LANDING OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

themselves for the predominance or supremacy. Hence a long series of almost exterminating battles, which were fiercely fought between the newly-formed petty rival

kingdoms. The fate of the captives of meaner rank taken in battle on either side, was, as a rule, death or slavery.

Between 585 and 588 A.D. a group of such English captive youths, put up for sale as slaves in the Roman marketplace, attracted the attention of Gregory, a distinguished Roman deacon, afterwards Pope Gregory the Great. The

sight of these fair-faced and golden-haired youths aroused Gregory's religious sympathy on their behalf, and on behalf of the people to which they belonged, and inspired him with the idea of undertaking a mission to England. He was, however, prevented from so doing.

But Gregory never gave up the idea of the evangelisation of England, and in 596 A.D. he sent Augustine with a band of followers to preach the Gospel to the English people. After much faintheartedness and unnecessary delay in their journey to England, Augustine and his companions, between Easter and Ascension Day, 597 A.D., landed on the shores of Kent, at a place called Ebbsfleet, near Richborough Castle, on the south side of Pegwell Bay. Augustine immediately sent interpreters, whom he had brought with him from France, to tell Ethelbert, King of Kent, of his having landed within his kingdom, and to inform him of the strictly religious character of his mission.

Ethelbert, who had married a Christian wife—Bertha, a French princess, and who for some years past had had with her a Bishop, Chaplain, and Christian attendants, at the Royal Court—could not have been altogether ignorant of some of the elementary facts, and doctrines, and precepts, of Christianity. He had not yet, however, become a Christian.

Ethelbert appointed an interview with Augustine, and chose as their meeting-place the sloping chalk down above the village of Minster. Ethelbert, Queen Bertha, and the principal persons of his Court, were, as we can imagine, first to arrive upon the scene.

The king, from his elevated position, looking down upon the sloping ground over which Augustine and his companions had to pass, could see the solemn procession of Augustine and his companions gradually approach him. He could also hear in the distance the faint sounds of the Gregorian Chants, to which Augustine and his companions sang their solemn Litany, become clearer, fuller, and more impressive as the procession drew nearer the spot where he (Ethelbert) was seated.

And now, Augustine and his companions having reached the appointed place, the procession divides, and Augustine passing through it, and, having bowed to the king, introduces the subject of his mission.

Our Illustrations have been specially engraved by Messrs. R. Taylor & Co., from photographs by Poulton & Co.

A GREAT MISTAKE.—"It is a great mistake to suppose that alcoholic liquids help to 'keep the cold out.' It is now well known (to all who know anything about the matter) that alcohol materially lessens the power of the human body to resist cold. I am so strongly impressed with this, that I am in the habit of specially cautioning all patients, who suffer from complaints in which there is particular danger from taking cold, to entirely avoid alcoholic stimulants, on this very ground."—F. C. COLEY, M.D.

MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

"A Big Wound in Your Soul."

SOME of the Christians in Uganda are very faithful in pleading with others to give up their sins. One man named Matayo was giving way to drink. His Christian friends reminded him of his wound in the war. "You have a big wound in your soul, caused by drunkenness. Give up the drink, or assuredly the wound will get worse and kill you eternally," Matayo replied, "Why can't you leave me alone?" Mika Sematimba answered, "When you were shot, did we not pick you up and carry you home? Did you then think we hated you? You are shot now, and we want to carry you home. Do you remember when we were carrying you, how you said, 'Let me walk; your carrying makes the wound hurt me'? We didn't let you walk. We knew you could not walk, but that you would faint on the road; and now we know you cannot keep sober, and we want to help you. You say 'Leave me alone,' but we won't leave you alone. We know you will get worse if we do."

"I Count that Day as Lost."

Two Brahmins were in a railway carriage in India, and one of them refused a Gospel which was offered him by a Native preacher. "I could not think of buying a Christian book," he said. The other exclaimed, "It is a very good book. It is the life of Jesus Christ. It is to me as my daily food. When I miss a day in reading it, I count that day as lost." What a speech for a heathen to make!

The Cruelty of Heathendom.

AN atrocious case of cruelty in Zanzibar is related by the late Rev. Horace Waller. A little slave girl of seven, named Jamili, had been beaten by her mistress and then tied by the arm to a tree. The arm swelled so that the cord could not be got off, so they took a hatchet and cut off her arm, and then turned the child out in the street to die. Sir Lloyd Matthews found her, and sent her to the hospital, the jagged bleeding stump of the arm being in a frightful state. She was cured, and sent to the Universities Mission School at Mbwani. When she was well, her masters had the audacity to claim her again; but the Sultan refused to allow her to be taken out of the hands of the Missionaries.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

I. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My Initials and Finals, read downwards, are already before you, before even you begin to guess me.

1. Something very pleasant in the summer weather.
2. A preposition.
3. A gentle breeze.
4. A place famed in Scripture story.
5. A narrow road.
6. Always.

II. PUZZLE WORDS.

To try your spelling, here's a great game,
Backwards and forwards we're always the same.

1. An organ precious to us all:
2. A boy's name, be he big or small:
3. Often used to mean before:
4. Sometimes heard at the front door:
5. Perhaps you call your father this:
6. Day by day I never miss.

III. SQUARE WORDS.

1. A place to love,
2. A face to love,
3. Five men put down,
4. On this we frown.

QUESTIONS ON THE BIBLE.

BY THE REV. W. SUNDERLAND LEWIS, M.A.,

Vicar of St. Mary's, Hornsey Rise, N.; Author of "Festival Hymns," etc.

In what part of Holy Scripture do we find mention—

1. Of a prophet long sought for in vain by his deadliest foe;
2. Of the same prophet being sought for in vain by some of his friends;
3. Of a prophet and scribe both sought for in vain by their foes;
4. Of an apostle sought for in vain by one who wished to put him to death;
5. Of a child that was sought for with more affection than light;
6. Of One who is never sought for in vain?

QUESTIONS ON THE PRAYER-BOOK.

(*"The Apostles' Creed."*)

1. What lesson may be gathered from a comparison of the first word of this Confession with the immediately preceding rubric; and of what verse in Rom. i. may we thus be reminded?
2. With what verses in Heb. xi., Rom. viii., 1 Cor. viii. Gen. xvii., and Acts xiv., may the first part of this Creed be compared?
3. With what comprehensive passage in the Epistle to the Philippians, and in what principal ways, may the second part of this Creed be compared?
4. In what threefold way is the whole of this Creed summed up in the Catechism; and of what passages in Matt. iii., xxviii., and 2 Cor. xiii., may this summary remind us?

BURIED TRUTH.

What great and important work was accomplished, to the great benefit and tearful joy of some of God's people, and to the great dejection and astonishment (compare Ps. cxxvi. 2) of their enemies, in about the seventh part of a year?

*** We repeat our offer of Twelve Volumes, each published at Half-a-Guinea, for the twelve competitors who send the best answers to the Questions inserted in January to June inclusive, and Twelve Volumes, published at Five Shillings, for the twelve competitors who send the best answers to the Puzzles. Competitors must be under sixteen years of age, and all replies must be sent in on or before the first day of the month following publication. The answers must be attested by a Clergyman or Sunday School Teacher. Competitors will please address their replies thus:—"Sunday Questions," or "Puzzles," Mr. FREDK. SHERLOCK, "CHURCH MONTHLY" OFFICE, 30 & 31, NEW BRIDGE STREET, LONDON, E.C.*

For the "Buried Truths" a special Prize of a Half-Guinea Volume is offered, but these papers need not be attested, and the Competition is open to all our Readers, irrespective of age.

"NOT MY CHOICE."

"Be our days many, or be they few, from any burden which God may see fit to lay upon us our life may gain, not only contentment, but grandeur and nobleness. My strength during all my life has been precisely this—that I have no choice. During the last thirty-six years God has twelve times changed my home and fifteen times changed my work. I have scarcely done what I myself would have chosen. The support of my life is to know that I am doing what God wishes, and not what I wish myself."—DEAN FARRAR.

SHOT AND SHELL.

SOME WONDERS OF WOOLWICH ARSENAL.

BY F. M. HOLMES,

Author of "Engineers and Their Triumphs."

IT'S a big place, sir! It would take you two days to go over the Arsenal properly, sir. It's five miles round!"

"Well, then, I will see some of the chief wonders."

"There's plenty of 'em, sir. There's summat to see here, I can tell you."

And our friend the guide, who proudly tells us he's a "warder" of the Arsenal, and who has "put in," he says, twenty years or more in the "Tillery," trots along beside us good-naturedly, anxious to show off the marvels of the place.

The authorities wisely decide that a warder shall accompany visitors, not only to guide them through the bewildering mazes of the immense establishment but to see that no one pops a hundred-ton gun into his waist-coat pocket, or uses a pencil to take notes.

Being a law-abiding British subject, my pencil retires to the depths of my pocket, and I converse with the warder. He is evidently anxious to impress the immense size of the place upon me.

"As for the men, sir, why, inside you can see only a few like, here and there; but stand at the gates when it's dinner time, and watch 'em pour out! You wonders where they all comes from. There's about fourteen thousand of 'em, I believe. Now this room, sir—it's about the biggest in Europe. Just look at it, sir."

I do look at it. I am gazing into a perfect forest of ingenious machinery—row upon row of it—which seems to have no end. In this factory—which is only one of several included in Woolwich Arsenal—the complicated and clever time-fuses for shells are made; the little instrument which will cause the great shells to explode

when they reach the enemy, and scatter death and destruction around.

A similar building forms the rifle-bullet factory, where, by another forest of machinery, the deadly little missiles, conical in shape, and cased in nickel silver, harder than iron, are being made by the million.

Farther on you may wander among the various shell and gun, rocket, torpedo, and military waggon factories, where huge furnaces melt iron and steel like butter; where the immense steam hammer, towering above you like a mountain, forges white-hot steel into huge cannon; where an enormous crane will pick up a monster white-hot steel tube like a toy and plunge it into a deep tank of oil to temper and toughen it; where big guns of steel are planed and smoothed and grooved like soft wood. Wonders! Our warder is

right, the place is full of wonders, both small and great.

"Ah, take care, sir! don't go too near!"

The fire-clay entrance to one of the big furnaces has been unclosed, and out pours a stream of molten metal into a large bucket beneath, a shower of fiery sparks and stars flying around.

"There's fireworks for

you, sir! Now those men will carry that bucket o' metal to the moul's, where it will be cast into shells."

And, sure enough, a man approaches on either side, and, thrusting a rod through the handles, the two walk off with the glowing bucketful as unconcerned as though it were a loaf of bread. Presently they pour the fiery stream into the moulds that seem sunk below the floor of the factory, and from the moulds will be taken by-and-bye, hard and pointed cylinders of steel, to be filled with explosives, or explosives and shot, to be used against England's enemies.

"Now that's where they melts the steel for the guns," says the warder, turning to another huge furnace—a larger one than the last, with a big spout below its little mouth, looking like a large and curved under lip.



"DINNER TIME!"

"The hot steel pours out there, and comes all along here"—indicating with his hand the mould where the molten metal would run.

"Oh, I should like to see a big gun made!" some visitor might exclaim. "It would be interesting."

So it would no doubt; but unfortunately it takes about fifteen months or more to complete one. But though we cannot see one gun made throughout, we can behold several in the different processes of manufacture. Here, in these long, dingy factories, stand the huge and lengthy monsters in the various stages of development; here is the birth-place of those mighty weapons whose voice is like a crashing thunder, and whose shot might knock a ship, or a town, to pieces at some thousands of yards' distance.

Now, how are these monsters made? Briefly, they may be said to be built up coil over coil, in such a way that the enormous strain of the bursting powder may be distributed over the whole gun. In guns of cast-iron, a point arrives where mere thickness is of no value in resisting the explosive power of the discharge. But when white-hot coils are shrunk over a cold cylinder, they contract on cooling, and become tense—that is, extended to stiffness—while the inner portion is compressed; and the result—put briefly, and free from technicalities—is that the strain of the exploding powder is borne more equally by the whole of the gun.

This principle was introduced by Lord Armstrong—then Mr. Armstrong—about the time of the Crimean war, and it has since been greatly developed and modified.

The results are marvellous. Guns built up on the Armstrong plan will throw shot about three times the distance, with but half the powder, and yet weigh proportionally, but slightly more than half the old cast-iron weapons. The principle has been carried still further by twisting strong flat steel wire, tightly strained, over the gun. The wire, in this state of tension, yields a coil comparatively very elastic, but yet capable of great power of resistance. In the new "wire" gun, weighing forty-six tons, for the new warships, something like a hundred and two miles of wire are used in each gun.

You may see the wire at Woolwich being slowly twisted round a long tube of steel, which forms the inner part of the gun. The wire is so tough that its breaking strain is probably not less than a hundred tons to the square inch!

It is said that guns strengthened in this way have fired shot for the enormous distance of twelve miles! A comparatively small, but very dangerous weapon, the "Woolwich 12-pounder breech-loader," is calculated to send its shot from its muzzle at the unrealisable speed of 1,720 feet per second! This smart little gun costs the country no less than £550, with eleven shillings extra for every discharge. On the other hand, some of the huge monsters we see standing here, grim, shapely, and silent, cost the country, in round numbers, nearly £25,000 when complete, and £35 additional every time they are discharged.

Such guns are marvels of engineering and scientific skill, and it is the exhibition of such skill which forms one of the great attractions of Woolwich Arsenal. If it be urged that it is lamentable to see so much skill, and power, and money, expended on destructive and man-slaying machines, it must be remembered that their very destructiveness may assist in preventing Governments from too recklessly entering upon war, while if the sad necessity for using them should arise, they may assist in bringing the battle to a speedy and decisive close.

HOMELY COOKERY FOR INVALIDS.

BY M. RAE, *Certificated Teacher of Cookery.*

Mutton Broth.

	Average Cost.
	s. d.
2 lbs. Scrag of Mutton	1 4
½ Saltspoonful Salt	½
1 Tablespoonful Rice	½
	1 4½



WIPE the mutton with a clean cloth, remove all fat, and cut the lean in rather small pieces. Put them into a saucepan with a quart of cold water and the salt; place over the fire, let it just boil up, skim carefully with a metal spoon; move to the side, and let it simmer gently for three hours. After that, strain the broth into a basin, and put away in a cool place, uncovered, till the next day. When required for use, take off

the fat on the top, and put the stock in a pan to boil; wash the rice in cold water, put it into the stock when boiling, and cook about half an hour. If the patient's illness permits, pepper and vegetables may be used when making the broth.

THE VALUE OF TIME.—"Some years ago," says Sir John Lubbock, "I paid a visit to the principal lake village of Switzerland in company with a distinguished archaeologist, M. Morlot. To my surprise, I found that his whole income was a hundred pounds a year, part of which, moreover, he spent in making a small museum. I asked him whether he contemplated accepting any post or office, but he said 'certainly not.' He valued his leisure and opportunities as priceless possessions far more than silver or gold, and would not waste any of his time in making money."

GOLDEN RULES.

NEVER put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
 Never trouble others for what you can do yourself.
 Never spend your money before you have it.
 Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap.
 Pride costs us more than thirst, hunger, or cold.
 We never repent of having eaten too little.
 Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
 When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, one hundred.
 Take things always by the smoothest handle.
 In all cases when you cannot do as you would, do the best you can.



From the original painting by G. HILLYARD SWINSTEAD, R.B.A.]

[Engraved by R. TAYLOR & Co.]

GERALD AND HIS BOOK.

YES; when I'm tired at close of day,
 And mother makes me stop my play,
 'Tis then I find a cosy nook
 And con my lovely picture-book.
 I cannot read the words at all
 Because I am so very small,
 But all the cows and ships and things,
 And big great fish, and birds with wings,
 Are my own special private pets,
 The kind of friends one ne'er forgets
 So when I'm tired at close of day,

And mother makes me stop my play,
 'Tis then I find a cosy nook
 And con my lovely picture-book.
 Once Mr. Swinestead caught me there
 And without any why or where,
 Just made a picture out of me
 For all my mother's friends to see,
 And in they come, and talk and chatter;
 But I don't care: what does it matter?
 For I have still my cosy nook,
 And still can keep my picture-book.

FREDK. SHERLOCK.

“Who is this, so Weak and Helpless?”

Words by the BISHOP OF WAKEFIELD.

Music by GEORGE C. MARTIN.
(Organist of St. Paul's Cathedral.)

TREBLE VOICES.

p

1. Who is this, so weak and help - less, Child of low - ly He - brew maid,

p

p dolce. *rall.*

Rude - ly in a sta - ble shel - ter'd, Cold - ly in a man - ger laid?

p dolce. *rall.*

CHORUS (strongly accented).

ff

S. 'Tis the Lord of all cre - a - tion, Who this won - drous path hath trod;

A. 'Tis the Lord of all cre - a - tion, Who this won - drous path hath trod;

T. 'Tis the Lord of all cre - a - tion, Who this won - drous path hath trod;

B. 'Tis the Lord of all cre - a - tion, Who this won - drous path hath trod;

He is God from ev - er - last - ing, And to ev - er - last - ing God.

2.

Who is this—a Man of Sorrows,
Walking sadly life's hard way;
Homeless, weary, sighing, weeping,
Over sin and Satan's sway?
'Tis our God, our glorious Saviour,
Who above the starry sky
Now for us a place prepareth,
Where no tear can dim the eye.

3.

Who is this—behold Him shedding
Drops of Blood upon the ground?
Who is this—despised, rejected,
Mocked, insulted, beaten, bound?
'Tis our God, Who gifts and graces
On His Church now poureth down;
Who shall smite in righteous judg-
ment
All His foes beneath His throne.

4.

Who is this that hangeth dying,
While the rude world scoffs and scorns;
Numbered with the malefactors,
Torn with nails, and crowned with
thorns?
'Tis the God, Who ever liveth
'Mid the shining ones on high,
In the glorious golden city
Reigning everlastingly.



"GOING TO MARKET" (see page 40).

Drawn by HENRY BAILEY.]

[Engraved by R. TAYLOR & Co.



THE MUSTARD SEED.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF DERRY AND RAPHOE.

SAID Christ, "My kingdom shall subdue
the world ;
But not with flash of steel or flags
unfurled ;
"Not with the war of hosts by hosts withstood,
Tumultuous noise, and garments rolled in
blood.
"One silent Sower drops the mystic seed
Of all that shall be ripest word and deed :
"Of all the seeds in all the world the least,
And but a herb, by suns and showers in-
creased,
"Lo, now the rival of the forest trees,
Drinking the rains, defiant of the breeze,
Increasing with the centuries' vast increase,
Guarding, 'mid stormy skies, a heart of peace,"
[Yea, Lord ! we know it : in the noon's fierce
heat,
[Resting beneath its shade, our rest is sweet.]
"And here shall come to build, through ages
long,
All creatures bright of plume or sweet of
song."
X. 2.]

So to the Church has thronged, and sheltered
there,
All that is bright, or merciful, or fair,
Whatever hails with song the morning's rays,
If there be any virtue, any praise.
For her the builder plans his mightiest piles,
The anthem peals, the rescued orphan smiles,
The patriot rends off subject lands their
chains.
Solace is hers for anguish, balm for pains,
And here the penitent his peace regains.
Still, still she spreads her ever-broadening
arms,
With shade for all that sweetens, strengthens,
charms.
All these beneath her green and fragrant
dome
Are nursed, and tune their songs, and love
their home—
God's home and man's ! And how should
this not be
The home of grace, and charm, and liberty ?

[All rights reserved.]

"Drift and Duty;"

OR

WHAT CAME OF A HOLIDAY IN MANXLAND.

BY THE REV. E. NEWENHAM HOARE, M.A.,

Vicar of Stonycroft, Liverpool: Author of "The Jessopps," "Child Neighbours," etc.

CHAPTER III.

SWEET ENTANGLEMENTS.



DHONN WATERFALL.

YET, glorious as the day had been, the recollection of it was not unalloyedly pleasant. A good deal had been said and done and heard and seen that jarred on young Kerruish's natural sense of delicacy and refinement. Nor was the young fellow by any means at peace with himself. Putting everything else aside,

had come to accept himself as such on their valuation rather than on any ground of personal experience. For some time past he had been pretty closely connected with and had become genuinely interested in various parochial organisations attached to the church at which he had attended with his mother so long as ever he could remember. He was a Sunday-School teacher, a member of a young men's guild, and a leading spirit among the conductors of the local Band of Hope. Indeed, it was in this last capacity that he had made the acquaintance of Hope Hepworth, that versatile young gentleman having been introduced as a famous hand at amusing the young folk and as one of the most obliging fellows going. So Hope was booked for the next children's entertainment, though by no means an abstainer nor yet "all that he ought to be" in many respects. Still, he was such a jolly fellow; and everybody hoped that he would soon settle down and derive permanent good from his association with church work. So Jim Kerruish would not hear a word against his new friend, loudly asserting that it was unfair to condemn a chap on mere hearsay, and unchristian not to hold forth to him a helping hand.

"I suppose you will be going to church somewhere in the morning," Jim had said, as he and Bossie were about to part on the Saturday night.

They were standing in a little group on the step of the boarding-house in which the Hepworths were staying. The remark had been openly made, and Hope took it up before his sister had time to reply.

"My word, what an appetite the boy has! You must remember, my son, that we are out for rest and change; and I'd have thought you got quite enough of that sort of thing at home."

"Then, if it's change we are to have, that is an argument why *you* should spend most of your time in church on Sundays while we're on the Island," interrupted Flossie smartly.

"Come now, you think you've got me there; but I'm not so bad as some fellows I know—not as bad perhaps as certain young ladies."

All this was very painful to Kerruish. He spoke quickly, for he dreaded to hear Bertha commit herself, and it is not to be denied that his utterance was somewhat priggish—

"I have always been taught to regard church-going as itself a rest and change—a rest after the worries of the week and a change from the monotonous routine of business. I don't see how the change of place can make any difference."

"Bravo, Jim, my son! You speak like a book—like a book full of pictures," almost shouted young Hepworth, who was certainly not quite himself after a long day of unwonted exercise in the open air, during which he had thought it necessary to sustain his flagging energies with repeated and varied liquid refreshment. "It seems your idea of church is just mine of bed—a place for rest and change—and that's

he was conscious of having rather made a fool of himself with Bossie. Words had been spoken that would have been better left unsaid, and more had been implied than had actually passed the lips. The timid, callow youth was haunted by the idea that he might have committed himself, and he was distinctly conscious of being already more than half in love with Bertha Hepworth.

Yet he did not approve of her—still less did he approve of her surroundings. There was—there could be, and he knew it now—no real sympathy between him and such people as the Hepworths. Yet he could not free himself from the fascination with which they held him fast. They were so clever, so bright, so free, so generous, so joyous. What was he, poor boy, beside them? A "muff" he called himself—such, he felt sure, Flossie at least judged him to be. Yet his personal pride was by no means willing to acquiesce in such a judgment as that!

Sunday brought matters to a crisis. James Kerruish had been carefully and piously brought up. He had hitherto lived what is called "a blameless life." Many people besides his mother were wont to speak of him as an "earnest, Christian young man, and he

the reason I like, as a general rule, to go to bed at least once a day, or once a night, as a relief after what you so poetically describe as the monotonous routine of business—though I think commercial avocations would sound better—the monotonous routine of commercial avocations.”

“Be quiet, Hope, do, or the people will be thinking you are drunk,” pleaded Flossie, laying her hand on his arm.

Then Bossie came to the rescue. “I should like to go with you, very much, Mr. Kerruish; but the people are all so dreadfully late in this house on Sunday, that I don’t see how it can be managed—not in the morning, at least. But we might go in the evening and then have a nice moonlight walk after supper. Of course you’ll be round in time for dinner. Now let us say good-night and get to bed. I’m sure we are all tired out. For my part I don’t feel as if I’d ever wake again.”

“Not till ten o’clock breakfast, anyhow,” sneered her brother.

The Sunday that followed was not a day to be forgotten. It brought with it new experiences of temptation; it brought with it unwonted excitements—excitements that, at the time, were but half pleasurable, and which, when afterwards recalled in memory, were almost wholly painful.

Being late in the morning, and finding that when he did come down the breakfast was not ready, Jim gave up the idea of going to church. He lounged about and chatted with the other boarders till it was time to join the Hepworths at early dinner. It was a glorious day. Everything was bright; everybody seemed happy. The hum of voices, the ringing of infectious laughter (boisterous enough at times) was in the air—on all sides there was movement, colour, perpetual coming and going. Young Kerruish was surprised to find himself enjoying it all; he felt taken out of himself, and the sensation was one of relief.

The Hepworth party were in what Hope described as “tip-top form.” The young fellow was in the best of spirits, nor did he at any time throughout that day lose control of himself. The girls were resplendent; Flossie looking like an animated fashion-plate, while Bossie affected a more demure, but none the less attractive, style of attire.

In the evening they all went to church, and it must be admitted that Jim walked along with a sense of proud elation at what he regarded as a triumph of quiet earnestness and a good example. True, it is sometimes easier to get people to church than to induce them to behave decently and reverently when they get there; and this was a truth that Jim was not long in discovering. Before the service was half over, he was heartily disgusted and righteously indignant with Hope and Flossie. But Bossie was irreproachable. Never a smile or whispered word moved her ruddy lips, and it was only her eyes and the motion of her

hand that spoke when she invited Jim to share her dainty Prayer Book. The poor lad felt himself involved in a haze of sentimental rapture. What a contrast there was between the sisters! What a sweet, good girl Bertha would be if only she could be removed from commonplace and frivolous associations—if only she could have constantly before her an example of propriety and religion such as—! It would, he said to himself, “be a sin and a shame” not to stand by one who might be so readily, so delightfully, influenced for good. And so the old story began to be enacted anew of—

“Love in the semblance of friendship,
And pleasure disguised as a duty,”

though, before the evening was ended, the disguise had been worn pretty threadbare, and the semblance had ceased to count for much. There was a noisy supper with a gay company, and then a quiet walk by moonlight. Bertha professed to be tired of the noise, and Jim was tired of it in reality. He was also not a little ashamed of a great deal that he had seen and heard—perhaps even of some things that he himself had said. He went home with his head in a whirl—with a vague, yet exaggerated consciousness of what had taken place, frightened, yet delighted, by an experience that to him was absolutely novel. Perhaps it would have cooled him down a bit had he known how little Miss Bossie was troubling herself about



S.T.D.

“THEY WERE STANDING IN A GROUP.”



RAMSEY.

what had passed. That young lady had had her own experiences, and for the present, at all events, she had no other idea than to amuse herself with her brother's delightfully innocent young friend, and (as she would herself express it) "to have him on for a bit."

It promised to be a grand "August Monday," and the splendour of its dawning awoke Jim Kerruish at an early hour. The sun was just rising, and its kindly beams were beginning to tint, if not yet to warm, the still, expectant sea; for the wind being in the south-west, the Bay of Ramsey had slept the night through, unruffled, beneath the shelter of St. Maughold and North Barrule. The herring-boats were creeping towards the harbour after a night of light, but not unprofitable, labour, and as Jim watched the long shadows cast by the sunlight from their dark sails, he thought of the touching words that had arrested his all too wandering attention in church the previous evening, when the Vicar had prayed God to "restore and preserve to them the blessings of the sea."*

And that thought of the previous evening suggested other thoughts. What had been happening, and how was it all going to end? The young fellow did not find himself in a condition to judge the matter calmly. His head ached, and hand trembled. The modest cigarette in which he occasionally indulged had been abandoned the night before for a pungent cigar, and for the first time in his life intoxicating drink had passed his lips. He had not indeed broken the pledge, because it so happened that he had never actually taken one. But he felt himself morally in default. He had allowed himself to be led away from that higher ground which he had long since deliberately chosen to occupy. He had yielded to what was distinctly a

temptation. "To him it was sin," and he bitterly recalled the fact that his resolutions and scruples had been overcome, not by Flossie's coquettish chaff, not by the full-voiced taunts and jokes of Hope and other young fellows of the same kidney, but just by a glimpse he caught of a sneering smile on Bertha's ruddy lips, followed by the suspicion of a shrug of her pretty shoulder as she suggested to her brother that Mr. Kerruish had better be let do as he liked best himself.

What was to be done? Jim knew his own weakness well enough to feel sure that, should the day now breaking be spent by him amid the surroundings of yesterday, he would be powerless to save himself from any pitfall that might chance to open before his feet. The Hepworths and their friends were eagerly looking forward to the arrival of various pals; it would be the last holiday of the year, and all were bent on having a high old time. What might not such a day bring forth? It might be a turning point in his young life, to lead to shame and sin. Of one thing he felt sure; that it would lead to a declaration of love to Bertha. Did he love her? It was not a question to be answered in a moment; but he was quite sure that he was completely fascinated. He looked out over the slates toward the roof beneath which the girl was no doubt sleeping soundly at that very moment. Oh, if only he could take her right away! Beyond the houses the Albert Tower stood forth on its wooded height, and behind the tower Barrule rose with its steeply inclined sides to meet the tender sky. The early light shone on the face and flanks of the mountain, and it looked as though there must be many peaceful resting-places up there. Would she go for a long quiet walk with him—on and on, up and up, till the last tripper had been left behind, till his bravest shouts had died on the

* This petition is always introduced in the Manx Church Service.

breeze, and the reek of his tobacco had ceased to insult the gorse and heather? It was an impossible dream; and even were it otherwise, the young lady would not, in all probability, care for its realisation! No, Bertha might be the nicest of her family, she might be too good for them, and for all this set, but the fact remained that she was one of them. Jim had some sense left. He asked himself what his mother would think of such a girl? He recalled the loving little disputations he and that mother used to have; and how she used to foretell the day when some bright bouncing girl would come and take her boy away from her, and no one would want her any more then, but she would try to be content if only they would leave her a corner to sit and do her knitting in; and then how he had chided her, and utterly repudiated the bright, bouncing girl, and told instead of mother and son living long years happily together, needing no third, till perhaps—just possibly—after “ever so long,” some quiet, low-voiced maiden would come and twine herself round the old woman’s heart, and make herself so essential that he would have to marry the maiden just for mother’s sake, although he knew he himself would be shamefully neglected, and left to pine jealously!

Then Mr. James Kerruish resolved to do what many a mightier and many a braver man had done before him—he resolved to run away!

It is generally the safest and best thing to do when you are weak, and tempted, and have the chance—that is, if you honourably may.

CHAPTER IV.

ON THE MOUNTAIN SIDE.



JIM KERRUISH dressed himself, put his few belongings into a hand-bag, and crept downstairs. At first it seemed as though no one was stirring in the late-to-bed and late-to-rise establishment, and this placed the would-be runaway in a difficulty. He did not like to leave without paying what he

owed, and though he could easily have sent the money by postal order from Liverpool, he was shy of attempting to unfasten the hall door for fear he should be pounced on and brought back with ignominy. Also he felt that it was only due to the Hepworths to send them some apology for his sudden disappearance.

Whilst Jim debated what to do he was relieved of his embarrassment by the appearance of the parlour-maid. The girl was good-tempered, as she always was,



“IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO FOR YOU?”

but her head was towzled, her dress untidy, and she seemed but half awake.

“Lor’, sir! you scared me terrible. I thought it was a burglar! Aren’t you well? Is there anything as I can do for you?”

“Yes, there is something you can do for me, Ellen,” replied Jim; “you can take this money to the mistress, if she’s awake, and ask is it right? I’ve got a letter too that I want given to that young fellow you’ve seen along with me, when he calls, as he is safe to do.”

“What—him as has the sisters with the heads?”

“Well, most young ladies have heads, haven’t they?” and Jim coloured as he spoke; “but it’s all right, Nell—you know who I mean. And now about the old lady—is she awake?”

“Trust her for that! Why, she rung us poor girls out of our beds half-an-hour ago, and now she’ll be shoutin’ for her tea in a minute if we don’t bring it.”

Perhaps this prospect alarmed the young fellow, for he answered quickly, “Well, anyhow, I’m off. Here is the money and a shilling for yourself; and you’ll see that Mr. Hepworth gets the note? Good-bye.”

“Thank you, sir; I hope you’ll have a pleasant day and be back to see us before long,” said the girl as she opened the door. Then having seen the parting guest descend the steps, she lingered and looked about in the hope of spying and having a word or two of chaff with

some friend whose daily avocations might have brought him thus early abroad.

Young Kerruish hastened on his way as though he were fleeing for life from some ill-omened place. His eyes were set on the hills and he looked not behind him. Having got clear of the town, he made his way by the beautiful Ballure Glen to the hill on which the Albert Tower stands. But, eager to press on, he did not turn aside or pause. Before him the summit of North Barrule rose sharp against the morning sky; to the left the bold headland of St. Maughold stood out in rugged strength; behind—but now far below—the town spread out towards the sea; beyond it the low-lying, undulating portion of the Island that extends to the Point of Ayre. The prospect on all sides was glorious, and to the inexperienced eye it seemed as though fine weather might certainly be reckoned on.

Confident in his own strength, and not knowing how deceptive distances are apt to be in the clear mountain air, Jim thought it would be an easy task to climb right up to the top of Barrule. Thence he proposed to descend by St. Maughold to Dhoon Glen; then he calculated on getting a seat in one of the well-nigh innumerable conveyances which, especially on such a day as "August Monday," would have poured out from Douglas in a continuous stream. His object was, after a day spent in vigorous exercise, to catch the afternoon steamer, which would land him in Liverpool in time for him to join his mother at supper.

Pushing eagerly forward, the would-be mountaineer took no heed of certain atmospheric changes that were going on around till he suddenly found himself involved in a thick white mist. The hill-tops were completely blotted out, while the lowlands and the wide extent of Ramsey Bay were only fitfully revealed through rifts in the swirling, drifting wreaths of fog. It was impossible for the present to advance farther, and as he turned himself in the direction of the sea, the young man stood still to admire the scene that opened out before him. It was as though a great white veil had suddenly been drawn back by some giant hand. Through the gap thus made the sea was visible, bright beneath the undimmed sunshine and dancing to the stiff breeze that seemed to be sweeping its surface. Two or three large fishing boats or yachts were visible, framed as it were in the circle of mist, and Jim could plainly see them bending over as each successive squall struck their lofty sails; there was also in view a small sailing-boat at some distance from the other craft. Such a scene had for Jim Kerruish all the charm of novelty, and he gazed on it with rapt admiration. It seemed like a glimpse into another world—all there was so replete with light and warmth and beauty, while around him as he stood the creeping veil was resolving itself into a damp and chilling mist.

Suddenly the veil was let drop; but a moment later and it was partially lifted. Short as the interval had been, a change had come over the aspect of the sea.

The sun no longer shone upon it, and the waves looked cold and angry now. The larger craft leant yet further over and then seemed to be manœuvring with a view of running into the harbour. But where was the small sail-boat? Its place in the picture seemed absolutely vacant. What had happened? Jim Kerruish rubbed his eyes and looked again. There was not a speck upon the waters; and now he recalled that just as the veil of cloud had descended, something like the fluttering of a sail had been mingled with the mist—and now no sail at all was to be descried! What could it mean? Had there been an accident, or could the boat by any possibility have sped away beyond the field of vision in that short time? Before Jim could answer these questions or make another scrutiny of the sea, the whole scene was obscured; the damp, choking mist was everywhere, and it was now impossible to see more than a yard or two in any direction!

The situation was bewildering for a city-bred youth. What was to be done? Plainly Barrule must be abandoned, for it would be useless as well as fool-hardy to try and mount farther into the clouds. But which way to turn? The spirit of youthful adventure did not like the idea of an ignominious retreat straight down the steep hillside, so a compromise was made and our be-fogged tourist bore away to the left, keeping pretty much to the same level—though it might be descending somewhat as he stumbled over the various half-seen obstacles that impeded his course. He fancied that he was facing in the direction of St. Maughold's Head, and that he would thus leave the summit of Barrule well to the west. Thinking now of his own safety, and keenly alive to the discomforts of his present situation, he readily forgot all about the scene in which he had a few moments before been so interested.

James Kerruish had thus groped his uncertain way for about five minutes when a pointed object loomed through the mist close in front of him. It proved to be the gable end of a cottage. Passing round to the front, the young fellow pushed open a wooden gate and found himself in a small, neatly ordered garden. Doubtless the situation enjoyed some natural shelter, for fuchsias and other flowering plants, which bear witness of the mildness of the Manx climate, grew in profusion and hung their lovely blossoms in a canopy above the low-roofed porch.

In the porch a girl was standing—a comfortably dressed, handsome, healthy-looking girl. Something had altogether absorbed her attention, for she paid no heed to the opening of the gate and remained altogether unconscious of a stranger's presence. Her attitude was as striking as her figure was perfect. Her head was uncovered; with one strong hand she leant against the trellis-work of the porch, while with the other she shaded the dark eyes that seemed bright and resolute enough to pierce even through darkness itself. Above the hand, the young man noticed how the beads

of the moisture-laden mist had been caught among the straying tresses of the dark chestnut hair.

"I beg your pardon, miss," began Jim, somewhat awkwardly, "but I've lost my way in the fog, and coming on this house I thought I might just ask for shelter and direction."

The girl started and dropped her hand from her forehead. "Oh, certainly; you can step inside. It will be clear again shortly, I think." Then without moving from the porch she resumed her former attitude of eager watchfulness, paying not the slightest attention to Jim who, for his part, stood gazing at her in undisguised admiration.

But this could not go on for ever, so he said at last, "You seem to be looking for something."

"I'm looking for father's boat; I cannot make it out at all, though it was there, just at the back of the pier, a few minutes ago."

The fog had by this time turned to rain; but the air was clearer, and Jim, following the direction of the girl's anxious gaze, was able

faintly to discern the sea, with here and there a sail upon its now leaden surface.

"Was it a small boat with a white sail, some distance away from the larger ones?" he inquired eagerly.

"Yes, yes,—that was it, that was the *Ella*. Did you see her, sir?" she cried, turning for the first time towards him and looking him full in the face.

"Yes, I saw her"—and the admission came reluctantly now; "I was watching her when the mist

came down, and then of course I couldn't see any more."

"But where is she gone? She is not there now! Oh, do you think anything can have happened?"

"Perhaps she has sailed in closer to the land, and so got out of view," said Jim, suggesting an explanation that had already failed to satisfy himself.

"I don't see how that would be possible in the time," replied the girl slowly. "But won't you stand inside,

sir? You are getting quite wet," she added quickly, perceiving for the first time that she had been barring the entrance against the visitor with her comely person. She moved aside, and Jim, brushing past her in the narrow doorway, passed into a tidy sitting-room. He did not speak, for he knew not what to say. He felt sure that some accident had happened to the boat; but how could he say that to this poor anxious child? He glanced round and was surprised at the air of comfort, not to say refinement, that characterised the humble dwelling. The decor-



"I'VE LOST MY WAY."

ations of the room were artistic, and the books on the table were not of the class usually found in a fisherman's home.

Meanwhile the girl had apparently forgotten her visitor and had returned to her old post of observation. Not liking to be ignored, the young man rose from the seat into which he had mechanically dropped, and stood in the doorway.

"It is clearing now, so I think I had better be getting on my way," he said briskly.

"It depends on where you are making for," she replied, just turning her beautiful head, "I wouldn't try the mountains, if I were you, for it's likely there will be more storms before the day is over; but maybe it's to Ramsey you are going."

Then he explained his plans, and the awkwardness between them melted away. After a little she accompanied him to the gate, and as the lower slopes of the hills were now clear of mist she had no difficulty in pointing out the route by which he might reach St. Maughold's Well and make his way thence to Dhoon and so on to Douglas.

"Well, miss, I'm sure I am very much obliged to you; I'll be off now while it is fine." Then a sudden impulse moved him. He put out his hand and she frankly gave him hers.

"Do you live here all alone in this out-of-the-way place?" he said, looking into her face, and wondering the while if it were not cruel to leave her there to learn—hours later it might be, or by some cruel chance—the measure and extent of the accident that he felt sure had happened.

"Yes, I live here alone—that is, father and I do," she answered, with something of surprise in her tone.

"But if he is a boatman he is a great deal away I suppose?"

"Not so much now. He used to follow the herrings; but this two or three years he has given that up; so he is mostly at home, except when he goes out in his own boat with visitors in the summer. He is very fond of the *Ells*."

"You go to Ramsey to meet him sometimes, I dare say?" suggested Jim diplomatically.

"Not often; I wait till I see him coming over the hill below;" and she pointed downwards towards Ballure as she spoke.

"Perhaps you will be going to-day?"

"Yes, I think I will; it's hard to sit still when you feel uneasy."

"Quite so; and after all, it's best to know the tr—*I* mean, to find out how it was you lost sight of the boat so quickly. You have friends in Ramsey no doubt."

"Friends? I do not know that I have any friends; he always seemed enough for me. But I will take your advice, sir, and go—go towards meeting him."

"Yes, do; and I hope you will find that all is well. Good-bye."

"Good-bye—good-bye and thank you."

He took off his hat and started on his way, wondering what exactly she had to thank him for. Looking back a minute or two later, he saw her standing gazing seaward, with hand uplifted to shield her eyes. But now the sun was shining, and the hair, no longer damp, seemed to glint in the light. Now it was easy to be light-hearted—easy to believe that the storm had passed and done no harm, for now the shadows of the white clouds that glowed against the blue of the sky were skipping and rolling from field to

field of the low-lying curraghs towards the north, and the town beneath the hills basked white and silent, and the brown sails were abroad on the face of the deep. Only the mountain tops still wore their caps of solemn white.

Yes, for the hour the sunshine was warm around, and James Kerruish, being young, had no care to cherish sombre thoughts. On the open hillside that morning he rejoiced in his youth, as perhaps he had never consciously done before. He felt that the life of a man was *good*. Except through that God-given encyclopædia, the Bible, this but slightly cultured youth knew little of the thoughts and feelings of other men; Nature had seldom had opportunity to whisper to him, nor had there been much pause in which to catch her "still, small voice" amidst the constant grind of those daily cares and duties which some call "sordid"; but the lad possessed a sensitive nature unspoiled by the delusions of a vain half-knowledge—unsullied by the putrid exhalations of vice. In that hour—an hour never to be forgotten—his heart felt what only a great poet could sing—

"How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit to employ

All the heart and the soul and the senses for ever in joy!"

It was indeed a day to be enjoyed, to be recalled, and in the recalling to be enjoyed again; the sort of day of which one feels that it was good to have been alone—alone with Nature, with the inner self, with God.

Jim Kerruish walked the whole way to Laxey and took the electric car thence to Douglas.

It was an unexpected joy to his mother to have him home to supper that night. And he might have been a year away, and might have travelled through three hundred and sixty degrees of longitude (not to speak of latitude thrown in), so much was there to be said, so many questions to be asked and answered.

(To be continued.)

CONSCIENCE.

BY THE REV. CANON DE CHAIR, M.A.,
Rector of Morley, Norfolk.

"If our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things. Beloved, if our heart condemn us not, then have we confidence toward God."—1 JOHN iii. 20, 21.

HOW can a man know whether he is pleasing God? St. John here gives the answer. His heart will tell him—his heart, that knows the very secrets of his life, his motives, his intentions, his desires. If his heart condemn him, bears a silent witness against him, he may be sure God condemns him, for God is greater than his heart, and knoweth all things. If his heart condemn him not, but bears wit-

ness that he is real and true, he may be sure God does not condemn him, but that he may stand before Him with confidence.

1. *There is, then, in every one, Conscience.*—The Voice of God, in the heart, ever speaking to us, ever witnessing, either for us or against us, in all we do, or think, or say; conscience is a judge which we carry about with us wherever we go, always passing sentence upon us, and so preparing us for the judgment of the last great day. It is a part of that image or likeness of God in which we were made, sadly marred and spoilt by the Fall, but renewed and restored by the gift of the Holy Ghost.

2. *Think of the Power of Conscience.*—Who can escape from it? It speaks so clearly, and so plainly, about what is wrong, that it is impossible to get away from it. The wrong to which we may be tempted may be something hidden and secret, unseen, and unknown to others; but conscience condemns it, and to do that wrong is to be convicted and condemned by conscience. And when conscience convicts and condemns us, all peace and happiness is gone. Look at David, for instance. He tells us, in Psalm xxxii., how unhappy he was while he lay under the conviction and condemnation of a guilty conscience. He had committed, on one occasion in his life, a grievous sin, but he did not humble himself before God, and he was most unhappy. But when he confessed his sin to God, and received, at the lips of Nathan, the assurance of God's pardon, conscience no longer spake against him; peace returned to his soul, and he burst out in the joyous utterance of the first verse of the Psalm: "Blessed is he whose unrighteousness is forgiven, and whose sin is covered." And with how many has it been like David? Why is it that we hear of those who give themselves up to justice for crimes done long years ago—but that conscience will not let them rest? Why is it that in sickness and in the hour of death, confessions are made of sins which, all their life long, people have tried to hide—but that conscience will not let them rest? There are, however, certain occasions when conscience is more plainly heard than at other times. For instance, through the preaching of God's Word. Conscience bears witness to the truth of God's Word, and when that truth is set forth, conscience takes it, applies it, and brings it home. When St. Paul reasoned before Felix of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, Felix trembled. Even the conscience of that heathen smote him, and witnessed against him, as a guilty sinner in the sight of God. But, like many another man, he would not hear; he stifled conscience; he put the Preacher off to "a more convenient season"; he did not wish to be disturbed; he would be let alone in his sin. And yet, how dangerous to stifle conscience! Every time we turn away from the Voice of God within us that Voice speaks less loudly to us, that Voice loses something of its power over us, so that it may cease to be heard by us at all.

3. *What, then, is our duty towards our own Conscience?*

(a) *To obey it.* Conscience may tell us to do something that we shrink from, something unpleasant, something that would make us disliked, and unpopular, but which, for the honour of God, and for the good of others, we ought to do. Or it may tell us to do something which will be to us a great personal sacrifice, by which we may lose a good opening in life, or some distinct worldly advantage, but which we must do if we would be true to our profession. If we obey conscience, we have peace of mind, for we know we have acted rightly; but if we obey it not, whatever suffering we may have saved ourselves, or whatever worldly prospects we may have secured, we carry about with us the reproach of a condemning conscience—we have lost our peace.

(b) *To keep it clear.* St. Paul said, before Felix, "Herein do I exercise myself to have always a conscience void of offence both toward God and toward men." And how would he keep his conscience thus clear? Certainly by obeying it. What then? At once he would go to God and confess his sin. By repentance, through faith in the precious Blood, he would seek to clear his conscience from the guilt that lay upon it, and to be at peace again. And if his fault was against a brother, to him he would go, and, by confession of the wrong he had done, and by earnest entreaty for forgiveness, he would seek reconciliation. And if thus we would keep our conscience clear, we must each day judge ourselves, both with regard to God, and our brother also.

(c) *To keep it enlightened.* Conscience is "the candle of the Lord" (within a man), "searching all the inward parts." This candle needs, not only to be lighted, but to be kept alight; and this can only be by the Holy Spirit and the Word of God. The conscience of a Christian is more enlightened than that of a heathen, and the conscience of some Christians more than that of other Christians. It is in proportion as they are under the influence of the Spirit and the Word of God. We cannot wonder if the conscience of a worldly and ungodly man is hard and dull. He is a stranger to the Word. He walks not in the Spirit. It is by these we must enlighten conscience, and then it will speak with no uncertain voice. We shall hear it say, "This is the way: walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand or to the left"; and whenever we would know our position in God's sight, we may always tell from *Conscience*; "for if our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things; but if our heart condemn us not, then have we confidence towards God."

STEP by step, little by little, bit by bit—that is the way to wealth, that is the way to wisdom, that is the way to glory. Pounds are the sons, not of pounds, but of pence.—Chas. Buxton.



THE REV. W. H. FLETCHER, M.A., VICAR OF WREXHAM,
AND CANON OF ST. ASAPH.

From a photograph by C. R. Trueman, Abbey House, Shrewsbury.

OUR PARISH CHURCHES.

II.—WREXHAM.

WREXHAM CHURCH, with its famous tower, is one of the so-called Wonders of North Wales, and the Parish of Wrexham is one of the most important, if not the most important, in the Diocese of St. Asaph.

The tower is a wonderfully massive and well-proportioned structure, completed in the commencement of the sixteenth century, and is so richly ornamented with statues of saints that in old days it bore the name of the Holy Tower. These statues were originally twenty-nine in number. Several of them are so much damaged by exposure that they cannot be identified; the following, however, can be clearly distinguished. St. Giles, the patron saint of the Church, with his fawn, St. Barbara with her tower, St. Catharine with her wheel, the Blessed Virgin Mary, St. Peter, St. Andrew, and two which are of special interest as being patron saints of Spain, St. James of Compostella and St. Lawrence, which were probably erected in honour of Catharine of Arragon. The tower is a hundred and thirty-five feet in height, and contains a noble peal of ten bells cast by Rudhall and well worthy of the Church. The weight of the largest bell is twenty-eight hundredweight.

The present Church is mainly the work of the fifteenth century. It consists of nave, aisles, chancel, anti-nave and tower; but the pillars and arches of the nave are probably substantially those of an earlier building, which was burnt about 1457. In the spandrels of the arches are corbels, which clearly sustained a former roof, while it is equally manifest that a new clerestory has been added. The anti-nave, joining the tower to the nave, is another addition to the original design, as is also the chancel, the arch of which consists of the old east window, its mullions having been removed, and the wall beneath cut away. Immediately beneath the chancel is a crypt, which formed the old vestry.

On the interior walls of the Church, and especially in the chancel, are to be found numerous mason-marks; and in the north aisle some interesting dedicatory crosses. Above the chancel arch, and in the north porch, are remains of frescoes. The former was probably a representation of the Last Judgment; the latter a scene from the Crucifixion. In the north porch there stands an ancient monument of an armed knight



THE TOWER.



THE NAVE AND CHANCEL.

which was dug up in the churchyard : other monuments claiming attention are that of Bishop Bellot in the chancel ; the gravestone brought from the heights of the Alma, where it was originally erected to the memory of the officers and men of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, and which now stands under the tower, beneath the great west window ; two monuments of the Myddleton family, by Roubilliac ; and, not least, Woolner's exceedingly pathetic memorial of Mrs. Peel and her infant child.

Two epitaphs deserve notice, from their quaintness :—

"Here lies interred beneath these stones
The beard, the fleshe, and eke the bones
Of Wrexham clerk old Daniel Jones. 1688."

And also :

"Here lies a churchwarden
A choice flower in that garden
Joseph Critchley by name
Who lived in good fame.
Being gone to his rest
No doubt he is blest, Died 10 Mar ; 1673-4"

In the churchyard, almost immediately opposite the west front of the tower, is the well-known tomb of Elihu Yale (the founder of Yale University), which is annually visited by numbers of Americans.

The Church contains a very handsome brass eagle, which, according to an inscription engraved upon it, was given to the altar of Wrexham Church in the year 1524, and was probably used for the Gospel book. Other interesting objects are the Font, which, we grieve to say, was used for many years as an ornamental basin in a garden in the neighbourhood, but has been recovered and re-chiselled ; a picture, said to be painted by Rubens (of King David, playing upon the harp) ; some fine iron chancel gates, and a magnificent set of iron gates to the churchyard, both of which latter were made in Wrexham. Nor must we conclude our account of the Church without mentioning that which is so eloquent a proof of the continuity of the Church in pre- and post-Reformation times—the Wrexham pre-Reformation chalice.

The patron of the living is the Bishop of St. Asaph. The present Vicar is Canon W. H. Fletcher, formerly Vicar of Oswestry, and he was appointed in 1891. He is assisted by a staff of five other clergy. During the last five years two Mission churches have been opened ; a very fine organ has been placed in the Parish Church ; a handsome west window, in memory of those who fell in the Crimea, has been given by the Royal Welsh Fusiliers ; and large Girls' Schools have been erected, at the cost of £4000.

There are four daughter churches in the parish, and two Mission rooms. Above a thousand children are educated in the day-school, and at the late annual Sunday-school Treat eighteen hundred scholars and teachers were present. The Communicants last Easter Day were as nearly as possible a thousand. These facts show that there is a vigorous and increasing Church life in this parish in a Welsh Diocese.

Wrexham Church is inseparably linked with the story of the noble missionary hymn, "From Greenland's icy mountains." The following information regarding this universally admired hymn is transcribed from the fly-leaf accompanying the facsimile of the original autograph (Hughes Wrexham). The original was exhibited at the Great Exhibition of 1851, from the collection of Dr. Raffles, of Liverpool.

"On Whit-Sunday, 1819, the late Dr. Shipley, Dean of St. Asaph, and Vicar of Wrexham, preached a sermon in Wrexham Church, in aid of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. That day was also fixed for the commencement of the Sunday Evening Lectures, intended to be established in that Church, and the late Bishop of Calcutta (Heber), the Rector of Hodnet, the Dean's son-in-law, under-



BISHOP HEBER.

took to deliver the first lecture. In the course of the Sunday previous, the Dean and his son-in-law being together at the Vicarage, the former requested Heber to write 'something for them to sing in the morning,'

and he (Heber) retired for the purpose from the table, where the Dean and a few friends were sitting, to a distant part of the room. In a short time the Dean inquired, 'What have you written?' Heber, having then composed the first three verses, read them over. 'There, there, that will do very well,' said the Dean. 'No, no; the sense is not complete,' replied Heber; accordingly he added the fourth verse, and the Dean being inexorable to his repeated request of 'Let me add another; oh! let me add another,' thus completed the hymn of which the annexed is a facsimile, and which has since become so celebrated. It was sung the next morning in Wrexham Church for the first time.—E."

A critic, referring to the original autograph writes:—

"Ceylon, in the second stanza, the disputed point, is the right and original reading. The whole hymn has but one correction: in the second stanza, 'savage' has been written down first, and has then been softened down into 'heathen'; in fact, the whole seems to have been what is commonly called 'an inspiration,' and has been written down by its gentle author, '*wie aus einem Guss*,' as the Germans have it. The handwriting is small, reminding one somewhat of that of Leigh Hunt, though less delicate; and the last verse is written with a trembling hand, as if the writer had been deeply touched or affected by his subject."



"FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS."

A LESSON FROM THE SNOW.

BY THE REV. J. C. THRING, B.A.

"Great things doeth He, which we cannot comprehend.

For He saith to the snow, Be thou on the earth."—JOB xxxvii. 5, 6.

THE feathery snow falls fast and light,
From cold it shields the ground;
No blanket gives so warm a berth
When gently wrapt around.*

Yet mild winds blow; the frozen shield
Is pierced by fiercer ray;
Hill-sides grow green, and flowers spring up
To greet the sunny day.

The traveller's weary way is blocked
By drifts of wind-strewn flakes;
His struggles o'er, he sinks to rest;—
On earth no more he wakes.

The snow-crowned peaks by storm-blast rent
Slide downward; and, below,
Trees, rocks, kine, villages, and men
Sink shrouded deep in snow.

O snow, that, by thy soft embrace
And earth's caressing breath,
Nurseth the herbs, whilst, merciless,
Thou often dealest death!

By warmth, by cold, by joy, by grief,
Life grows;—by good, by ill,
God trains us so: far better thus
Than if we had our will.

* Psalm cxlvii., 16.

CONFIRMATION.

I WORD TO PARENTS.

BY THE REV. G. E. JELF, M.A.,

*Canon of Rochester; Rector of Wiggonholt; Author of
"The Secret Trials of the Christian Life," etc.*

WE who are fathers or mothers have no need that any one should tell us to love our children. The very silence of the Bible on this may remind us that God knows we do love them. He does not command us to love them, for we do that of our own accord. The fact that we love them proves our relationship to our own Heavenly Father. For "God is Love," and "Love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God." Even if we love none except our own children, we have a witness here of our Divine Sonship.

The question, however, is, How are we to *show* our love for our children? For this we do want advice, both from God and man. And God, in His holy Word, has given us His counsel and charge: for instance, that we are not to provoke our children; that we are not to spoil them; that we are to correct them; that we are to "bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

And we must not take it amiss if now and then we get a few words of "heartly counsel" from our fellow-men. In this present paper, the writer ventures to speak to you on a matter of great importance to the children whom God has given you. It is about their Confirmation.

If you belong to the Church of England, it seems hardly necessary to say much as to the *principle* of Confirmation; for you know it to be a rule of the Church. Your own Prayer Book, which you value greatly, places immediately after the order of the ministration of the Holy Communion, three other orders—that of Holy Baptism, that of the Catechism, and that of Confirmation. They follow each other in a regular way. The baptized infant must be taught his Catechism, as he gets old enough to understand it; and when he understands it sufficiently, he is ready for Confirmation. When you brought your child to be baptized, you, or the God-parents as your helpers and the sponsors for the child, were charged to take care that he be brought to the Bishop, to be confirmed by him. And with a view to this, the child was to be taught the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, and to be further instructed in the Church Catechism set

forth for that purpose. This, of course, shows the mind of the Church on the subject of Confirmation, as that which completes Christian Baptism, and as itself requiring special preparation. And speaking to members of the English Church, I feel that you go along with this, as a principle.

And yet, must it not be owned that many parents do not carry this principle into practice? Many let their children drift this way or that way, instead of helping them to go forward on that path of their own Church, which is really the path of grace and peace.

A little reflection should help us to help them.

Think of the dangers of life—the dangers which beset the young in their school days—the temptations to impurity, to vanity, to unbelief. We ourselves cannot always guard them against these; but we can do two things: we can, by affectionate warning and advice, put them upon their guard, and we can lead them to this Confirmation, which brings them, and which really means, strengthening from the Holy Ghost. For it is not meant that, at the laying on of hands, He comes to them, as in a flash of lightning, and then vanishes away: but rather that He comes to abide with them—to abide with Christians as He did abide with Christ. This surely is the practical meaning of the prayer used by the Bishop in the moment of conveying the Great Gift: "Defend, O Lord, this Thy child with Thy heavenly grace, that he may continue Thine for ever, and daily increase in Thy Holy Spirit more and more, until he come unto Thy everlasting Kingdom."

Again, think of the restlessness of this age—the love of excitement—the search after pleasure, not as recreation, but for its own sake—the Athenian eagerness always to tell or to hear some new thing. What a blessing to have an anchor which holds, a fresh tie with home, and with the Church! This is one great object of Confirmation. It is to stablish, strengthen, settle, the soul—not to mar man's pleasures, but to purify them; not to keep him from seeking or increasing knowledge, but so to steady him that while many run to and fro, he may stand firm and cheerful, and at last rest in his lot at the end of the days.

Once more, think of that to which you often shut your eyes—not merely the temptations of your sons and daughters, not merely the restlessness which is about them and within them, but also their sins. Many of these, it is true, are childish sins, but they are the roots of life-long habits of evil,

and need pardon and conquest. To thousands of young hearts, awakened thus to early repentance and resolution, Confirmation has indeed been a turning-point. It is so, not simply because of the instruction which is imparted, and the feelings which are stirred, but much more because of those seven-fold gifts of the Holy Spirit, Who comes to us then to

"Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of His grace,"

and to enable us to put away our sins, cleansed by the Blood of the Lamb.

These thoughts are such as can come home to parents who belong to some other religious community. To such, a minister of Christ can safely say, If, in common with almost every body of Christians, you had your children baptized as infants, knowing them to be then dear to the Lord and able, even then, to receive His grace and blessing (Matt. xix. 13 ; Mark x. 16), you will feel, as we do, how immensely important it is for them, when they are growing out of childhood, to acknowledge publicly the Faith of Christ Crucified. Of course, they require teaching — religious teaching — in order to do this, but when they have been thus taught by you, or by some clergyman for you, how could they do better than take upon themselves, openly, before the Church, the promises which Jesus requires of us all? Add to this the fact that in answer to prayer He who is "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever" still gives the Holy Spirit by means of the laying on of hands (Acts viii. 17 ; Heb. vi. 2-4), and you will feel what a "reasonable service" Christian Confirmation is, and will encourage your child to go to it. I say purposely, "encourage." For it is most necessary that the child should come forward willingly. But do remember that a word from you will be worth much in the heart of one who loves you. Do not be kept back from speaking that parental word, because you see some young people apparently careless before and after their Confirmation. The abuse of a good rule is no argument against the use of it; and God's means of grace are always excellent, however little they may be valued by man. Be on the Lord's side, and help each child of yours to be so too. Let your instruction and the Holy Spirit's strength draw the same way. You will find that you have no greater joy than to know that your children walk in truth, and that you, in your love and He in His love, have been working together, to keep them

"True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home."

"GOING TO MARKET."

(See ILLUSTRATION, page 26.)

HONEST George Wiggins has stood market at Nottingham for over thirty years. He has never been known to miss a week, which says very much for his robust health, and nearly as much for his methodical, dogged habit of sticking to work.

"Stick to your work and your work will stick to you, is my motto," said he. "And I don't suppose I could have done it, sir, but for 'Lizabeth. Ah, when a man marries, if he marries the right one, it just makes a man of him for sure and certain."

"Don't you get a-praising me," is the modest protest of Mrs. Wiggins. "Duty's duty, and if I've done mine, well, haven't you done yours?—so we're quits. We came together for better nor worse, and if it's been more better than worse 'God be thanked,' say I."

"Gee-up, Rover! jog along, lass!" said Wiggins; and so, on that February fill-dyke day, our conversation was cut short, and my friends trotted away, the picture of contentment. Pigs and poultry, poultry and pigs, are the staple part of their trade; and however full the cart is on the outward-bound journey, it generally returns homeward quite empty. "Which is the better vendor of the two, Wiggins or his wife?" Ah, dear reader, you want to know too much. You may have your opinion, and I shall have mine.—F. S.



PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL.

REPRESENTATIVE CHURCHMEN.

II.—THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.

THE RIGHT REV. THE HON. EDWARD CARR GLYN is the third son of the first Lord Wolverton, and was born in 1843. He was educated at Harrow and at University College, Oxford, taking his degree in 1867, and in the following year he was ordained to the curacy of Doncaster, where he worked under the beloved Dr. Vaughan. In 1872

Mr. Carr Glyn was appointed by Archbishop Thomson Vicar of St. Mary's, Beverley, and in this important parish he worked with great zeal and devotion. Bible-classes, Communicants' meetings, cottage-lectures, night-schools, and other parochial organisations, were established, and the church was filled to overflowing. But the work which specially crowned his labours at Beverley was the erection and endowment of a new church on the site of one which had formerly existed as the Parish Church of St. Nicholas, the latter parish having long been united with that of St. Mary. The funds devoted were derived from a bequest by his father, Lord Wolverton, by which it was intended to commemorate the memory of Mr. Glyn's elder brother, Major Richard Riversdale Glyn, who died in 1859, on his way home, after a brilliant career in the Crimea and in India. The work was only half completed when Mr. Glyn left Beverley, but it was carried to a successful issue by his brother-in-law and successor, the Hon. and Rev. F. G. Pelham. In 1875 Mr. Glyn returned to Doncaster as Vicar, and his earnestness, amiability, and enthusiastic efforts on behalf of Temperance work and social reform, greatly endeared him to the people. In 1878 he was called to succeed the present Archbishop of York, Dr. Maclagan, in the Vicarage of Kensington.

Here he found a wide field for the exercise of his energetic zeal, and it is bare justice to say that the parochial work suffered nothing by the loss of the powerful hand of Dr. Maclagan. With a strong band of assistant clergy and lay workers Mr. Glyn greatly extended the work of his predecessor. His wide sympathies, his organising power, his persuasive preaching, and the comprehensiveness of his work, which assumed almost episcopal proportions, made his name a household word in the West-end of London.



THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.

Upon the translation of Bishop Creighton to the See of London, Mr. Glyn was called to succeed him in the Bishopric of Peterborough. He carried to his high office an experience of parochial work under diversified conditions which cannot fail to prove of the highest value to the Church life of the Diocese.

Our portrait has been specially engraved for us by R. Taylor & Co., from a photograph by Elliott & Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.

A THREE-FOLD CORD.

(FOR QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY.)



ALLED to the Pilgrimage, my soul, obey;
Higher press on, as lower sinks the day,
Eager to go, where Jesus leads the way,
In Faith.

Into the folded future calmly gaze;
See through the cloud the sun's undying rays,
Taught on each sorrow to decipher "Praise,"
In Hope.

Support the drooping heart, the erring guide;
Let way-side ministries be scattered wide;
Self dying, on the Cross where Jesus died,
In Love.

A. PEARSON, M.A.
Vicar of St. Margaret's, Brighton;
Author of "Christus magister."

SUNDAY QUESTIONS.

BY THE REV. W. SUNDERLAND LEWIS, M.A.,

Vicar of St. Mary's, Hornsey Rise; Author of "Festival Hymns," etc.

QUESTIONS ON THE BIBLE.

Where do we read in the Bible—

1. Of a number of sick men partaking of a feast;
2. Of a number of captives provided with food;
3. Of a company of men invited to a meal after leaving their ship;
4. Of a much larger and very mixed company of men invited to partake of food before leaving their ship;
5. Of a band of brothers so provided with food as to astonish them all;
6. Of a later and much larger company of kinsmen of these, of whom the same can be said?

QUESTIONS ON THE PRAYER-BOOK.

(Morning Service—"After the Creed.")

1. What Old Testament example seems to be followed in the mutual salutation which follows the Creed?
2. In what two ways does this mutual salutation seem specially suitable to its place in the Service?
3. On what grounds may the name of "The Lesser Litany" be fitly given to that which immediately follows this salutation?
4. What differences may be noted between the Lord's Prayer as given here and in the earlier part of the Service; and how may this difference be probably accounted for?

BURIED TRUTH.

Where in the Bible do we read of certain dwellings (composed of such materials as we find mentioned in Zech. i.; Isa. xli., lx.; Psalm lii.; Rom. xi., etc.) being erected in such a fashion as had not been exactly paralleled for some thousand years previously; some of these dwellings being on the top, and some in the near neighbourhood, of other buildings of a different kind? Also some of them being in the neighbourhood of yet another and still different building, then about seventy years old?

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

IV. HIDDEN NAMES.

1. Is it a large or gentleman's size?
2. Don't lose heart; hurry sometimes means worry.
3. He will, I am sure.
4. If red be chosen, very good.
5. Let Ann, I entreat you.
6. An inch or an ell enveloped the pattern.

V. CONUNDRUMS.

1. When is a horse like a manger?
2. Why does a boy go to bed?
3. What do we all like very much, see the oftenest, and take with us everywhere?

VI. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My Initials, read downwards, signify a custom which is popular among young men and maidens: my Finals, read downwards, indicate the honourable result of the custom.

1. A river which flows through a University town.
2. The name of a popular book by Froude.
3. A Bible land.
4. Very popular with boating folk.
5. A pronoun reversed.
6. A Scandinavian legend.
7. A grunting animal.
8. That which has no limit.
9. Much used by printers.

* * We repeat our offer of Twelve Volumes, each published at Half-a-Guinea, for the twelve competitors who send the best answers to the Questions inserted in January to June inclusive, and Twelve Volumes, published at Five Shillings, for the twelve competitors who send the best answers to the Puzzles. Competitors must be under sixteen years of age, and all replies must be sent in on or before the first day of the month following publication. The answers must be attested by a Clergyman or Sunday School Teacher. Competitors will please address their replies thus:—"Sunday Questions," or "Puzzles," MR. FREDK. SHERLOCK, "CHURCH MONTHLY" OFFICE, 30 & 31, NEW BRIDGE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

For the "Buried Truths" a special Prize of a Half-Guinea Volume is offered, but these papers need not be attested, and the Competition is open to all our Readers, irrespective of age.

Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary

(February 2nd).

THE aged Simeon sees at last
His Lord so long desired,
And Anna welcomes Israel's Hope
With holy rapture fired.

But silent knelt the Mother blest
Of the yet silent Word,
And, pondering all things in her heart,
With speechless praise adored.

THE REV. E. CASWALL.

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.—When Saint Theresa was laughed at because she wanted to build a great orphanage and had but three shillings to begin with, she answered: "With three shillings Theresa can do nothing, but with God and three shillings there is nothing that Theresa cannot do."



"HE TOOK THEM UP IN HIS ARMS, . . . AND BLESSED THEM."

Drawn by W. S. STACEY.

[Engraved by R. TAYLOR & Co.]



THE COMING OF AUGUSTINE.

BY THE REV. THOMAS MOORE, M.A.,

Rector of St. Michael Paternoster Royal, and St. Martin Vintry, College Hill, with All-Hallows-the-Great-and-Less, Thames Street; Author of "The Englishman's Brief," etc.

II.—AUGUSTINE ENTERS CANTERBURY.

AUGUSTINE and his companions stand in the presence of King Ethelbert.

The king listens with interested and respectful attention while Augustine explains to him the object of his mission to his kingdom, and tells him the story of Christ's Redemption of mankind.

Ethelbert is not altogether ignorant of the facts of Gospel history, and the truths embodied in Augustine's message. But although Ethelbert has heard Christian truth many times, in various forms, from his Christian Queen Bertha, and Luidhard her bishop-chaplain, he has never had it presented to him in such a formal manner, and with such force and authority—pleading his acceptance of it—as it is now presented to him by Augustine—not in his capacity as a private person, but in his character as an ambassador from Gregory, Bishop of the Church in the imperial city of Rome.

Ethelbert, already favourably disposed toward the Christian faith, before his meeting with Augustine—from what he had learnt of it from his wife Bertha, and from its results, which he had seen in her life and character—could scarcely resist the deep impression which Augustine's striking presentation of it had made upon his mind.

But Ethelbert was a king, and as such had to consider, not merely his own views and feelings, but his royal position as the ruler of his people, and the effect which his giving up the old heathen religion of his fathers, and his acceptance of the new religion of Christ, would have upon his subjects, and how it might affect his hold upon his kingdom.

"No," said Ethelbert to Augustine, "I cannot, at the present time, accept your message, though I confess that I have listened to your statements with interest; but, while they seem to me for the moment to be very fair and good, yet it is impossible for me, all at once, to believe them, and entirely cast away the old faith of my ancestors and of my people.

"Nevertheless, I am well-disposed toward you and your religion, and I shall think further, when I have oppor-

tunity, of the message which, with the best intentions, you have come from such a distant city as Rome to deliver to me.

"In the meantime, you may not only remain in my kingdom and, as you have opportunity, make known your new religion to my people with whom you come in contact, but if you can get any of them to accept your message, and believe as you believe, they shall have full liberty so to do.

"Moreover, I shall give you a house to dwell in, and food to eat in my royal city of Canterbury; and there, for the time being, you may abide under my protection, no man doing you harm."

The eventful interview between Augustine and King Ethelbert having thus happily ended, the new-comers, Augustine and his companions, wended their way to the place of their assigned abode within the royal city.

They approached it, as they had approached King Ethelbert himself, in solemn procession, chanting the following litany:—"We pray Thee, O Lord, let Thine anger and Thy wrath be turned away from this city, and from Thy holy house, because we have sinned. Alleluia."

The whole people of Canterbury, having already heard of the arrival at Ebbsfleet of the strangers from Rome and of the king's appointed interview with them at a distance from the royal city in the neighbourhood of Minster, were eager to see the strange visitors.

Tidings of the result of the interview having already reached the inhabitants of Canterbury to the effect that, though the king had not accepted the new religion, he had treated its missionaries courteously and kindly, and had offered them a house of residence with maintenance and with liberty to worship God according to their Christian faith, crowds of people were, as we may well imagine, waiting intently to see the band of foreigners approach their city. Already the sound of their strange but impressive Gregorian chants were heard in the distance, becoming nearer and clearer until the procession itself appeared in view, and, amidst a wondering concourse of English people, Augustine and his companions made their way to their new abode, assigned to them by the king, and settled down to the performance of their devoted Christian work, which soon resulted in the making of Canterbury for all time the centre of its chief rule and government.



THE POWER OF A HYMN.—A poor boy learned to sing "All people that on earth do well." When he grew up he wandered away from home, and was taken captive by the Turks and made a slave in one of the Barbary states. Eighteen long years were passed in slavery in a strange land and among heathen people. But the captive never forgot the hymns he had sung in his old home, and often he would sit and sing over the words that he had learned from his pious mother. One evening some sailors on board an English man-of-war were surprised to hear the familiar tune of the "Old Hundredth" come floating to them over the moonlit waves. At once they suspected that one of their countrymen was pining away in bondage. Quickly arming themselves, they manned a boat and pushed off to shore. They found the captive, and succeeded in getting back with him to their vessel without creating an alarm. The old hymn was the means of his restoration to home and friends.

FOOTBALL.

BY THE REV. J. E. C. WELLDON, M.A.,

Head Master of Harrow; Author of "Gerald Eversley's Friendship," etc.

AMONG the features of modern life, few are more striking than the growing importance of athletic games in the national interest, and the growing importance of Football among those games.

It is easy to show how large a space athletic games fill in the life of the nation. I used to notice during last season in the streets of London



that the announcements upon the placards of the evening newspapers often related solely or principally to games. What was the Education Bill, or the Agricultural Rating Bill, or even the Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill, as compared with the doings of the English and Australian Cricketers, or of the Universities, or of Eton and Harrow boys at Lord's? A Minister of State once said, with a sigh, that it was hard work to tear himself from the match between the two great Public Schools for a Cabinet Council.

But cricket is in a sense an ancient historical game. It has its heroes of the second and third generation. There are Nestors of cricket; there is no Nestor of football. The "Badminton" volume, which is only in part devoted to football, mentions no football players of a distant past. Yet football has, in the last twenty years, assumed a national popularity; in the North of England and in Scotland it is even more popular than cricket. When I used to play football for the Old Etonians, there was only a thin ring of spectators lining the ground at Kennington Oval during the final match for the Association Cup. Since then the number of spectators has risen to twenty or thirty thousand, and once it is said, even to forty thousand. It has been estimated that the sum of five million pounds has been taken as gate-money in a single year from the spectators of football matches.

The question whether cricket or football is the better game is as idle as the corresponding question whether summer or winter is the better season of the

year. Each derives a part of its charm from its contrast with the other.

It must be admitted that football is inferior to cricket in that it is not played always and everywhere under the same rules, and is often played in the dark and dismal days of the year; it is inferior, too, in skill, or to speak more accurately, in that unique feature of cricket, that, while it is the game of the greatest skill, it is also the game which affords most room for the uncertainty known as chance or luck.

But football has conspicuous merits of its own.

It is the cheapest of games. It needs no elaborate appliances, it needs no prolonged training; an open field, a ball, and four goal-posts are all that are necessary for a game of football.

It is the easiest of games to learn. Every one can play football; almost every one does play it. The effort to force a ball through a definite space at one end or other of a field is a problem which every one can understand, if it is not in the power of every one to solve it.

Football takes but little time. Cricket has been called a tedious game. Nobody who has played it would call it tedious; but it is not everybody who can spend two or three days upon a game. A game of football takes an hour or an hour and a half; then it is over. In that time the players have gained enough exercise for a day, perhaps for two or three days. At cricket the player who is bowled out by the first ball, and stands near the wicket in the field may pass three long summer days without feeling hot; but at football every player, except perhaps the goal-keeper, is hard at work from the game's beginning to its end.

The economy of time and money in football, the facility of learning it, and the certainty of exercise in playing it, give football a special character of its own. It is pre-eminently the democratic game. Society cares little for it, fashionable mothers dislike and dread it; but it is dear to the heart of the people. It has done more than any other occupation, except, perhaps, bicycling, to improve the national health.

They to whom belongs the care of the young cannot feel too thankful for a game which employs and invigorates them every day during nearly half the year, with no cost or trouble to anybody. Many a time do I watch my boys as they climb the hill after a hardly fought House match, and envy their vigour, and applaud their energy, and reflect, not without a passing sadness, on the days that were and shall be no more.

Football, if only because it is played in the winter, does not bring the same sense of lazy enjoyment to spectators as cricket. Yet in a football match there is never a dull moment; from the kick-off to the call of time, all is movement, interest, excitement, manifold vicissitude of hope and fear.

Football, above all other games, evokes the qualities of activity, pluck, endurance, and co-operation, which have made the English people great. And to football,

as I think, belongs the almost perfect union of individual skill, or individual prowess, with subordination to the general weal.

Football has interested thousands of spectators, but it has also taught them a true moral lesson. It is said that when football was first played in the North of England, the umpire, if he decided against the local side, was apt to be mobbed, insulted, and actually threatened. It is a positive advance in morality when people learn to accept a decision adverse to themselves with equanimity. At Montreal I was taken to see a match of lacrosse between the representative teams of Montreal and Ottawa: the match was three times interrupted by a fight between the players, and once the fight was only quieted by the active intervention of the police. In England games have been played for a longer time than in Canada, and the spirit of games is better understood.

Yet there is a danger that football, invaluable as it is, may be marred by certain evils of recent origin. Professionalism is invading football, as it has invaded other games. When I played football a professional player was hardly known; to-day most of the great players are professionals. Against professionals as men I do not say a word, but professionalism is the bane of athletic games.

Professionalism brings at least three evils in its train. One of these, affecting football, is brutality. Men play for victory at all costs. The result is that the game of football is becoming dangerous to those who play it. But football is properly a game of skill, and not a game of violence. Another evil which professionalism brings is sharp practice. Sharp practice may be consistent with the rules of a game, but no game can be played by its rules alone: a game demands a chivalrous, gentlemanly spirit; it forbids sharp practice, or sharp practice will ruin the game. And the third evil is betting. To bet upon a game is to invest it with an alien, illegitimate interest. Sport is not sport when tainted with the love of money; for the spirit of sport is the spirit which seeks victory in and for itself, and without any spurious motive.

May the honour of athletic games remain pure and bright! May it be free from the dross of selfishness or sharpness! Then, but only then, will that distinctive law of English national life—the devotion of the nation to its national sports—be to England and to Englishmen a source, not of pleasure alone, but of honour, elevation, and dignity.

St. Matthias (February 24th).

LORD, Whose guiding finger ruled
In the casting of the lot,
That Thy Church might fill the throne
Of the lost Iscariot,
In our trouble ever thus
Stand, good Master, nigh to us.

THE REV. GERARD MOULTRIE.

GARDEN WORK FOR FEBRUARY.

Kitchen Garden.

HEN possible, dig up all vacant spaces of ground, in preparation for planting next month. Manure should be dug in at the same time. If the weather is favourable, plant out cabbage, picking out the strongest plants for this purpose. In warm borders small sowings of spinach, radish, lettuce, and turnips may be made; also beans and peas. Plant early potatoes towards the end of the month. The glasses in frames should be slightly opened in mild weather for an hour or two while the sun shines.

Fruit Garden.

Dig strawberry-beds lightly and dress with rotted manure. Fruit-trees of all kinds still unpruned should be finished as soon as possible. They may still be planted. Dig borders which have not yet been attended to.

Flower Garden.

Plant anemones and ranunculuses. Sow hardy annuals about the end of the month in places where they are to remain. Transplant hardy perennials and biennials. Bulbs appearing above ground should be protected from frost and snow. Edgings of various kinds may be planted; also rose-trees—but these should be done at once if the weather is open.

AN EXAMPLE FOR LADS.—Professor Wright, whose Dialect Dictionary, which has already employed him ten years, will take twelve years to complete, and will cost £15,000, was at fifteen years of age an unlettered lad in a Bradford factory, at a salary of ten shillings a week. The conversations of his fellow-workmen about the Franco-German war whetted his curiosity so much that he taught himself to read for the purpose of reading the newspapers. Hard work and genuine linguistic talents did the rest. He took his doctor's degree about thirteen years ago. Even at that time he was full of his proposed Dialect Dictionary. Dr. Wright is just over forty years old.

THE FIRST CUP OF TEA.—It is perhaps worthy of passing note that Buckingham Palace has the curious claim to remembrance that it was there the first cup of tea was brewed and drunk. It was when the house was the residence of the Duke of Buckingham. He it was who brought the first pound of tea into England, and he invited a group of friends to taste the decoction he himself brewed. How it became fashionable, and gave rise to numerous tea-gardens, which largely supplanted the old coffee-houses, is matter of history.

"ONLY ONE SUBJECT."—When Phillips Brooks was on his way to Westminster Abbey to preach his famous sermon on "The Candle of the Lord," Dean Stanley said to him, "And what will be your subject this evening?" "I have but one subject," was the great preacher's reply: "the Divine love for man."

"WHAT IS HOME?"

1. It is a world of strife shut out, a world of love shut in.
2. The place where the great are small and the small are great.
3. The father's kingdom, the child's paradise, and the mother's world.
4. The place where we grumble most and are treated the best.
5. The centre of our affection, around which our heart's best wishes twine.
6. The only place on earth where the faults and failings of humanity are hidden under the sweet mantle of charity.



“WHAT A DONKEY DID.”

“**W**H, what a donkey you are! You can’t do anything?” said Arthur to Cecil.

And Cecil began to cry, for he didn’t like being called a donkey. But two days afterwards Cecil was able to laugh. Up at Highgate there is a pond, in which Arthur and Cecil sail their boats in the summer, and on which they have some jolly skating in the winter. What made Cecil laugh? Well, I must tell you, for you would have laughed too, had you been there.

The pond was frozen all over. The ducks, the robins, the sparrows, were all frozen out. And Farmer Lane’s donkey came as the good fairy of the ducks and the birds, and, with

one or two vigorous kicks, cracked the ice and let the imprisoned water flow freely, to the great delight of all the thirsty feathered tribe. The donkey’s sagacity so astonished the collie that he, too, rose on his hind-legs and brought down his fore-paws on the ice in the most comical fashion. No wonder that Cecil laughed! And you would have laughed too, especially if you had heard the tame jackdaw calling out most encouragingly: “Go it, Joey! Go it, Joey! Go it, Joey!” a bit of talk which it had picked up from the stableman.

The next time you are told that a donkey can’t do anything, please remember what Farmer Lane’s donkey did.

The Children to the Queen.

SONG FOR THE SIXTIETH YEAR OF THE QUEEN'S HAPPY REIGN.

Words and Air composed by the VEN. WILLIAM MACDONALD SINCLAIR, D.D., Archdeacon of London, Canon of St. Paul's, and Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen.
Harmony by A. RHODES, R.A.M.

I. Queen, to thee we bring our hom-age, Gra-cious la-dy of the land; Six-ty years of

storm and sun-shine Thou hast ruled with blame-less hand! Wise in coun-sel, just and pa-tient,

Strong thy power for all things fair; And the hearts of men and chil-dren Beat as one in

Tempo di Chorde.

this our prayer: May the Lord of kings and na-tions, Who has led thee all thy

way, Make thy path for ev-er bright-er, Till the dawn of per-fect day!

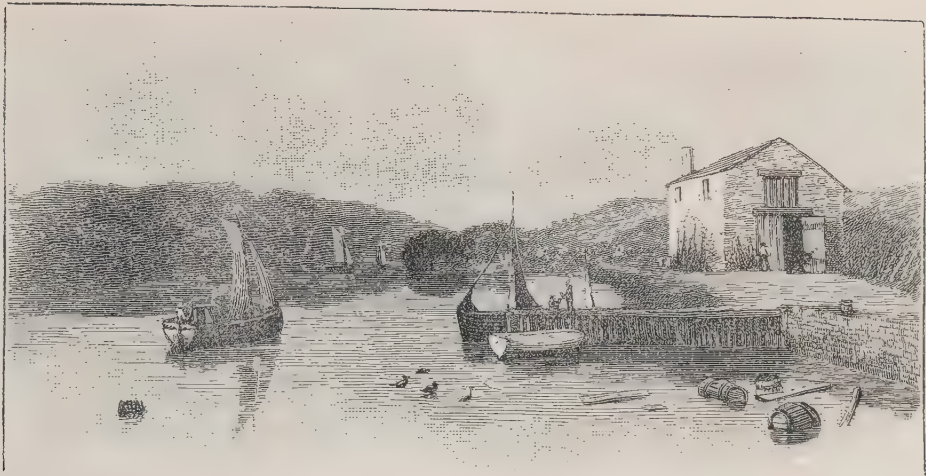
2. Wars have rolled about thine empire,
Famines raged, contentions spread;
Never swerved thy grateful people
From their trust in thee, their head.
And thy words of love and comfort
Sent to soldiers in the fight—
Sent to darkened homes of sorrow,
Gave them strength and brought them light.
So we pray may He, our Father,
Whose strong arm has kept thy way,
Make thy path for ever brighter,
Till the dawn of perfect day!

3. Death has touched thy royal homestead;
One by one thy friends have gone:
Prince and servant, son and daughter—
He who stood beside thy throne.
But the love of all thy subjects—
High and lowly, young and old,
Growing as the years grow longer—
Proudly shall thy name enfold.
Therefore may the Lord of Heaven
(Thus with soul and voice we pray)
Make thy path for ever brighter,
Till the-dawn of perfect day!



HER FIRST LOVE (see page 59).

*From the Original Painting by G. HILLYARD SWINSTEAD, R.B.A., exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1893.
Specially Engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY.*



“Drift and Duty;”

OR

WHAT CAME OF A HOLIDAY IN MANXLAND.

BY THE REV. E. NEWENHAM HOARE, M.A.,

Vicar of Stoneycroft, Liverpool; Author of “The Jessopps,” “Child Neighbours,” etc.

CHAPTER V.

BEFOOLED.

MOST young gentlemen experience a pleasurable sensation on receiving a first letter from a young lady, especially if the lady should be one who had been the recipient, and apparently the, at least, complacent recipient of their juvenile attentions. Certainly James Kerruish felt much gratified, and quite half an-inch taller, when, a couple of days after his return home, he found a letter on the breakfast-table directed to him in offhand, but very legible writing, and adorned with a big “B” on the reverse.

Bertha Hepworth had a good deal to say. After rebuking and chaffing Jim for his abrupt departure, she continued,—“And now it’s time to tell you, sir, what actually happened, and what *might* have happened in consequence of your extraordinary behaviour. Not finding you when he called, that stupid brother of mine went out fishing with an old man, whom he had picked up in the way he does pick people up. Well, the boat was upset, and the poor old man was drowned—and Hope *might* have been drowned! We don’t exactly know how it happened, but Hope had an awfully narrow shave. It seems likely that the boat was rotten, and that when the squall struck her, the mast went through the bottom. Anyhow, my poor brother found himself struggling in the water, and it seems it was the old boatman (who was, of course, the person to blame) who helped him, and gave him some-

thing to cling on to. (For you know, Hope isn’t much of a swimmer, though he talks a lot, and I suppose there is a difference between Ramsey Bay and the Bootle Baths!) Well, fortunately they hadn’t long to wait for help, because the accident was seen quite plainly, and there were several fishing boats about. Hope was picked up safely, but it seems the old man had disappeared. He could swim quite well, they say, but I suppose, being old, he got tired. Hope doesn’t seem to know much about it, because, as he says, it took him all his time to look after himself.”

A good deal more followed,—a humorous description of Hope’s appearance when he was brought to the boarding-house, and of the reception with which he met from the landlady and various guests; allusions to a certain moonlight walk that was not to be forgotten, and, artfully set off against it, a subsequent meeting with somebody—“a gentleman you don’t know”—who had been “awfully kind about Hope,” also most sympathetic and amusing; yearnings for home, and a return to business, with visions of winter evenings, “when we can “sit by the fire and talk over the jolly times we have had.” All this made a long letter; but there was yet room for a short P.S.—“They say the old gentleman who was nearly the means of drowning Hope, has a daughter or grand-daughter, and that she is awfully cut up about him. Of course, it’s very sad

for her, though the accident was the man's fault entirely, and it would have been ever so much worse if poor Hope had come to grief as well."

Jim read the letter through in a flutter and a whirl; and then, elated by certain phrases in it, and not having considered the tone of some others, he handed it to his mother. Mrs. Kerruish perused the precious document, and then laid it down with a sigh.

"Poor child," she murmured, "how terrible!"

The young man looked surprised. "Yes, of course, it must have been a terrible shock—just for the time, but it's all right now." (It seemed to him almost comical that any one should speak of Bossie Hepworth as a "poor child.")

"You don't imagine I am speaking or thinking of *her*—of the person who wrote this letter?" exclaimed Mrs. Kerruish, with a warmth that was quite at variance with her usual manner. "No, Jim; I am thinking of the poor child that has lost, it may be, her sole support, and the only one in the wide world that she had to love her. She left there, with none to care for her or do a thing for her, while others go babbling on with their selfish, worldly rubbish." Then she took out her handkerchief and burst into tears.

Jim was amazed, and, to his credit be it said, he was ashamed. Out of mere shyness, and a desire to enhance by secrecy the importance of his little romance, he had said nothing to his mother about his meeting with the girl on the mountain side. He would have told all now, had he not felt stung and angered by those hot, hasty words "selfish, worldly rubbish." But, even so, his reply was full of affectionate solicitude, for he had seldom seen his mother weep, and the sight grieved him sorely.

"Come, come, mother dear, don't take on like that. It is sad for the poor lass, no doubt, but we must believe that there will be plenty of kind folk to stand by her and help her. Why should you imagine she has no friends?" He stopped abruptly, for with the words on his lips, there rose before him the vision of the lovely girl as she had looked wonderingly into his face, and said so pathetically that she had no friends—that her father was enough for her.

Mrs. Kerruish dried her eyes. "I know I am a silly old woman, Jim, but somehow the story of this poor girl has touched a soft spot. I wish the Hepworths had made some inquiries and tried to do something for her."

"Well, perhaps they have, mother," urged Jim, "indeed, I think it is quite likely. They are really very good-natured, all of them, though they don't always think."

"Yes, that is the way with so many; they don't think! Well, I suppose we must only hope for the best." And with this somewhat commonplace reflection, the good woman was fain to console herself while her son hastened off to catch the train by which he daily went to his work.

Towards the close of the week the Hepworths returned home, and it was of course only natural that James Kerruish should go and see them as soon as possible. And yet he found himself shrinking from the visit. He had met Hope in town, had shaken hands with him warmly, had congratulated him on his escape, and had eagerly accepted an invitation to come that evening and "see the girls, and talk it all over." Yes, his acceptance had been eager, but when evening came he did not want to go. His mother had to persuade him. He said that he felt tired, and had a lot of things to do. She urged that the distance was not great, that it would be unfriendly to stay away, that he might make some excuse for leaving early. So Jim went, and enjoyed himself very much, and the only excuse he had to make that night was one to his mother for having kept her up an hour beyond her usual time to let him in.

"Did not you hear anything about that poor girl? Has anything been done for her?" was the patient woman's first question.

Jim was embarrassed. "To tell the truth, mother, I didn't like to ask. I was looking for them to mention it, but I suppose they didn't think to do so. Do you know," he added, wishing doubtless to turn the conversation into a side channel, "I think Hope is very much improved by the narrow escape he has had. It has sobered him down, and will, I trust, be the means of making him more serious. It seems he was almost gone, and he has hardly got over it yet."

"Poor dear lad," said Mrs. Kerruish, "it was indeed a Providential deliverance, and I am sure he will look on it as such. You must try and do what you can for him, Jim. I daresay he is easily led, and a steady, consistent example may be of great importance to him. We can all do something, Jim—something, however little it may be, for God and for one another."

"Yes, mother, we can—I feel that," he answered, with some embarrassment.

Then "Good-night" was said, and all was soon still in the little household.

Meantime, the Hepworths, who kept somewhat later hours than the Kerruishes, were having a little interchange of opinions.

"I'm about done," exclaimed Flossie, as soon as the outer door had safely closed on the guest, "really, that youth eclipsed himself to-night. Did any one ever see such a tie?"

"What's in a tie, I'd like to know?" retorted Hope warmly. "He is a very decent fellow is Jim, and I won't have a word said against him."

"You look at everything from a dressmaking point of view, and think of nothing but clothes," said Bertha.

"Well, there is a good deal in clothes; 'fine feathers make fine birds,' as the saying is," retorted Flossie.



"SHE BURST INTO TEARS."

"I won't contradict you, my dear," replied her sister, as she looked her deliberately up and down from head to foot and back again.

"Now you two, dry up, and don't begin at each other like that," ordered Hope. "I say again, Jim is a very decent chap, and he'll be a jolly good catch too, for whoever gets him."

"What do you mean, you horrid boy?" demanded Bossie, with affected scorn.

"Well, I hear on the best authority, that old Lamont thinks a lot of him, and, in fact, that they can't do without him in the office since the old cashier, who had been there so long, went off the hooks. Besides, it appears there is a rich uncle in the background—an old fellow named Peterson. It's true he is not 'playing' with the widow just at present, but blood is thicker than water, and he is bound to come round by-and-by."

"Well, I'd forgive him his tie if he wouldn't sit so long and try to be so improving in his conversation," conceded Flossie.

"And I'd like to know who it was that pressed him to stop, and kept making a fool of the poor fellow? I'm sure I didn't want him," cried Bossie indignantly.

"There is no need to wax wrath, dear," said the elder sister quietly. "I did it all for the best, and I am sure the poor creature looked so stupidly happy in the light of your countenance, that I wouldn't have the heart to turn him away. All the same, I'm glad he is gone. I know he is very good, but one can have too much even of a good thing."

Hope laughed as he rose and stretched himself.

"Well, settle it between you, my dears; only mind what I say: Jim Kerruish will turn up trumps yet. Now, let us put out the gas and go to bed. My health isn't quite re-established yet; in other words, I feel as weak as a cat."

And so sleep and darkness reigned in the Hepworth household for that night.

CHAPTER VI.

STANDING UP FOR ONE'S FRIENDS.



MATTERS continued to drift; and drifting in this world seldom tends to improvement. Hope soon recovered his strength; and alas! whatever amendment there had been in his mode of life, it was soon shown to be but transient. Indeed, the reaction after a period of enforced restraint and prudence, gave renewed impetus to what had long been a downward course. But James Kerruish was determined to think no evil and

to foresee no danger. He was looking after Hope; he would see that he did not go too far; he would advise him, he would set him a wholesome example;

and finally, he would bring him through and get him on the right road. And, to do him justice, he conscientiously tried to do this. Doubtless, he shut his eyes and his ears to a good deal, but it was all done

with genuinely good intention. And if any said—as no doubt some did—that the influence was “the other way round,” and that it was a case of Jim being led astray by Hope, rather than of Hope being kept straight by Jim, the statement would have been, to say the least, exaggerated and unfair. It is, doubtless, hard to “touch pitch without being defiled,” but the foundations of truth and purity and self-reverence had been too prayerfully, too lovingly, laid in Jim’s heart to be readily overthrown.

The real danger was more subtle and lay in another direction. James Kerruish now became a constant visitor at the Hepworths, and his mother soon knew well what it was to sit up long beyond her usual hour of retiring, nodding over her knitting, while past and present mingled in her dreams, and the past seemed striving to reproduce itself amid the scenes of the present. At first these visits were made under cover of seeing Hope, it might be about some temperance entertainment, it might be about the gymnasium or about a lecture to young men, it might be about a football match or some other “week-end” relaxation. But it often happened that Hope was not at home, and then Jim, nothing loth, would drop in and wait, and others would drop in too, and so the evening would pass, and Mrs. Kerruish’s weary head would drop forward over her work.

It must be said, in fairness to the Miss Hepworths, that they were by no means so objectionable as the young people who were wont to “drop in” on them of an evening. They worked industriously for their living, and never complained. The elder sister held a good position as dressmaker in a large establishment, while the younger was employed in the book-keeping department. It was to their credit that they had voluntarily resolved to do what they could to increase the resources of the household. Old Mr. Hepworth was still alive and in the enjoyment of a small pension, which long years in the public service had entitled him to. On this, at least while Hope lived at home, the family could have subsisted; but the girls scorned to be thus dependent. And even if they had been spurred on to action by the prospect of better clothes and jollier holidays and more abundant pocket-money, who shall blame them? The life they had chosen for themselves was wholesomer than one of poor pretences, petty economies, and embittered idleness. The misfortune was that neither enjoyed good example nor profitable companionship. Their mother had been many years dead, and their father was an easy-going, lazy, sensuous old man. He had never troubled himself about them, and they could scarcely be expected to hold him in any great respect. Thus the girls had grown up with ideas and manners of the set of people with whom their brother loved to associate.

Such was the state of things when James Kerruish was summoned one morning to Mr. Lamont’s private room. It was with a beating heart that he obeyed the

summons. The rumour had spread through the office that he was to be promoted, and it was not unnatural that he should jump to the conclusion that now the hour had struck. His fellow-clerks were quite sure of it, and followed their companion with glances at once sympathetic and envious as he left his place and walked towards the private office.

“Sit down, Mr. Kerruish,” said Mr. Lamont curtly, when the youth had entered and closed the door.

Jim obeyed in silence. There was something not encouraging in the tone, but then Mr. Lamont was not a very encouraging person at any time. He was a portly, prosperous-looking personage of about sixty, with grey hair and a florid complexion. When in repose the expression of his face was stern, and perhaps it was a consciousness of this that induced him from time to time to affect a sort of forced facetiousness which certainly seemed out of harmony with his character. Still, though not sympathetic, Mr. Lamont was as just as well as a capable man, and his reputation stood high in business circles.

After directing his clerk to be seated Mr. Lamont continued writing for a few moments: then looking up abruptly he said,—

“You are a friend of a young man named Hepworth, I believe?”

Being completely taken aback, Jim certainly did not show to advantage as he stammered his reply,—

“Yes, sir,—that is, I know him. We are friends in a way; we live in the same neighbourhood and consequently see a good deal of each other.”

“Too much, I should say,” responded Mr. Lamont; “the fact is, I have heard a good deal about this young gentleman, and I could not have much confidence in any one who was an intimate of his.”

Naturally the young fellow resented the harshness of such a judgment.

“Excuse me, sir,” he replied, quite respectfully, “but I think that is scarcely fair. Hope Hepworth may have his faults, just as I know I have mine, but I think I understand my duty to my employer too well to allow myself to be led away by any companion, even if he had any desire to lead me away.”

“Well, well, of course you have your way of looking at it, and I have mine; but it remains that I do not choose to place a young fellow in a position of trust who is known to have vicious companions. I confess I am disappointed in you, Kerruish. It had been my intention to make changes in the office which would have been decidedly to your advantage; but anything in that way must be conditional on your giving up your intimacy with this young man. Perhaps you think me harsh, but I have my reasons. That ought to be sufficient.”

“But it is not sufficient, sir,” said Jim, with surely pardonable warmth. “You ask me to give up my friend without saying what you have against him—in fact, you threaten me if I do not promise to do so. As

for the statement that I have been led away by vicious companions, I utterly repudiate it. I defy any one to prove it; and if I have stuck to Hope Hepworth it was out of an honest wish to help him and to keep him straight. And I do not see that I ought to be blamed for that."

Mr. Lamont looked surprised. He was not accustomed to being addressed in this fashion by his employees, and his first impulse was to order the offending youth to leave the room. But he checked himself and answered quietly,—

"I have no doubt about your honesty, only I would suggest that it is no business of yours to go about trying to shield or reform young scamps of this sort. It is a dangerous process, I can assure you."

Jim held his peace, for he had nothing ready to say. He was a little frightened at his own audacity in "cheeking the boss" (as Hope would have said); he was thinking regretfully of that vacant desk and of the promotion that seemed to be slipping away from him, and he was asking himself if he could honourably say anything that would seem like throwing over poor Hope. So there was a pause and then Mr. Lamont spoke again—spoke with slow deliberation.

"I should like to ask you one question, Mr. Kerruish."

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know much—has your mother told you anything—of your father's career and history?"

Jim was surprised at such a turn in the conversation, and, under the circumstance, he was relieved.

"No, sir," he replied: "the subject always seems painful to mother, and I think she avoids it."

"Quite natural—poor thing! poor thing!" said Mr. Lamont, as though thinking aloud. Then, addressing himself directly to Jim, he added sharply, "Your father was one of the smartest seamen and best fellows all round I have ever met. But it was the old story—

bad companions, vicious company, entanglements that led on—led on—on to——"

"Excuse me, sir," interrupted the young man warmly, "but I see no reason why my dead father's failings should be dwelt upon to me. My mother would have told me if there was anything she wished me to know."

Mr. Lamont was fairly staggered by what he deemed a piece of glaring impudence on the part of his clerk; but he controlled himself and replied quietly,—

"Mothers are not always the best judges in matters of this sort, and you may be sure, young man, I would not have alluded to a painful subject except I judged it necessary and a matter of duty. I knew your father well and we were, I might say, friends till he fell away, refused to listen to my advice, and got among bad companions. He left our employ (my father was senior partner then) and went to a man who was nothing more nor less than a swindler; that was his ruin."

"I always understood that he was drowned—that he perished at sea in the discharge of his duty," exclaimed Jim.



"WE ARE FRIENDS IN A WAY."

"Discharge of duty, forsooth! Why, if he had survived the wreck, proceedings would have been taken against him for casting away his ship!"

Young Kerruish had risen to his feet, and now he stood before his employer pale and trembling.

"May I ask, sir, what right you have to say that, and why you should say it to *me*?"

"Well, you have forced it from me, you foolish lad," replied Mr. Lamont apologetically, for already he regretted his cruel outburst. "I merely wish to warn you against rash self-confidence, by an example in which you could not fail to be interested. Your father's career was a sad one and might afford a wholesome lesson to any young man. Every one felt for your mother, and that is why I have always been anxious to help her son."

"I know, sir; you have been very kind," said Jim.

"Well then, I hope you will show due gratitude for what has been done, that you will consider the trials your mother has had to bear, that you will take advice given by your elders in proper part, and that especially you will bear in mind what I have said about young Hepworth. Now, I think that is all; if there is anything further I will send for you. That will do."

Thus summarily dismissed, Jim bowed and left the room: he dared not trust himself to speak.

Mr. Lamont had meant well to this young employee, but he had certainly been unfortunate in his method. The sole effect of the lecture he had delivered was to kindle a spirit of opposition and indignation. As a matter of fact the relations between James Kerruish and the Hepworths had been growing somewhat less intimate. Hope seemed to avoid his old chum, nor did the young ladies make the same efforts as of old for the entertainment of their visitor. So much so, that it had once or twice dawned upon Jim that possibly he was in the way. On several occasions he had absented himself from social gatherings to which he had been invited, and when no fuss was made about his non-appearance he felt hurt and neglected.

But now of course the instinct of opposition was aroused—and it was aided by other and nobler instincts. It would be cowardly to desert poor Hope in obedience to pressure and the dictates of self-interest. Perhaps he had been getting into trouble, and that was why he had fought shy of his old friend. Now, then, was the time in which to extend a helping hand. Then too, Hope was Bertha's brother; and had not Bertha said more than once "what a comfort it was to her and Flossie to know that their dear brother had such a kind and steady friend, one in whom they had such perfect trust, etc.? Could he be false to such a sweet and flattering confidence? No, certainly not! It was his duty to stick to Hope for his own sake; it was a pleasure to do so for Bertha's sake.

Then again there was the recollection of what Mr. Lamont had said about his father, there was the rankling sense of injustice done to himself, and the bitter sting

of disappointed hope. All these things together seethed and fermented in the young fellow's heart. The result was that, before leaving the office, he dashed off a rather magniloquent note to his employer, who had gone home early, thanking him for past favours, but absolutely declining to throw over his friend, and taking no pains to conceal his belief that he himself had been treated with harshness and injustice.

This done, and the letter being posted in the ordinary way, Jim went home. He told his mother the greater part of what had happened, and although the good woman's faith in Hope Hepworth had of late been somewhat shaken, she proved a fairly sympathetic listener. As far as her gentle nature would permit, she resented the sort of pressure that had been put upon her son, and she agreed that it would be both cowardly and unkind to give such a promise as Mr. Lamont seemed to expect. Still, she counselled moderation and conciliation so strongly that Jim shrank from telling her of the letter he had written to his employer. Nor did he refer at all to what had been said about his father—though he fully intended to take some quiet opportunity to do so.

After tea, James Kerruish went round to see the Hepworths. For a wonder Hope was indoors, and as neither of the young ladies seemed in a hurry to appear, the two friends had a somewhat lengthy chat together.

"One of your fellows told me that your governor had you in for a long confabulation to-day. I hope something pleasant came of it. Am I to congratulate you?"

The question was embarrassing, and Jim, not being skilled in the arts of evasion and deception, soon let out the entire truth—or at all events, quite enough of it to enable his quick-witted friend to draw his own conclusions. It did at first seem as though his Quixotic devotion were appreciated.

"Well, Jim, you are a fool of a fellow. Why didn't you promise the boss to chuck me over right away? Isn't it enough for me to stand in my own light, without being allowed to stand in another chaps' also?"

"Would you have wished me to chuck you over, Hope?" asked Jim pathetically.

"Yes, certainly—at least, I'd have wished you to say you would. Why couldn't you have given it to me hot, and said I was an irredeemable young blackguard? It would have gratified old Lamont, and done me no harm."

"You'd have me play the liar and the coward!"

"Not at all, old chap,"—and Hope Hepworth, seeing the tears in his friend's eyes, grasped his hand and spoke now with faltering voice,—"*You know I am a bad lot, and why, therefore, should you allow that old hypocrite to tar you with the same brush that they have been daubing me with? Why should you bear the punishment of my follies? Why should you lose your promotion on my account?*"

"Well, Hope, it is not as bad as all that—there were

other things spoken of too. Mr. Lamont annoyed me," pleaded his loyal friend apologetically.

"Then I'll annoy him to-morrow. I'll just drop in and tell him a few home-truths. And you will please to understand, Mr. James Kerruish, that after to-night you and I are strangers. I shall decline the honour of your acquaintance, and I shall advise Mr. Lamont to make you his cashier and to keep you safe under a glass case lest you should become soiled by contact with this wicked world."

"Now don't speak like that, even in fun. I am sorry I told you anything about it," interrupted Jim.

"I was never more in earnest in my life," cried the other fiercely; "and you'll soon find out what that means. So you go your way and I go mine. Good-bye, old pal—good-bye to old times and good-bye to Hope Hepworth's chances of ever seeing better." And with something like a sob, stifled with an oath, he flung himself out of the room; a moment later the slamming of the outer door showed that he had left the house.

James Kerruish had not had time to recover breath or wits when Bossie came sweeping into the room. She looked radiantly beautiful, and Jim noticed that she was handsomely dressed.

"Have you and Hope been having a quarrel? He almost knocked me down as he rushed through the hall," she inquired as she held out her hand.

"No, indeed; he was just angry because I refused to quarrel," replied Jim.

"Well, it amounts to the same thing; but no doubt you were in the right. Quarrelling is such a foolish thing, isn't it? For my part, it doesn't seem as though anything were worth fighting about."

He looked at her in some surprise, for it seemed as though she were leading up to something. There was a restraint of manner and deliberation of tone that was not new to her.

"There are some things worth fighting about—principles; but that is different from fighting with one's friends," he answered lamely.

"Well, I hope we sha'n't fight, anyhow; but let us sit down. I want you to congratulate me;" and she dropped back on the sofa while her handsome silk dress arranged itself in front of her.

"Congratulate you—what on? A new dress, is it?" said Jim, with an effort to be playful.

"You are an impudent boy," she laughed, "but perhaps after all my dress has something to say to it. I am engaged to be married."

"Engaged to be married! Who to, I'd like to know?" he cried, springing up from the chair on the edge of which he had just seated himself.

"There, there, don't make a row or bolt, as that lunatic brother of mine did just now. Are you astonished that any man should wish to have me?"

He looked at her reproachfully, but she was not the least abashed.

"I am not surprised at that. I merely ventured to inquire who was the happy man" he said quietly.

"Oh, you have met him here, I think—Mr. Mercer, of our place. He holds a splendid position, and thinks of soon setting up for himself."

Poor young fellow! he remembered meeting "Old Mercer" a couple of times, but he had never thought of him as a possible rival. Probably the man was as near forty as thirty. But no doubt it was a good match, so there was nothing left for poor Jim but to "grin and bear it."

"Well," he said, "I must congratulate you, though it seems sudden. I hope you will be happy."

"Thank you, Jim," she replied; "you have always been a nice boy, and I am glad you take it the way you do—so sensibly."

After that he made some excuse about wanting to find Hope, and got out of the house as quickly as possible. He resolved never to enter it again.

(To be continued.)

GARDEN WORK FOR MARCH.

Kitchen Garden.

SOWINGS for the main crops of beans, carrots, peas, parsnips, onions, and leeks, should be made this month; also cabbage, brocoli, cauliflower, lettuce, radish, and spinach. Plant early potatoes. All vacant spaces of ground should be prepared for sowing. It is well to remember that the same kinds of crops should not be sowed or planted in the same beds, year after year, but that a change should be made in their position each year.

Fruit Garden.

Graft apple, cherry, plum, pear, and other fruit-trees. Prune any that are not finished. It is not too late to plant, but it should be done at once.

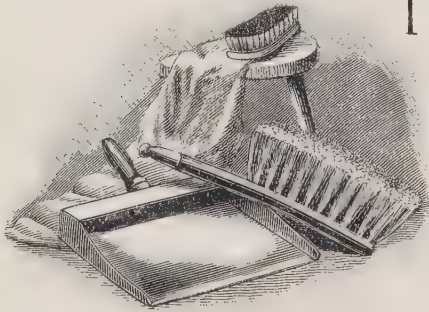
Flower Garden.

Sow hardy annuals in the borders. Sow tender annuals in hot beds, in patches or rows to keep distinct from one another. Prune rose-trees. Plant out hardy annuals sown in the autumn. The borders should be dug before sowing or planting, dressing with well-rotted manure, but borders with bulbs must not be touched until they appear above ground. Auriculas should be put out of doors in mild, sunny weather, but they must be protected from frost. They should be moderately watered.

ONLY HALF A MAN.—"If there were no other world, this world would be all the more valuable," a friend once said to Tennyson. But the poet, who uttered so well the average man's hopes and feelings, knew much better the secret of living, and replied, "It is only the light shed on our earth from another world which gives it any value." The thought of working for the human race is not incentive enough to virtue if man is not immortal. The whole race will be extinct, probably, in a few thousand years. All the greatest aspirations are without meaning if man be not immortal. Religious belief is necessary to give life any meaning or value. A man without religious aspirations is only half a man."—*Sunday Magazine*.

HEALTH AT HOME.*

BY SIR BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON, M.D., F.R.S



THE old saying, "There is no place like home," has a singularly happy meaning when it is applied to health and the bene-

fits which spring from health that is good and beautiful. We who are engaged in forwarding sanitary work may labour our lives out and still do little service, until we can get each home, however small it may be, included in the plan of our work. The river of national health must rise from the homes of the nation; then it will be a great river on which every blessing will be borne.

When I, as a physician, enter a house where there is contagious disease, my first duty is to look at the surroundings. What are the customs of the people there? Are they wholesome? Are they unwholesome? If the answer be "Wholesome and common-sense," then I know that the better half of success in the way of treatment and prevention is secured. If the answer be "Unwholesome, slovenly, disorderly, careless," then I know that all that may be advised for the best will be more than half useless, because there is no habit on which any dependence can be truthfully placed, and because habit in the wrong direction is so difficult to move that not even the strongest ties of affection are a match for it in times of emergency.

If we could, then, get wives and mothers to learn the habitual practice of all that tends to health, we should soon have an easy victory, and should ourselves cease to be known as the pioneers of sanitary work, the work itself being a recognised system and a recognised necessity, practised by everybody.

In the limited space at my disposal let me try and tell you what, after many years of experience and observation, seem to me to be a few golden rules for securing health at home.

* The morning after this valuable article was sent to the press, its distinguished author passed away, to the deep regret of a very large circle of attached friends.—EDITOR.

I.—SUNLIGHT AT HOME.

Whether your home is large or small, give it light. There is no house so likely to be unhealthy as a dark and gloomy house. In a dark and gloomy house you can never see the dirt that pollutes it. Dirt accumulates on dirt, and the mind soon learns to apologise for this condition, because the gloom conceals it. "It is no credit to be clean in this hole of a place" is soon the sort of idea that the housewife gets into her mind. "The place is always dingy, do what you may" is another similar and common idea; and so, in a dark house, unwholesome things get stowed away and forgotten, and the air becomes impure—and when the air becomes impure the digestive organs become imperfect in action, and soon there is some shade of bad health engendered in those persons who live in that dark house. Flowers would not healthily bloom in such a house, and flowers are, as a rule, good indexes. You put the flowers in your windows that they may see the light. Are not your children worth many flowers? They are the choicest of flowers. Then again, light is necessary in order that the animal spirits may be kept refreshed and invigorated. No one is truly happy who in waking hours is in a gloomy house or room. The gloom of the prison has been ever considered as a part of the punishment of the prison; and it is so. The mind is saddened in a home that is not flushed with light, and when the mind is saddened the whole physical powers soon suffer: the heart beats languidly, the blood flows slowly, the breathing is imperfect, the oxidation of the blood is reduced, and the conditions are laid for the development of many wearisome and unnecessary constitutional failures and sufferings.

Once again, light itself—sunlight I mean—is of itself useful to health in a direct manner. Sunlight favours nutrition; sunlight favours nervous function; sunlight sustains, chemically or physically, the healthy state of the blood. Children and older persons living in darkened places become blanched or pale; they have none of the ruddy, healthy bloom of those who live in light. You send a child who has lived in a dark court in London for a few days only into the sunlight, and how marked is the change! You hardly know the face again.

Keep, then, this word in your minds—light, light, light; sunlight which feeds you with its influence and leaves no poisonous vapours in its train.

(To be continued.)

HER FIRST LOVE.

(See ILLUSTRATION, page 50.)

THE charming picture by the distinguished artist, Mr. G. Hillyard Swinstead, tells its own story. It was one of the gems of last year's Royal Academy Exhibition. The artist excels in the delineation of child life; and in these days when the training of the young to recognise the duty of showing kindness to animals is so generally admitted, it is not to be wondered at that Mr. Swinstead's painting had many admirers. We feel sure that our readers will not be slow to take in the meaning of this characteristic engraving.

SUNDAY QUESTIONS.

BY THE REV. W. SUNDERLAND LEWIS, M.A.,

Vicar of St. Mary's, Hornsey Rise, N.; Author of "Festival Hymns," etc.

QUESTIONS ON THE BIBLE.

WHERE do we read in Holy Scripture—

1. Of a meal by which a man lost that which he greatly regretted afterwards, but never regained;
2. Of a meal in a time of great extremity at which many were in danger of death;
3. Of a heaven-sent meal, which yet was the occasion of death to all who partook;
4. Of an invitation to a meal which was rightly refused, although it came from a king;
5. Of a meal at which a prophet was told of his death;
6. Of a meal at which the Best of Men met one of the worst?

QUESTIONS ON THE PRAYER-BOOK.

(The versicles after the Second Lord's Prayer.)

1. How may the order observed in the first four of these versicles be illustrated by the Prayer for the Church Militant and other parts of the Prayer-book?
2. What is there in the same Prayer and in 1 Tim. ii. and Acts ix., which helps to show the reasonableness of that order?
3. How does the fifth of these petitions, with its accompanying response, differ from the rest of the six? (See Job xxxiv., Ps. xx., xxviii., li., lxxxv., cxxxii.)
4. To what subsequent portions of the Prayer-book are we pointed by the fifth and sixth of these petitions and responses?

BURIED TRUTH.

Where do the Scriptures tell us of a city with two names, which was one of five cities, all noted for wickedness, and which suffered much evil at one time, like the rest of these, from the hands of men, and was threatened with worse afterwards from the Hand of God; but was spared this last—unlike the others referred to—partly because of

certain peculiarities in its site and size, and partly in answer to prayer. What was specially remarkable about the prayer in question; and in what two chapters of both Kings and Chronicles do we find mention of a somewhat similar prayer?

FATHER'S COMING.

(See ILLUSTRATION, page 67.)

FATHER'S coming, coming, coming,
Scarcely half a minute late!
Let us hurry out to meet him,
Or he'll get in such a state!

Look! he sees you, wants you, calls you,
Don't you hear his cheery song?
Let me put you down to toddle:
Take my hand. Come, trot along!

Why! he's got a pretty posy,
And I'm sure it's meant for you,—
Every day he brings you something,
Something fresh and something new.

Won't you give your daddy something?
Tell, oh! tell me, dainty miss;—
"Yes! I'll give my dear old daddy
One great hug, and one big kiss!"



CARVED RAILS IN LEIGHTON BUZZARD CHURCH.

OUR PARISH CHURCHES.

III.—ALL SAINTS', LEIGHTON BUZZARD.

DOOMSDAY BOOK records the fact that there was a Church at Leighton Buzzard at that time (about 1086), but the present Early English structure, which is dedicated to All Saints, is supposed to have been built in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. It is a noble cruciform structure, with a massive tower surmounted by an octagonal spire. One distinctive feature of the Church is the length of the chancel, it being only two feet shorter than the nave. The following measurements are taken from the centre of the tower and chancel arches: length of nave, 65 feet 6 inches; length of crossing,

24 feet 6 inches; length of chancel, 63 feet; total length inside, 153 feet.

The gargoyles are in a good state of preservation; they are said to have been put there by the monks, as caricatures of some of the local clergy; but a prettier idea is that they put representations of devils outside the Church and angels inside.*

The sundials are no doubt comparatively modern. They have the following inscriptions:—

"Deus adest laborantibus
Brevis ætas.—Vita fugax
Vigila oraque.—Tempus fugit,
Dum spectas fugit."

There is an interesting reminiscence about the first inscription:—Mr. Bassett, when he was a Member of the House of Commons, met Mr. Sam. Carter, who was solicitor to the London and North-Western Railway when it was being made in 1836. "Oh," said Mr. Carter, "I remember staying at the Swan, Leighton, when we were making arrangements for the line, and everything seemed to be going wrong; I was so worried that I could not sleep at night, and felt very much inclined to give up the work. I got up very early one summer morning, and walked alone round the churchyard, and there saw on one of the sundials the words, 'Deus adest laborantibus,' and translating it freely, 'God helps those who help themselves,' I determined to put fresh energy into the work; and everything seemed to improve from that day."

The tower contains a fine peal of eight bells, with one small one, which is believed to be the old sanctus bell. The bells were recast in 1787, by Messrs. Mears & Stainbank.

The nave has a fine Perpendicular clerestory and a good high-pitched roof of the same period; the stone corbels, supporting the roof buttresses, have the instruments of the Passion, and other devices, carved upon them. There are three porches—at the west, north, and south doors—all of which have been restored since 1886.

The iron hinge on the west door (of which we give an illustration) is of interest: it is supposed to have been made about the year 1290 by Master Thomas de Lightone. From the accounts rendered by the executors of Queen Eleanor, dated the twenty-first and twenty-second years of Edward I. (1293-4) this Master Thomas de Lightone (Leighton), Smith, was employed to make the screen for Queen Eleanor's tomb in Westminster Abbey, by contract, for twelve pounds. Dr. Lawford, in his "Antiquities of Leighton Buzzard," says: "No one can compare the illustrations given in the *Journal* of the Archaeological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland, with the hinge on the Church door at Leighton, without arriving at the conclusion that they are the work of the same master; the floral termination of the scrolls, and even the position of the rivets which attach it to the frame, are in both instances the same.

* The nave roof is supported by angels.

This work of ours may have made the artisan notorious, and led to his employment at Westminster."

The chancel, as previously mentioned, is unusually long for the size of the Church. The reredos is hardly worthy of the Church; now that we have an efficient wood-carving class in the town, it is a pity we cannot get a carved reredos more in character with the building. We are naturally proud that the iron hinge on the west door is the work of a Leighton man: I hope the day is not far distant when we shall be able to boast of a reredos carved by native hands.*

The Holy Table and sanctuary rails are good specimens of Jacobean work, and will bear close inspection; the table was restored and lengthened in 1887. The rails are beautifully carved, as will be seen by a reference to our illustration.

The solid oak stalls are in good state of preservation; they have miserere seats, with coats-of-arms and other devices carved on the under side.

The pulpit is interesting as being a dated specimen of Jacobean work, it having been given by Edward Wilkes, the founder of the Almshouses, in 1638. The following is the inscription on the small folding board in the south transept:—"In 1638 he gave the cedar pulpit and a purple velvet cushion for the use of the minister."

The font is Early English, and is perhaps a relic of the old Church; it consists of a massive bowl, supported by a bold central column, and four smaller ones with water-holding mouldings at the base. The metal plug bears the date 1630.

The Church contains many quaint monuments. We quote one of the inscriptions:—

"In memory of John Welles late of Heath Esq. who dep'ted this life in the yeare of our Lord God 1645.

Marble nor Tvch nor Alabaster can
Reueale ye worth of the long buried man
For oft wee see men's goods when they are gone
Doe pious deeds, when they themselves did none.
Myne whilest I liued my goodness did express
'Tis not inscriptions makes them more or less.
In Christ I hope to liue amongst the just
Man is but gras all must to worms & dust.

This was done at the Charge of John Welles Esq. his second Sonn."

The Church was carefully restored in 1886, by Messrs. Bodley and Garner, and many of the windows have been filled with stained glass by Mr. C. E. Kempe, including the whole of the sixteen windows of the clerestory.

The Vicar, the Rev. T. W. Richards, M.A., celebrated his eightieth birthday on December 17th he has held the Vicarage nearly thirty-four years.

Our illustrations have all been specially engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by Messrs. R. Taylor & Co.
R. RICHMOND.

* Just as we go to press, we learn that a design has been received by Mr. Bodley, and a subscription of £150 promised towards a new reredos.



Specially Drawn and Engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY.
LEIGHTON BUZZARD PARISH CHURCH.

"THE MAJESTICS:" A VISIT TO CHATHAM DOCKYARD.

BY F. M. HOLMES,

Author of "*Jack Marston's Anchor*," "*The White Sledge*," etc.



"BEG pardon, sir, but are you connected with the Dockyard?"

For answer you show the warrant which has kindly been granted you by the courtesy of the Lords of the Admiralty, and the constable becomes most complaisant at once.

There are a hundred and thirty policemen scattered about the large extent of Chatham Dock-

yard, and their duty consists in protecting the large amount of

valuable property collected there, as well as in observing that no spies appear and in conducting parties over the wide area of the yard.

"Yes, sir," he remarks, in answer to an observation, "that is the old *Thunderbolt* lying there. She is used now as a pier, and there is a boat lying beside her which brings up stores from Deptford."

The *Thunderbolt*, we may explain, was one of the early armoured floating batteries built at the time of the Crimean war in 1855. None of the British floating batteries, however, got out to the Black Sea in time—though the *Thunderbolt* was built in three months, a smart thing for those days—and it was left for the French vessels of the same kind to show the world, by their resistance to the Russian guns, how important the clothing of ships with iron had become. The *Terror* was another of the British floating batteries, and she is now used as a receiving-ship at Bermuda; so that the Government make such use as they are able of the expensive experiments of the past.

But, leaving the *Thunderbolt*, one of the earliest of ironclads, with her four inches of iron armour, let us walk across the extensive yard to the *Victorious*, one of the latest of warships. At the time of our visit, she is not yet finished, but is rapidly approaching completion, and she is one of the most recent types of our battleships. There are eight others like her, and they cost nearly £1,000,000 apiece, and require the large crew of 757 officers and men. Two of the ships—the *Majestic* and the *Magnificent*—were finished some time ago, and are now at sea. The *Majestic* having been the first, these nine ships are popularly called the "Majestics," just as another set of our battleships are called the "Admirals," and are named after famous English admirals.

Now the "Majestics," we say, are among the very

latest types of our British battleships, and embody many results of the forty years of ironclad-building since yonder ungainly *Thunderbolt* was first constructed. There, for instance, are huge thick pieces of steel armour being gradually let down into their places to protect the vital parts of the ship from the deadly projectiles of the enemy. Some of these plates of solid steel weigh fifteen or seventeen tons, and cost about £2000 apiece. Altogether the armour on each of the "Majestics" costs about £320,000 for each ship.

The armour is plated along the side of the ship for a distance of 220 feet, sixteen feet deep, and nine inches thick. But this steel is of a new and improved kind, called Harveyed steel—*i.e.*, it is hardened by the Harvey process, which renders the surface so hard that even steam drills will not drive a hole in it; and soft places for the rivet-holes are left while the steel is being hardened. The consequence is that these nine-inch plates of Harveyed steel yield a much greater defence, with much less weight, than the old iron armour. The question of weight is of the utmost importance, and naval architects have to calculate to a nicety how much a ship can carry and yet maintain a high speed and great seaworthiness.

But, in addition to these thick armour-plates on the sides, there is another very remarkable feature in the "Majestics," and in some of our later battleships, such as the *Renown*. We can see it in the *Illustrious*, a sister-ship to the *Victorious*, but which is not so far advanced in construction. All over the ship, between the huge ribs or "frames"—to which the sides are being riveted—extends a curving cover of steel, reaching from side to side and from stem to stern. This cover is called the armour-deck. It is four inches thick, and the curve is given to it because it is more difficult for a projectile to pierce a curved than a flat piece of armour—*i.e.*, a projectile is more likely to glance off from a curve than to penetrate it. The deck curves down to the bottom of the armour-belt on the side of the ship, so that if a projectile pierce the belt there is still the curving armour-deck to protect the ship's vitals. Further, great quantities of coal are packed along the side in bunkers, and form an additional protection.

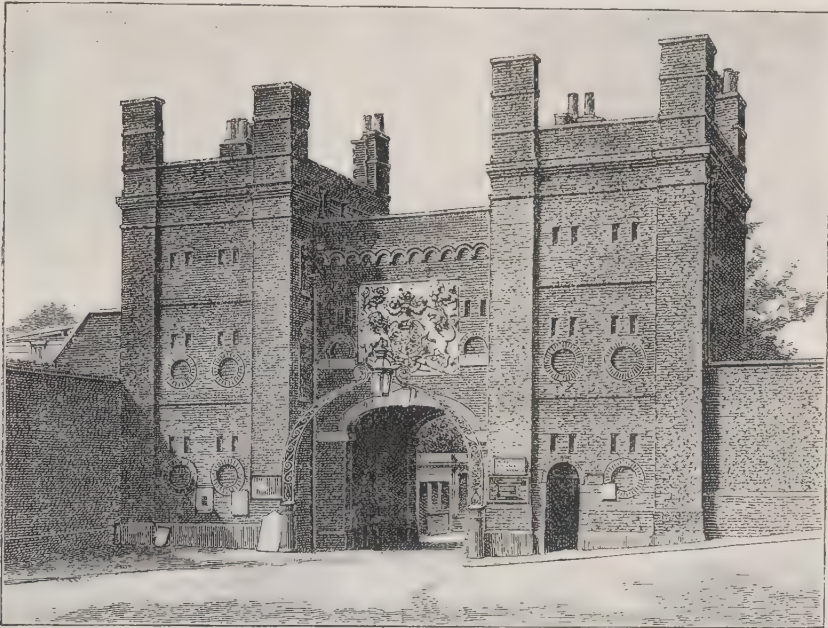
So much for the armour on this part of the ship. Now for the guns and the armour above. From the main deck (above the protective deck) rises a great curving wall of steel called a bulkhead, and runs across the ship. There is one of these bulkheads in the fore part of the vessel and one in the after part, and they are connected by steel walls protected by Harveyed steel six inches thick. Within these walls, which are some three hundred feet long, are placed a number of powerful quick-firing guns, in two tiers—*i.e.*, some on the main deck and some on the upper deck. This huge steel-armoured enclosure is termed the citadel.

In front, and also behind the citadel, projects a superbly built barbette, or rounded tower, armoured with huge plates of Harveyed steel fourteen inches thick.

These barbettes contain a turn-table, on which are placed two wonderful 46-ton guns of the latest type. These guns, fired with one of the new explosives, will yield much better results—though far less weighty—than the 81-ton "Woolwich Infants" of a few years ago. Two of these guns are mounted in the forward barbette and two in the after barbette, and they will throw a projectile weighing 850 lb. for an immense distance. Being mounted on turn-tables, they can fire in almost any direction. The barbettes are rounded in front, but narrow, like the small end of a pear, behind where they enter the citadel; and up this neck, or narrow part of the barbette, the ammunition is brought

five torpedo tubes for discharging the deadly torpedoes which will explode under water.

These magnificent vessels, the largest in the British Navy, are 390 feet long by 75 feet broad at the widest part. Their size is fifteen thousand tons, and the huge engines are estimated to develop twelve thousand horse-power, and give the ships a speed of seventeen or eighteen knots an hour. Their huge sides rise eighteen feet in the forward part above the water-line when fully loaded, and twenty-five feet amidships, where the citadel is placed: while the Admiral's bridge, upon the boat-deck, is no less than forty-five feet above the load water-line. To stand there and look below



THE DOCKYARD, CHATHAM.

from below, under cover of the citadel. The guns are loaded by hydraulic power.

In front of the ship's bow projects a huge pointed piece of solid steel, called the ram. It weighs twenty-five tons, and its object is to tear holes in the enemy's ships. Thick plates and steel stanchions protect the ship herself within the bow, so that she may suffer as little harm as possible from the collision. Furthermore, she is protected from the danger of sinking by being divided into a large number of watertight compartments; and for the same purpose the vessel is also fitted with a cellular double bottom, which curves upward round the ship's sides to the line where the thick armour-belt begins.

The "Majestics" are also furnished with two light military masts, having circular "tops" or galleries, armed with guns; and the ships are also fitted with

is almost like looking upon a floating town. In order to protect the chief officers when in battle, two strongly armoured "conning towers" or pilot-houses are built, whence directions can be given to the crew and the gunners and engineers in all parts of the mammoth ship. The telegraph wires, speaking-tubes, etc., from the conning tower are enclosed in a strongly armoured tube which runs down from the upper deck to an "Exchange" below, where the orders are distributed.

These great battleships, and others of varying types which are being built, have not been planned for purposes of aggression or of national aggrandisement. To paraphrase the wise words of Mr. Goschen, when introducing the Navy Estimates of 1896, they are not for provocation, but for self-defence, and to fulfil the great requirement that the British fleet should represent the self-reliance of the British nation.



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

REPRESENTATIVE CHURCHMEN.

III.—THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

THE RIGHT HON. AND RIGHT REV. MANDELL CREIGHTON, D.D., Lord Bishop of London, is the eldest son of the late Mr. Robert Creighton, and was born at Carlisle in 1843. He was educated at Durham Grammar School and Merton College, Oxford. His academic career was distinguished, for he took a Second Class in Law and Modern History, as well as a First in Classical "Mods." and "Greats." He was ordained in 1870. As Fellow of and Tutor of Merton, he was a man of mark at Oxford; but on his acceptance of the living of Embleton in 1875, it seemed that, like so many other distinguished scholars, he had turned his back upon academic life. Whatever his wishes may have been at the time, this was not to be. In 1879 he was appointed by Bishop Lightfoot, Rural Dean of Alnwick, and three years later he was made one of the first Honorary Canons of the new Diocese of Newcastle, and at the same time Examining Chaplain to Bishop Wilbeforce.

His position in the learned world was recognised in the following year by the degree of LL.D. *honoris causa* conferred upon him by Glasgow University, while in 1884, when the chair of Ecclesiastical History was founded at Cambridge, he received the signal honour of being chosen to fill it. Durham University added him to the roll of its distinguished scholars in 1885, by conferring upon him the degree of D.C.L.; and in the same year he was appointed by the Crown to a resident Canonry at Worcester, which he subsequently resigned upon being appointed a Canon of Windsor. In 1886 he received the honorary degree of LL.D. from Harvard University. He is an honorary D.Litt. of Dublin University, a D.D. of Cambridge, and a D.D. of Oxford. He is a Corresponding Member

of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and of the American Church History Society, and a Fellow of the Società Romana di Storia Patria.

His old Alma Mater has frequently availed herself of his valuable services as public examiner, and he was one of the most favourite select preachers of the University. The new Bishop is the founder of the *English Historical Review*, and among his best-known works may be mentioned "Primer of Roman History" (1875), "The Age of Elizabeth" (1876), "The Life of Simon de Montfort" (1877), "Primer of English History" (1877), "Carlisle" in the "Historic Towns" series, and his great work, a "History of the Papacy during the Period of the



THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

Reformation." In 1891 Dr. Creighton succeeded Dr. Magee in the Bishopric of Peterborough, and upon the elevation of Bishop Temple to the Archbishopric of Canterbury, Bishop Creighton was called to succeed him in the rule of the vast Diocese of London.

Our portrait has been engraved by R. Taylor & Co., from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott & Fry, 56, Baker Street, London, W.

~~~~~  
CHRIST saves sinners from being sinners.  
Don't ask a great plaster for a small sore.  
If you sow thorns, you will not reap roses.  
Good stuff is often twisted into queer shapes.  
Don't spare the butcher and fee the doctor.



## THE SEVEN BIBLE LENTS:

## A MEDITATION FOR ASH WEDNESDAY.

BY THE REV. E. A. STUART, M.A.,

*Vicar of St. Matthew's, Bayswater, W.; Author of "Children of God," etc.*

**W**E have come to that season of the year when our Church exhorts us to more prayer, more self-examination, more self-discipline.

True, we ought at all times and in all places to pray unto our Father, but especially when we enter into our closets for our morning, noontide, or evening prayer. True, every day is holy unto the Lord; but am I therefore to undervalue the sanctity of the Lord's Day. And so with Lent; it is a help, in this busy, bustling age, to have a season in which the world, even if superficially, recognises the claims of God. Let it be, therefore, a time of real prayer, real self-examination, real self-discipline.

The Lenten season lasts for forty days, and it is a period which is frequently put forward in the Bible as a period for solitude and thought.

There are seven great Lents in the Word of God. May He give us grace to lay to heart these solemn lessons.

1. "*And the rain was upon the earth forty days and forty nights.*"—GEN. vii. 12.

Forty days was the period during which, at the Deluge, the fountains of the great deep were broken up and the windows of Heaven were opened, when God manifested His wrath against the sin of the world; and surely this is the first lesson we ought to learn. God hates sin; and may we hate it with the same intense hatred!

2. "*And he was there with the Lord forty days and forty nights; he did neither eat bread, nor drink water. And he wrote upon the tables the words of the covenant, the ten commandments.*"—EXOD. xxxiv. 28.

During forty days Moses was on the Mount alone with God, and during that time God wrote His commandments on two tables of stone and gave them to Moses. So may we during this Lent get alone with God, to the top of the hill, and receive His laws written upon our hearts!

3. "*And they returned from searching of the land after forty days.*"—NUMB. xiii. 25.

Here was a happy Lent of forty days spent in

searching out that good land which God had promised to them. So may we spend our Lent in searching out the promises of the Word of God! May we go through the length of it and the breadth of it and bring clusters of grapes of Eshcol to encourage others to trust the Lord.

4. "*And Jonah began to enter into the city a day's journey, and he cried, and said, Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown.*"—JONAH iii. 4.

Here we have a solemn Lenten call to repentance. Forty days' respite was allowed by God for Nineveh to repent, and the people availed themselves of the opportunity and fasted and confessed their sins. So the call comes to us to-day—"Repent ye, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand."

5. "*And when He had fasted forty days and forty nights, He was afterward an hungred.*"—ST. MATT. iv. 2.

Here we learn how to resist temptation. We see the Captain of our salvation in the thick of the fight; and the weapons wherewith He won the victory were fasting and prayer and the Word of God.

6. "*To whom also He shewed Himself alive after His passion by many infallible proofs, being seen of them forty days, and speaking of the things pertaining to the Kingdom of God.*"—ACTS i. 3.

During these forty days He showed Himself alive by many infallible proofs. And may we not ask Him to come and reveal Himself to us? to come and eat with us, and give to us His blessing of peace? to walk and talk with us as we journey upon Life's way, and to direct us where to cast the net in our daily life?

But it is to the seventh, the central one, of these Bible Lents that I would especially draw your attention; for in 1 Kings xix. 8 you have Elijah's Lenten Fast.

7. "*And he arose, and did eat and drink, and went in the strength of that meat forty days and forty nights unto Horeb the mount of God.*"—1. KINGS xix. 8.

What led to it? First, he had had a time of wonderful success. He had stood alone against the four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal, and by his superb trust in God he had called a whole nation to repent. But he was a man of like passions with ourselves, and no doubt it was good for him to get alone with God. And we need

to come apart and rest awhile, especially after a time of success, lest pride should get the dominion over us ; and for no one is this Lenten season of self-examination and quiet so needful as for the busy, successful worker for Jesus Christ.

But may we not say again, in the *second place*, it came after a time of actual sin. It seems almost presumptuous to criticise this bold champion ; but still, his very faults were written for our learning. And herein we see the superiority of Christ, for of Him alone it can be said : "I find no fault in Him."

Certainly here Elijah was guilty of unbelieving fear. The threatening of Jezebel terrified him, and he went for his life, and soon he was cast into deep despondency, and he prayed that he might die. It is at these times especially that it is good for us to get alone with God, and to let Him speak to us ; and God does speak to us—not in the fire and in the tempest, but in the still small voice which compels attention.

And first He called Elijah to *self-examination* : "What doest thou here, Elijah ?"—a question which must have touched him to the very quick, and have brought up before him all the cowardice and the fear of the last few days.

And then came the call to action (ver. 11) : "Go forth and stand upon the Mount before the Lord." Up! Arise, and stand upon thy feet.

And there he learnt some solemn lessons. He learnt that God's ways are not our ways : where we expect the storm, the tempest, He speaks in the still small voice. He learnt that God has other agents beside himself, and that God can work without him ; and he learnt to be more charitable to others (ver. 18). And when he thinks he is the only champion of the Lord, God reminds him that He has nine thousand who have not bowed the knee to Baal. Happy indeed for us if, during this Lenten season, we can learn the self-same lessons. We shall then be able to rejoice in all the Easter joy.

## Thou, Whose Almighty Word.

Words by RAY PALMER.

Music by PROFESSOR J. F. BRIDGE, D.Mus.  
(Organist of Westminster Abbey.)

1. Thou, Whose Al - migh - ty Word Cha - os and dark - ness heard, And took their flight ; Hear us, we  
2. Thou, Who didst come to bring On Thy re - deem - ing wing Heal - ing and sight, Health to the

hum - bly pray, And where the Gos - pel - day Sheds not its glo - rious ray, Let there be light. A - men.  
sick in mind, Sight to the in - ly blind, Oh, now to all man - kind Let there be light.

3. Spirit of Truth and Love,  
Life-giving Holy Dove,  
Speed forth Thy flight :  
Move on the waters' face,  
Bearing the lamp of grace,  
And in earth's darkest place  
Let there be light.

4. Holy and Blessèd Three,  
Glorious Trinity,  
Wisdom, Love, Might !  
Boundless as ocean's tide  
Rolling in fullest pride ;  
Through the earth far and wide  
Let there be light. Amen.





FATHER'S COMING (see page 59).

*Drawn by W. MALIPHANT.*

*[Specially engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY.]*

## THE HARVEST OF THE HIVES, AND WHAT WE CAN DO WITH IT.

BY THE REV. GERARD W. BANCKS, M.A.,  
*Author of "A World Beneath the Waters," etc.*

### I.



WE know it is recorded of the wise king of Israel that he gave this piece of advice: "My son, eat thou honey because it is good." But even before the days of Solomon there were bee-keepers and eaters of honey. "A little balm and a little honey" we are told formed part of the present sent by Jacob to Pharaoh. Among the ancient Egyptian hieroglyphics too, are found representations which show us that at a far remoter period still bee-keeping was practised by the old Egyptians. At a later date numerous allusions are met with in the works of the Greek and Latin writers from Homer downwards, their knowledge of bees and their ways being mixed, it is true, with many erroneous notions, but one and all full of admiration for the busy little workers, and of appreciation of the sweet product of their toil.

From the most remote ages, then, down to the present time, the harvest of the hives has been eagerly appropriated by man for his own use. But although, in ancient and modern times alike, honey has been regarded as a valuable article of food, I do not think that in these days, at any rate in this country, we value it as we ought.

Since the introduction of cane sugar into this and other countries, the use of honey has largely declined. It is a great pity that this should be so, because it contains very valuable properties, which it is impossible to replace. It is so wholesome and nutritious, and may be utilised in so many ways, that the consumption should be far greater than it is.

Sad it is to think, too, what vast stores of precious nectar are wasted every year. In profusion it is secreted all around us in myriads of blossoms, the majority of which bloom and perish unvisited by the honey-bee. Why do we not make greater effort to secure this good gift of God? It has

been estimated that were there a sufficient number of skilled bee-keepers, an average of something like a ton of honey per parish might be gathered annually in the British Isles, whereas not one-tenth of this amount is actually secured.

Were these facts duly realised, and the proper appreciation of British honey created a corresponding demand, there is no doubt that with the improved methods of modern bee-keeping, the industry would admit of being fully developed.

Bee-keeping, as you doubtless all know, has made great progress since the days of our grandfathers. The modern system, with its improved appliances and scientific methods, gives the bee-keeper complete control over his bees, and thus enables him to obtain a far larger yield of honey per hive, and to produce it in a much more marketable form. And it is not a little remarkable that this great advance has been made almost entirely within modern times.

As a matter of fact, from the time of the ancients to a comparatively recent date, little progress was made in the science of bee-keeping. With the seventeenth century, however, began a long line of distinguished men, including Swammerdam, Reaumur, Huber, Dzierzon, Langstroth, and many others, through whose labours modern bee-keeping has gradually advanced to what it is to-day.

As regards practical apiculture in our own country, there is no doubt that a great work has been accomplished during the past quarter of a century by the British Beekeepers' Association, together with the various affiliated county associations. It is largely to the efforts of this organisation that this country is indebted for the present development of intelligent bee-keeping.

But although much has been accomplished during this period, and the modern and improved system has practically superseded the older, clumsy, and wasteful methods, all who have the interests of the industry at heart have yet a great work before them. The vast majority of our people have yet to learn the real value of honey, and of the many ways in which it may be advantageously employed; and with the increased demand for British honey, the greater will be the necessity for teaching scientific methods.

Much, therefore, remains to be done; but as the work proceeds, and the importance of apiculture is duly recognised, not only on account of the value of the honey gathered, but, what is even more



important still, because of the absolute dependence upon the honey-bee of many of the fruit and seed crops for fertilisation, it is not difficult to foresee, in the near future, the elevation of bee-keeping in our land to that important position which it should certainly hold.

Already the County Councils appreciate the necessity for more extended education, on modern principles, and several of them make annual grants for the purpose of technical instruction in bee-keeping, while the various agricultural colleges are recognising the increased importance of the industry.

And indeed, it is not surprising that it should be so, for there can be no doubt that with the spread of bee-keeping, not only is great advantage derived by the farmers and fruit-growers, but the rural population is greatly benefited. The cottager can, in nearly every case, by the proper management of a few hives, realise sufficient to pay his rent. Not a few add as much as fifteen or twenty pounds a year to their incomes. For every one it is a hobby both fascinating and instructive, and, followed on intelligent lines, there is no question but that it may be made profitable as well.

Districts of course differ very much as regards their suitability, some being far more richly furnished with bee pasturage than others; but there are very few parts of the country where it may not be profitably carried on.

Upon a future occasion I hope to show you what honey really is; to explain its valuable properties; and to point out some of the ways in which it may be advantageously utilised. In the meantime, if any readers of the CHURCH MONTHLY are desirous of starting bee-keeping, I would remind them that the spring is the time to think about it, and make their preparations. By far the best plan is to begin with a swarm as early as possible in the summer. And having obtained their bees, I would strongly urge them to do three things:—

1. Belong to the county Association, if there is one.
2. Get a good guide-book—and there is none better than Cowan's "British Bee-keeper's Guide-Book," which may be bought for eighteenpence. A smaller book, "Modern Bee-keeping," intended especially for cottagers, may be obtained from the Secretary of the British Bee-keepers' Association, 12, Hanover Square, London, price sixpence.

3. Take in the *British Bee Journal* or the *Bee-keeper's Record*.

These are three pieces of advice that I invariably give to beginners, and I have never yet known any one really interested in his bees and anxious to learn how to manage them intelligently and profitably, who regretted afterwards having followed any one of them.

(To be continued.)

## OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

### VII. CHARADE.

1. When work is done, if something comes to spoil it  
A little word is oft used to describe it.
2. A feature of the human face divine, both fat and lean,  
In men oft covered, so not clearly seen.
3. A something always found in good and great  
Yet never seen in Church or State.  
My whole our gallant soldiers know full well  
And more I'm sure I need not tell.

### VIII. RIDDLE.

You're looking at me now: I have no life, yet can tell  
you things new and old: sometimes I'm very much alive  
in the homes of the rich: I'm always a boy: who and  
what am I?

### IX. PIE.

Ehy dddlei dldide  
Het tca dna teh ddilfe  
Het woc pumdje rove teh mnoo.

*\*\*\* Full particulars as to our prizes for Bible Questions and  
Puzzles were given in our January Number.*

## The Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary (March 25th).

O H ! Thou Who deign'st to sympathise  
With all our frail and fleshly ties—  
Maker, yet Brother dear,  
Forgive the too-presumptuous thought,  
If, calming wayward grief, I sought  
To gaze on Thee too near.

Yet sure 'twas not presumption, Lord,  
'Twas Thine own comfortable word  
That made the lesson known:  
Of all the dearest bonds we prove,  
Thou countest sons' and mothers' love  
Most sacred, most Thine own.

KEBLE.

A SOCIAL SCOURGE.—"No man who looks about him, and who takes in the facts—the hard facts—of daily life as they are forced upon our notice, can doubt for a moment that intemperance at this moment is one of the greatest social scourges we have to undergo, for it is the parent and product of countless evils; and if we could put an end to it by any means we should deserve the gratitude of posterity."

THE RIGHT HON. A. J. BALFOUR, M.P.

## WOODEN LEGS.

BY CHRISTIAN BURKE.

*Author of "Roses and Lilies of Christendom," "Jim: a Story of Child-life," etc.*

"Is it not just as we take it,  
This mystical world of ours?  
Life's field will yield as we make it  
A harvest of thorns or flowers."

IT would be easy for most of us to find a more satisfactory ideal of life than to spend one's days between a hospital and a convalescent home, with a leg which steadily refused to heal, and though always, according to its small owner, "better," seemed every year as far off being well as ever! Such a state of things could scarcely be called cheering, and it would not have been very wonderful if it had engendered slightly soured views and general fretfulness, even at the mature age of seven. Certainly most people, though they might learn to be patient and even contented, would have felt decidedly ill-used if they had been expected to be also joyful under such circumstances. Yet this difficult task was achieved, apparently without effort, by the small subject of the present sketch, whose winning little ways had gained for him a very soft place in the hearts of those among whom his lot was cast.

He rejoiced in the imposing name of Christopher George Felix Hope, and managed to support the weight of so much dignity with the cheerful courage with which he attacked all the other problems of life. It must have been a flash of inspiration which made his godmother (who was also his mother) so obstinately determined on his first name when she and her husband brought him to Holy Baptism. The father very naturally wanted the second name, which was his own, to come first, and remonstrated gently with her, even at the Font. But Mrs. Hope, though a sweet-tempered, easy-going soul at most times, was bent upon having her own way on this occasion. "He'll be called Christopher George," she said, quite snappishly for her, "or he sha'n't have

no name at all," which threat so alarmed the young curate that he took the matter and the baby promptly into his own hands; and so the nameless little one was christened Christopher George beyond the possibility of dispute.

The mother could hardly say why she so much wished it, except that the notion of "old George" and "young George" worried her, and the other was pretty and "sort of good-sounding," and therefore fit for so priceless a treasure—for though he was born in an artisan's cottage in a big, smoky manufacturing city, he came into a full inheritance of love, nevertheless.

And certainly the name seemed appropriate, for he was destined very early in life to be a burden-bearer, and to carry his load in the same valiant spirit as his great namesake Christopher of old—destined surely also, like him, to find a

reward priceless and exceeding great for all the labour of the day. On this particular Sunday afternoon he behaved himself in a manner befitting so important an occasion. In spite of the trying circumstance of five other babies, who were crying their young eyes out round him—covering their mothers with confusion, and evidently early convinced that this world was nothing but a vale of tears—in spite of this nerve-shaking concert, he preserved an unbroken composure, and is reported on credible authority to have smiled confidently into the young clergyman's face, and altogether was, as his proud parents affirmed, "as good as gold"!

Thus he appeared, even then, to have sided with his mother's view of things, and he was always very tenacious

of his name. "So you are Tommy," said the nurse cheerfully, on the day he was first admitted into the hospital. "All my little boys are Tommies!"

In spite of his shyness and habitual desire to be polite, he felt constrained to correct so serious a mistake. "I ar'n't 'Tommy,'" he said gently, but firmly; "I are Kistopher George Felix"—with which terrific announcement he turned his face to the wall, feeling



CHRISTOPHER GEORGE.



that not even his philosophy was able to support him through the trials of this strange new world into which he was plunged, and the absence of "Mother" which wrung his baby-heart.

But this is anticipating. No one who saw his sturdy, healthy little limbs, on the day when he was laid in the Good Shepherd's Arms, and took up his high calling, with all the saints of God, in the great Army of Christ, would ever have thought of him as one who would be among the halt and the maimed. Indeed, for the first year or two of his small life, he grew fat and rosy, and thrived as a baby should. He was a pretty little fellow, with laughing blue eyes that had no notion of tears, and a merry mouth in which the pearly teeth made their appearance with a gaiety and absence of fretfulness which made "that boy of Hope's" the envy of many a distracted woman in the row. He was nearly three years old when an ambitious young cousin, just double his age, thought fit to carry him off for a walk. He was sitting on the floor building a house with a few old bricks, two tin plates, and an assortment of empty matchboxes, but he was quite ready for any new excitement. His mother was busy washing in an outer room, and did not notice the children, who perhaps might have got on safely enough but for the flight of stairs between them and the door. As it was, the elder child found the boy, who was chattering away in his baby fashion, altogether too heavy for her, overbalanced, and down they rolled, bumping from stair to stair, and landing nearly unconscious at the bottom, Christopher falling underneath, with the weight of his companion on the top of him.

Mercifully it was a short flight of stairs, or both might have been killed at once. As it was, though stunned and bruised, they seemed otherwise unhurt, and the terrified mothers could scarcely tell how to be thankful enough. But it was the beginning of secret mischief for poor little Christopher. After that he began to "ail," as his mother said. He grew thin and white, and tossed restlessly about in his little bed, waking up the father and mother with his shrill screams of pain, uttered even when fast asleep. One by one the unmistakable signs of hip disease made their appearance, and at last the poor parents were persuaded to do, what indeed they ought to have done before, only they dreaded all it might involve; and they took their treasure to one of the great hospitals in their neighbourhood. Alas! they were obliged to return without him, and it was a heartbreaking business to both. Yet they were somewhat comforted, for they had met with every kindness, and been dismissed with the assurance that everything that medical skill and science could suggest should be tried to make their darling straight and strong again. Fortunately there was another baby at home by this time—"my Betty," as Christopher proudly called her, and in cuddling and crying over her the poor mother found some relief. Both husband and wife were respectable, hard-working, God-fearing

people. They were a quiet, stay-at-home couple, and wrapped up in their children. It was therefore a sore trial to them as they thought of their little lad whom they were not again to have at home for many a long day, and never for more than a few weeks at a time. Thus at four years old Christopher began his experiences of life in the wards, and for the next three years he may be said to have lived there, broken as they were only by a brief visit to his parents, and occasional short trips to the convalescent home which lay outside the great city.

(To be continued.)

## MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

### A Pig-Sacrifice to the Sun.



CURIOUS but cruel rite, which only takes place about once in ten or twelve years, was recently witnessed by a Missionary to the Gonds, a half-savage hill-tribe in Central India. A pig was placed in front of a door, with his head towards the threshold. The hind legs were tied with a rope held by two men, and the fore-legs and snout by another rope held by men inside the house. Across the pig's body was a plank, and men and boys, standing on each end, see-sawed up and down, to the great torture of the poor pig. The men who held the ropes also pulled the pig backwards and forwards, to increase its squealing. The more the pig squeals, the more the sun is supposed to be pleased. A priest stood all the while inside the doorway, waving a light about the pig's head and muttering prayers to the sun. Women also came out and threw dirty water over the men who were see-sawing. In half-an-hour all the life was squeezed out of the poor pig, and then, after further ceremonies, its meat was cut up and divided. Truly "the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty" (Ps. lxxiv. 20)!

### A Terrible Walk.

THE Rev. J. Lofthouse, who is stationed at Fort Churchill on Hudson's Bay, had a painful experience in a twenty-five mile walk from York Factory to his home. This part of his journey was nearly all across small lakes, thickly frozen, but with about a foot of water over the ice. This water had also frozen to nearly an inch thick, not strong enough to bear him. At nearly every step he broke through and plunged up to the knees in water, which quickly froze on his snow-shoes and legs, so that they became quite thickly coated over. After nearly fourteen hours of this walking he reached home, completely exhausted, and with his feet so frost-bitten that he lost some of his toe-nails. Oh, stay-at-home Christians, think of the hardships of these brave workers in far-off lands, and remember them daily in your prayers.

SUNSHINE.—Sydney Smith, when a poor curate at Foster-le-Clay, a dreary, desolate place, wrote:—"I am resolved to like it, and reconcile myself to it, which is more manly than to fancy myself above it, and make complaints of being thrown away, and desolate, or such-like trash." He acted upon this, did his duty, made his jokes, and upon fine mornings would draw up his parlour blinds, open the window, and "glorify the room," as he called it, with sunshine. But all the sunshine outside was nothing to the sunshine within his heart.



ST. MARTIN'S, CANTERBURY.

## THE COMING OF AUGUSTINE.

BY THE REV. THOMAS MOORE, M.A.,

*Rector of St. Michael Paternoster Royal, and St. Martin Vintry, College Hill, with All-Hallows-the-Great-and-Less, Thames Street; Author of "The Englishman's Brief," etc.*

### III.—AUGUSTINE FOUNDS THE CHURCH OF THE ENGLISH AT CANTERBURY.

**S**IX CENTURIES before the heathen tribes had invaded, conquered, and taken possession of a portion of Britain the British Church flourished in Canterbury, as well as in other chief cities and towns of the land during the Roman occupation of the country and under Roman protection. And some years before the coming of Augustine to England, a small Christian community, consisting of Queen Bertha, Liudhard, her Bishop-chaplain, and their Christian attendants and adherents, existed in the Royal city of the Kentish Kingdom.

When Augustine and his fellow-labourers, by King Ethelbert's command, settled down in the residence temporarily assigned to them within the City of Canterbury, they naturally became objects of great and curious interest to its heathen inhabitants, by whom they were daily and closely surrounded. These heathen people would be anxious to learn wherein the faith, worship, and practical religion of the "strangers from Rome," to whom their king had extended his hospitality and protection, differed from the old heathen faith, worship, and religion of their fathers, which had come down to them as their religious inheritance. And undoubtedly, from what they were able to understand of the facts and doctrines of the new religion, and its effects upon the lives of those who sincerely professed it, they could not help but be impressed by it and favourably disposed towards its acceptance.

And it is no wonder that this should have been the case, for we are told that from the time that Augustine and his companions, in the names of Christ and His Church, took possession of the Royal city, they gave themselves up to frequent prayers, watchings, and fastings, while they earnestly preached the Gospel to all who came within their reach. Moreover, Augustine and his fellow-labourers not only convinced the heathen inhabitants of Canterbury of their readiness as Christian Missionaries to sacrifice all their worldly and personal interests, for their work's sake, but, if need be, to offer up their lives as martyrs, in testimony of the truth of the Christian facts and doctrines, which they came from Rome to proclaim to the English people.

The result was that, even a considerable time before Ethelbert publicly accepted the Christian religion, some of his subjects renounced their old heathenism, accepted the Christian Faith, and, by the receipt of Holy Baptism, became members of the newly founded Church in Canterbury.

But in what building, it may be asked, did the newly founded Christian community meet for Christian worship, within the still heathen city of Canterbury?

Well, the answer to this question is interesting. It so happened that at the time of Ethelbert's marriage there still remained on the east side of Canterbury the ruins of an ancient British church which Ethelbert had restored and fitted up as a place of worship for his Christian Queen Bertha, her Bishop-chaplain, and her Christian attendants and adherents. This church, the church of St. Martin—which still remains—was by King Ethelbert placed at the disposal of Augustine and his companions. Hither they daily and constantly resorted for prayer, praise, the celebration of the Holy Communion, the administration of the various offices of the Church, and the rendering to God their solemn acts of devotion and worship. In this church of St. Martin, the very walls of which formed links of material continuity between the ancient British Church and the new Church of England—the spiritual and ecclesiastical foundations of the new English Church were laid—some time, be it observed, before King Ethelbert himself was baptized, or publicly confessed the Faith of Christ.

But when Ethelbert proclaimed his acceptance of Christ's religion and was baptized, with some ten thousand of his subjects—following his example—then the new Church of England, which had been founded by Augustine and his fellow-labourers before Ethelbert's conversion, was by him legally and publicly recognised as the present and future Church of his Kingdom.

Great were the changes in the royal city at Canterbury, and throughout the whole Kentish realm, which followed these events.

Ethelbert, on his conversion, at once proved himself to be a model of a Christian man and a Christian king. There was no honour that he thought too great, or gift that he regarded as too munificent, to bestow upon the Church and her ministers. He rejoiced in being a subject of Christ's Heavenly Kingdom more than in being himself an earthly king.

It was no wonder, therefore, that he vacated his royal palace at Canterbury in favour of the Missionaries, giving it to them as a place of permanent residence while he himself retired to Reculvers, on the Kentish coast.

Our illustrations have been specially engraved by Messrs. R. Taylor & Co., from photographs by Messrs. Poulton & Co., Lee, S.E.



THE RECVLVERS.







THE FLOWER SELLER (see page 75).

*Specially engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY.*





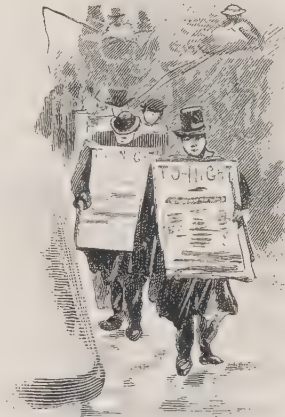
## TO A LITTLE GIRL, ON HER BIRTHDAY IN APRIL.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF  
WAKEFIELD.

 OMING with the April flowers,  
 Coming with the Spring-tide hours,  
 With the hawthorn's emerald sheen,  
 With the larch's haze of green,  
 With the primrose making fair  
 Every mossy nook and lair,  
 With the golden stars that shine  
 From the tufts of celandine,  
 Coming with each daintiest thing  
 That foretells the nearing Spring,—  
 Birthday blessings on thee fall,  
 Sweetest April flower of all !  
 Lo ! the flowers, with bounteous grace,  
 Gladden all man's dwelling-place,  
 Make his way more bright and sweet,  
 As they cluster round his feet.  
 Be it thine, dear April flower,  
 Thus with light and joy to dower  
 Many a life that else would know  
 Nought but weary toil and woe.  
 April flowers will fade and die  
 When fulfill'd their ministry ;  
 'Tis not theirs to deck and cheer  
 All the changes of the year.  
 Thou must shed the gladdening ray  
 Round about thee day by day ;  
 To the months, as on they move,  
 Bring the service of thy love ;  
 Make the glad young hearts more glad,  
 Smile sweet comfort for the sad ;  
 Into dreary winter bring  
 Visions of the flow'r-crown'd Spring.  
 So may all thy seasons be  
 Bright with holy charity ;  
 Till the nascent life of love  
 Bloom in perfect grace above.

## THE FLOWER SELLER.

(See ILLUSTRATION, page 74.)



THE readers of  
 magazines are  
 sometimes treated  
 to most pathetic de-  
 scriptions of life in  
 London town. Dwell-  
 ers in the great city  
 are pictured as being  
 entirely ignorant of  
 country life, not know-  
 ing a lamb from a  
 lizard, never seeing  
 either a tree or a  
 flower ! Oh what rub-  
 bish it all is ! Some  
 of the finest trees in  
 the three kingdoms are  
 growing in the Metrc  
 polis, while as for

flowers, our streets, especially at points where the traffic is greatest, are gay from January 1st to December 31st with

"Flowers in their freshness from garden and field !"

Yes, the real, true Cockney is a genuine lover of flowers, and so it is that the Flower Girl is a well-known personage in the streets of London. Our artist has sketched one of these fair daughters of commerce at work under the friendly shelter of St. Paul's Cathedral. Her capacious basket is laden with a choice assortment of spring blooms, and so it is that a pleasant reminder of the country gratifies the eyes of countless passers-by ; and before nightfall the whole of the floral display will have changed hands, and be distributed north, south, east, and west, to brighten scores of homes in London town.

# According to Thy Gracious Word.

Words by JAMES MONTGOMERY.  
(Slightly altered.)

Music by the REV. W. J. FOXBELL, M.A., B.Mus. (Lond.).  
(Minor Canon of Canterbury Cathedral.)



I. Ac - cord - ing to Thy gra - cious word, In meek hu - mil - i - ty, This will I do, my



dy - ing Lord, I will re - mem - ber Thee. Thy bo - dy bro - ken for my sake, My



bread from Heav'n shall be; The cup of bless - ing I will take, And thus re - mem - ber Thee.

2. Gethsemane can I forget?  
Or there Thy conflict see,  
Thine agony and bloody sweat—  
And not remember Thee?  
When to the Cross I turn mine eyes,  
And rest on Calvary,  
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,  
I must remember Thee!

3. Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,  
And all Thy love to me:  
Yes, while a breath, while life remains  
Will I remember Thee!  
And when this faltering voice grows dumb,  
And mind and memory flee—  
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,  
Then, Lord, remember me!

¶ And note, that every Parishioner shall communicate at the least three times in the year, of which Easter to be one. And yearly at Easter every Parishioner shall reckon with the Parson, Vicar, or Curate, or his or their Deputy or Deputies; and pay to them or him all Ecclesiastical Duties, accustomedly due, then and at that time to be paid.—See Rubric in the *Book of Common Prayer*.

## BROKEN GROUND.

**T**HOU hast been to the garden, my sister,  
With hope in thy heart swelling high,  
To see if the seeds thou hast scattered  
Are telling that Spring-time is nigh.

Through long, weary days thou hast waited,  
Alas! in the sunshine's soft sheen  
Not one of the seeds in thy border  
Is showing a leaflet of green.

But wait for awhile, little sister,  
And turn not impatient away.  
Look closer, the dark sods are breaking,  
"We're coming," the flowerets say.

How oft doth the Heavenly Sower  
Re-visit the heart's garden-ground  
To see if His lilies are blooming,  
To see if His spices abound.  
Though no stately lilies await Him,  
No spices make fragrant the air,  
He searches His garden, if haply  
Some sweet, hidden blossom be there.

"Oh, why is the Master rejoicing?  
Only sighs have rewarded His quest!"  
"Nay, there springs from a heart that is broken  
The flower that He loveth the best."

ESTHER WIGLESWORTH.



# "Drift and Duty;"

OR

## WHAT CAME OF A HOLIDAY IN MANXLAND.

BY THE REV. E. NEWENHAM HOARE, M.A.,  
*Vicar of Stoneycroft, Liverpool; Author of "The  
Jessopps," "Child Neighbours," etc.*

### CHAPTER VII.

#### A TIMELY RECONCILIATION.



THINGS now began to move rapidly. So it often happens in quiet lives. It is with them as with a stream that has slipped silently along through still and quiet places. The sluggish current begins to quicken. There is babble and excitement where all had been so noiseless. The rapids are reached—a succession of them. There is turmoil and confusion, rushing and

leaping and tumbling. Then it may be for many a mile all goes smoothly, and quiet reigns again.

Young Kerruish felt that things were changing around him, and that much was being changed within him too. Plainly he was in disgrace at the office. Not only was he passed over for promotion, but he was given to understand that his services might be any day dispensed with.

Nor had he the consolation of thinking that he had helped or even retained his friend. For many days he saw nothing of him, and when, at last, they met, Hope would not stop to speak. There was also the added awkwardness about Bertha. Argue the matter as he might, Jim felt that he had been shamefully treated. There was no doubt the girl had encouraged him. She had received his attentions and had been, to all appearance, pleased with them. And now she had thrown him over for the sake of a more eligible lover—one who was already in a position to make a home for her. She had jilted him heartlessly, and hers was just the sort of conduct that drives the young men directly affected into recklessness and vice, while it lowers all round the ideal of womanly constancy and tenderness.

But all this time Jim had in his mother a sympathetic companion and a wise counsellor. It was

delightful to both to find how readily they slipped back into the old tender familiarity of the pre-Hepworth days. They talked together of a thousand things and made all sorts of pleasant plans. And the wounded spirit of the youth was solaced, and it seemed as though everything were going to settle down again into the old jog-trot routine.

But that was not to be, for two things happened on the self-same day that were destined to be productive of lasting results. James Kerruish received the dreaded intimation that, after a certain day, his services would no longer be required, and Mrs. Kerruish received a letter.

It was a cruel blow to Jim to be ordered to leave the office with which he had been associated since he was a boy of fifteen. And the blow was no less painful when it fell, because it had been for some time anticipated. Perhaps by a timely apology it might have been averted. Such apology Mr. Lamont expected, and when it was not forthcoming, he put it down to obstinacy rather than to awkwardness and timidity on Jim's part. Nor had the interview with Hope Hepworth been productive of the happy results which that vivacious young gentleman anticipated. His intention was to present his own curly pate as an object for the vials of Mr. Lamont's wrath to discharge themselves on, so that Jim might get off scot-free. But he managed badly, for so it came to pass that at the end of the interview Mr. Lamont was more incensed against his own clerk than against his audacious visitor. "That fellow may be a knave, but the other is a pig-headed numskull."

So Jim returned home one bitter evening and told his doleful tale to his mother. And as she listened to him and soothed him, he wondered that she took it all so quietly, not knowing that she had already resolved to go in person and intercede with Mr. Lamont. Nor did he know, till she had time to tell him, of the great joy that was in her heart.

"Whom do you think I had a letter from by the mid-day post, Jim?" she almost interrupted his lamentation to exclaim.

"I'm sure I can't guess, mother dear," he replied, "for you don't get many letters. Is it any one I know?" and poor, foolish boy, he was thinking of Bertha Hepworth as he spoke.

"Well, no, you don't exactly know him, but you have heard me speak of him—your Uncle Peterson, my poor brother Will."

"What! You have actually heard from him! Why, I thought, mother, he was never going to have anything to say to us?"

"God has softened his heart at last, and I've been so happy ever since I got the letter that I felt as if I must go down to the office and tell you about it. Oh, Jim, you do not know how I have prayed that Will's heart might be turned back again, and now my prayer is answered!"

"You never told me what it was that separated you—what he fell out with you about, mother."

"No, dear, and I do not think I need ever tell you now—that is, not all the details. It was connected with your poor father. Will never liked the marriage, and though he was reconciled for a time and stood as your God-father, there was unpleasantness afterwards. Perhaps your father was to blame, but Will did not act a brother's part."

"Mr. Lamont said something about my father that day he spoke to me; it made me very angry," said Jim.

"Mr. Lamont! Did he? He need not have done that; it was not kind of him! And you never told me."

"No, mother, I shrank from it; and to do Mr. Lamont justice, I think he was sorry for what he said."

"And what did he say?" inquired Mrs. Kerruish, in a low voice.

"Oh, something about poor father having been brought under bad influences, and about his having been to blame when his ship was lost."

"I never believed that, and you must never believe it! That was in part what the quarrel with your uncle was over. But do not let us talk of that now, my darling; I want to tell you about the letter."

"Yes, tell me about that, and why it has made you happy, mother."

Mrs. Kerruish held the letter in her twitching hands, but she preferred to give an account of its contents rather than to read. Perhaps she could not trust herself for that—perhaps there were words written that only a sister's eye ought to see, and that none should be allowed to hear.

"Well, it seems he has been very ill. He was near to death, but God has raised him up. And now he says he is quite a changed man—changed in appearance and changed in heart. He wants to see me and to see you. You know he never married, and has lived alone all his life—that is, at least, since our only sister died."

"Does he want us to go to Manchester to see him, then?" inquired Jim.

"No, not that exactly; but it seems he has been taken with a longing to try his native air, and the doctor thinks it might do him good. His idea is that I should join him—and you too, if possible."

"His native air—where is that?"

"Well, your uncle was born near a village called Ballaugh, in the northern part of the Isle of Man. I was never there. Will is a good deal older than me, and our parents had left the Island before I was born."

"And do you really think of going to the Island with him, mother—you who dread the sea so, and have always said nothing would induce you to go *there* of all places?"

"Oh, Jim, I must not refuse. Your poor uncle is ill and wants me to nurse him; it is my duty to go with him."

"Yes, he wants you now when he is no longer able to help himself, I suppose; but I do not see why you should put yourself out about him."

"It is no matter to me how the great change has been brought about; it is enough for me to know that God in His mercy has ordered that it should take place. And, besides, I do not see why we should not enjoy ourselves very much over there now the spring is opening. If Mr. Lamont does not relent you will be free to accompany us, and if he does, he will no doubt mark your restoration to favour by allowing you a brief holiday. And then, there is something that you will be able to do over there—a thing my mind has long been set on."

"And what may that be, mother dear?"

"Well, dear, I want you to inquire about that poor girl whose father was drowned. I have never been able to get the thought of her out of my mind."

Jim started. He was conscious of having again and again recalled—especially of late—that scene of the hillside above Ramsey; he had had his dreams—and latterly they had been frequent—of re-visiting the place. Would the girl still be there? If so, would she know him? Would she be pale of face and dressed in black? But that his mother had cherished a thought of the poor orphaned creature of whom she had just casually heard, he had had no suspicion.

"But you have never mentioned her all the winter!" he could not help exclaiming.

"Well, no, dear. I thought, I fancied, that perhaps you would not like it. And then, there was nothing *you* could do."

To have touched on the matter would have been, at least, an implied reproach to the Hepworths. Jim felt grateful for his mother's consideration, and answered warmly,—

"Well, mother dear, there is something I can do now. If we go to the Island I will make it my business to find out all about the poor girl—where she is, what she is doing."

Now again there was an opportunity to tell the complete story of his little adventure. But Jim hesitated; his mother would be sure to ask why he had not told her before. And why he had not, why he had hugged his little secret so jealously, the youth could scarcely tell himself.

Everything was smoothly and quickly arranged, as generally can be done when there is no difficulty as to ways and means.

Mrs. Kerruish wrote to her brother a letter full of affection and expressing her willingness, and more than willingness, to accompany him to the Island. Yes, for certain his native air would benefit him, and everybody said the place was so healthy, and she would enjoy nursing him, and it would make her young again to be useful and would recall old times when, thirty years ago, she had nursed him through a fever. There was nothing said about money; and, indeed, the dear, good



woman never thought of it. Only she did mention the trouble about James, and how Mr. Lamont thought of dismissing him, and how she thought she would go and see what she could do to make things straight.

The letter was posted that night, and by breakfast time next morning a telegram was delivered.

"Don't eat humble pie, or go near L. Await letter, both of you."

So mother and son sat at home and talked and wondered. And Mrs. Kerruish said it was so like Will: that he had always a masterful, go-ahead way with him; that that was why he had prospered so in business, though perhaps it had not stood to him so well in the line of making friends; that he had never liked Mr. Lamont, and probably that was why he seemed inclined (judging by the telegram) to side now with her naughty boy.

And thus the talk went on about Uncle Peterson and many other things, till the earliest possible post brought a reply to the letter of the previous evening. It was brief and written in a shaky hand, but it was to the point:—

"Let James meet me at Lime Street at 5.45 p.m. this day (Wednesday). Don't you trouble. I stop at the Station Hotel to-night. Let the boy look out for a grey, walking skeleton supported by two sticks. Perhaps, old girl, your arm will do instead of one of these when we get to the Island. God grant it may be so. If convenient to you, I'd like to cross to-morrow, while the fine weather holds. It is all arranged at Ballaugh—comfortable quarters for three. Nothing to pay, of course.

"P.S.—I know Lamont of old."

That was the whole letter.

"He paints a sad picture of himself, and I would not recognise the writing; but there is a good deal of the old Will Peterson about the letter. You must be careful not to cross him, Jim dear," said Mrs. Kerruish.

The young fellow laughed.

"Well, mother, there is one thing we shall agree about—and that is old Lamont."

"But, even so, you mustn't say too plainly that you agree with him. He doesn't like it—at least, he didn't. But I daresay he is changed now, poor fellow!" And the widow sighed to think what ravages years and pain and trouble might have wrought in her brother's pugnacious character.

Fortunately, however, Jim seemed to hit the happy medium between contradiction and too ready acquiescence. His uncle—whom he had no difficulty, alas! in recognising from the description—seemed to take to him at once. Everything was arranged as the old gentleman wished, and Jim was able to promise that he and his mother would be ready to embark on the morrow.

"That is right; that is business," said Uncle Peterson approvingly.

"Shall we call here, sir, or meet you on board?" inquired Jim.

"Meet me on board, of course. What would you do coming here, and increasing your cab fare for the broken journey? Mind, be there at ten-thirty sharp. You won't mind if you have to wait a little for me; you can do that much for a sick man, I suppose?"

"Oh, certainly, sir. And, besides, I'd like to be in time to get mother a good seat; the steamer may be pretty full now the weather is so fine."



"HIS UNCLE SEEMED TO TAKE TO HIM AT ONCE."

"Aye, that's right; always think of your mother. But, I say, what is this about Henry Lamont?"

"He has given me notice that he intends to dispense with my services."

"How's that? What for?"

"It would take a long time to explain fully, sir. But I may say that I do not think I have been to blame in the matter: not much, at least, I hope."

"Ah, well, that is modest. Young fellows don't generally think themselves to blame at all. But there, you needn't trouble Henry Lamont further."

"Only I thought I ought to report myself to-morrow. I stayed away from the office to-day because you directed me to do so."

"You must stay away then to-morrow for the same

reason. I can't have your mother left in my charge on board the boat—a nervous, silly woman; perhaps she will be sea-sick. Still less do I choose to leave myself a burden to her, poor thing! So you must come along with us.”

“Do you think I can, sir?”

“I think you *must*. Just write a line to Mr. Henry Lamont, and say that your cracked old uncle, Will Peterson, has carried you off to the Island. That will satisfy him; he will know the meaning of that.”

And the old man chuckled as he held out his hand, said good-night, and summarily dismissed his nephew.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### INQUIRIES IN THE RIGHT QUARTER.



THE short journey was comfortably accomplished, and by the evening of the following day the little party of three was established in a pretty cottage not a quarter of a mile from Ballaugh Station, which lies between Peel and Ramsey on the “Northern Railway” of the little island.

The very next morning James Kerruish

started on his search expedition. He did not tell his mother what plan he meant to adopt, but in his own mind the matter had been long since settled.

An early train having brought him to Ramsey, Jim lost no time in climbing the hill behind the Albert Tower. He asked no questions of any one, but pressed forward, believing that he would experience no difficulty in finding the place he sought. But in that he was wrong. The cottage that he had dropped on in the fog was not so readily to be discovered now. He wandered for over an hour without finding it, and then came on it, snugly ensconced behind a mass of rock, almost as abruptly as he had done on the first occasion. But, once hit upon, no doubt could exist as to the identity of the place.

There was the little garden and the low wall over which one might look out towards the sea; there was

the porch where the girl had stood, shading her eyes with her hand. But no one stood there now, and as the leaves were only just beginning to peep forth in timid inquiry as to whether the winter storms were past, the place looked bare and cheerless.

After a brief pause the young man summoned up courage, stepped forward, and entered the garden. As he did so a woman came to the cottage door. She was a buxom, well-clad woman, with a pleasant face; but she was not the girl who had once stood there gazing so anxiously seaward.

“I’ve come to make some inquiries about—about a girl who used to live here,” began Jim, with some hesitation.

“Well, I have two girls of my own, but I don’t know who would be asking after them—leastways, not a stranger,” was the good-natured reply.

As a rule the Isle of Man peasantry are pleasant and straightforward in their address and manner.

Jim felt as though he had met this woman before—as though he had known her all his life.

“I think,” he said, “I am right about the house; but the girl I speak of used to live here alone with her father. Perhaps you have not been here very long?”

“No, indeed we have not,” replied the woman. “But I know whom you are inquiring for—that poor lass whose father was drowned last summer.”

“Yes,” came the eager reply. “Can you tell me where she lives, or what has become of her? Do you know her name?”

“You are mighty interested in her, it seems, and yet you don’t even know her name!” And the speaker proceeded to take the young fellow’s measure, looking him slowly over, and then letting her honest brown eyes rest on his face in frank inquiry.

“It’s a curious story, and perhaps I had better tell it to you right through.” And so, having been invited indoors, Jim told the story as the reader knows it. Only he tried to give the impression, without of course saying so much, that it was on behalf of the gentleman who had so narrowly escaped sharing the old man’s fate, that he was making all these inquiries.

“Well,” said the woman, when all had been told, “I don’t know as I can give you much directions. I think my man said the poor girl had gone to live with some friends up by Bride or Andreas.”

“And where may those places be?” inquired Jim disconsolately.

“You can see the tower of Andreas Church out there among the trees, and Bride is just beyond the hills towards the Point of Ayre”; and she pointed through the open door over the wide expanse of level country that extended towards the north.

Jim was reassured. “Oh, that won’t be far to go, will it?” he said, rising. “Now if you could tell me her own name and the name of the people she went to when she left here.”



"The old man's name was Qualtrough, and I suppose that is what she gets, though I never rightly heard if she was his daughter, or grand-daughter, or niece, or what. I think the people she went to were named Kelly, and that they live up by Bride. I'd try there first, anyhow, if I were you."

The inquirer expressed his thanks, and there being no further information to be had, he shortly took his leave. The inside of the cottage had no charm for him: furniture, books, ornaments, being gone, it was wholly changed. But outside the place was the same—what his eyes lingered on now was just the vision that he had cherished in his dreams.

Passing again through Ramsey town and over the bridge by the railway station, Jim set his face toward the north. It is a monotonous walk, and its only beauty is in looking back; but our pedestrian, going as one who strives for a prize, looked not back nor ever paused a moment. On he went, and in due time, having passed the summit of the long incline that leads up between the sand-hills, the spire of Bride church appeared close in front, while away to the north two miles of absolutely flat land lay, as it were, on the surface of the sea. This is the "Ayre," at the end of which a lonely lighthouse marks the northern limit of the Isle of Man; then, beyond what looks a narrow channel, the Scotch mountains stand forth in bold outline against the sky.

Young Kerruish entered the picturesque churchyard, which must once have stood on the very verge of the land, and within sound of the wavelets of the shallow sea that lapped the base of the hill. It is a charming, little-frequented spot, a place where the pedestrian may be excused for lingering as he debates whether it be worth while to push on over those two miles of dreary flatness that intervene between him and the lighthouse that looks so tantalisingly close at hand.

But this pedestrian of ours had no desire to go farther. He hoped that he had reached his goal, and that hope was justified more rapidly and more completely than he could have ventured to anticipate. As he gazed idly at the various tombstones, noting how frequently such names as Corlett, Cain, and Kelly occurred, he perceived that he was not alone in the churchyard. A woman, who had been bending over a comparatively recent grave, moved away as he approached. The young man's first impulse was to draw back, but seeing that the disturbed mourner did not return, a vague curiosity drew his steps forward. He stood at the foot of a carefully tended grave on which a few early flowers were even now blooming. There was no headstone, but several of those around bore the name of Kelly. Jim had been shyly debating where and how to commence his inquiries; now the opportunity had occurred. He looked after the woman whose place he had taken. She stood by the low wall of the graveyard, gazing seaward, and shading her eyes with uplifted hand. Jim advanced and spoke.

"I beg your pardon, but I am anxious to find some people named Kelly. I thought perhaps that you might——" He paused embarrassed, and the woman replied absently, while still she looked towards the sea,—

"You would want to know more than the name—it is so common."

"Yes, but it is of a girl—a girl named Qualtrough, I think—that I want to get news. I was told she was stopping with some Kellys that lived about here or Andreas——"

She turned quickly and her hand dropped and rested on the wall, as though seeking some support; still she looked him full in the face and answered steadily enough,—

"It seems you have come to the right place;—perhaps you don't remember me, sir?"

Not remember her! How could he, even for one moment, have forgotten? How had he failed to recognise that attitude and figure—the uplifted hand and the fringe of dark brown hair? Nay, had they not, in some fashion, touched the chord of latent memory, for had not his heart been beating as he approached with that abrupt inquiry of his? He was startled, but her apparent frankness reassured him.

"What! you—here—the very person I have been looking for! This is a surprise—a delightful surprise." And he took the hand that rested on the wall in his with firm, honest grasp.

"And why have you been looking for me? That is, I mean—I thought—perhaps there was some business—perhaps you had been sent." And the colour flowed unawares over her beautiful face, and her eyes dropped.

"Yes, I have been sent," replied Jim, with surely more tact than might have been expected of him. "My mother has sent me; she is most anxious to make your acquaintance; she would not let me rest till I found you out."

"Your mother! What can she know or care about me?" And there was a shade of disappointment in the tone. Was it indeed so, that he had only come because he had been "given no rest" by another?

"She knows all that I have told her—all your sad story; and she *cares* a great deal. She could not forget about you; and now that she is on the Island, she wants to see you."

"She is on the Island, stopping here! Your mother, Mr.—Mr.—I do not know your name."

"Oh, ours is a regular Manx name—in fact, we are Manx people—Kerruish. It's an uncommon name, but not as uncommon as yours, I think."

"Kerruish, Kerruish—I have heard that name—I know something about it," she said softly, as though thinking aloud.

"I do not think I mentioned it *that* day," he interposed, with pardonable vanity.

"Oh, no, not that day; it was not with you that I connected the name at all. But I am sure it is very



"THIS IS A SURPRISE."

kind of your mother to take such an interest in a poor girl like me. Where is she staying?"

So he told her, and said how easy it was to get to Ballaugh, and in general why they had come.

"Well, we had better walk down to my Aunt Kelly's, and ask her about it; it's not far to go." Whereat they moved slowly away from the wall, and passed through the gateway side by side.

"I am afraid I disturbed you just now; I ought to apologise," said Jim, after an interval of silence, during which they had got clear of the little short village street.

"Oh, no; I had finished. I had been looking to the flowers on the grave."

"I noticed the flowers; but there was no name, no headstone."

"Ah! you would not know, of course; but that was where we buried *him*. I hope to put up a stone some day; meantime, I like to keep the grave as nice as I can."

"These Kellys are relations of yours?" suggested Jim.

"Yes; that is why I came here when *he* was taken from me. They were the only people I knew, the only ones who took any interest. It was very kind of them, for they were only distant connections of mine, and not related to *him* at all."

"Connections on the mother's side, you mean."

"I believe so, but that is not exactly it; the fact is, *he* was not my father." She seemed to speak unwillingly, and yet as though there were some constraint upon her, forbidding her to hide the truth from him.

Jim was astonished. "Not your father! Why, you surely spoke of him as such, called him such that day—that day when I first saw you?"

"Yes, I always called him father, because I always thought of him as a father, loved him as a father. Still, I was conscious of a sort of mystery, though I never knew the truth till—till after he was taken from me. In reality he was no relation."

"He had adopted you, then; you were an orphan?"

"Yes. It is a curious story, so far as I have been able to gather it. Would you wish to hear it?"



"Can you doubt that it would interest me—anything that concerned you?" he replied, looking earnestly into her face the while.

"Oh, you are very kind, very flattering, Mr. Kerruish," she said, trying hard to speak lightly. "Well, it seems my own father and mother were poor fisher folk, living on the coast a few miles from Ramsey. I was the only child, and when I was quite young a stranger came to lodge with us. He said that he had been shipwrecked, and at first mother (they tell me) took him in out of charity. But by-and-by he became a good fisherman and used to work with father, and they did pretty well till poor father was drowned. Then the lodger stayed on and worked hard for mother and me. But it seems poor mother fretted and didn't live long. So I was left alone. Then the Kellys, who were related to us in some distant way, were going to take charge of me. But I didn't want to leave the only father I had ever known, and he was anxious to keep me. So we lived together at the old place for a year or two and then went to the cottage on the mountain-side where you found me that day. I had always known just a little of Mrs. Kelly, and used to meet her on market days in Ramsey. Father used to say that she would be a friend to me if anything happened to him, and so she has been. She has been as a mother to me. But this is the house; come in, Mr. Kerruish, and tell her all about it."

The home was a humble one, but sufficiently comfortable, and wonderfully tidy and clean, seeing that there were six or seven children in the family. Young Kerruish contrasted it with much that he had seen in Liverpool, and rightly concluded that the absence of intoxicating drink lay at the root of the difference. In Bride there is no public-house, and, as a rule, the Manx peasantry seem to be eminently sober.

The visitor did not stop long. A feverish desire to be alone now burned within him. He wanted to think, he wanted to dream, and withal he wanted to be up and doing. He could not sit still. He resolved to walk the entire way back to Ballaugh. He did not care how far it was or how long it would take him. He would have plenty to think about; in a sense, he felt as though he would never be alone again. Her presence would go with him; that hand would beckon him forward, and in the gathering twilight those eyes would shine upon him! Thus he was in a hurry to be off, and the girl, noticing his impatience, was wounded by it and was careful to interpose no delay.

So everything was quickly arranged. Mrs. Kelly raised no objection. She could spare Miss Qualtrough for a day or two. The only thing would be to arrange for her getting a seat into Ramsey, from whence she could proceed by train, unless indeed some friendly farmer or dealer should be driving the whole way to Ballaugh. How far was it? Well, it might be ten or twelve miles—too far, at any rate, to think of

walking! Finally, it was settled that Mrs. Kerruish should write; and so—the correct address having been duly entered by Jim Kerruish in his pocket-book—the young fellow started on his way.

(To be continued.)

## OUR SUNDAY QUESTIONS.

BY THE REV. W. SUNDERLAND LEWIS, M.A.,  
*Vicar of St. Mary's, Hornsey Rise, N.; Author of*  
*"Festival Hymns," etc.*

### QUESTIONS ON THE BIBLE.

WHERE in the Bible do we find mention—

1. Of two kings, each unable to sleep at the time of sleep;
2. Of two men, very unlike in some respects, yet exactly alike in being able to sleep when many others could not;
3. Of a sleeper, who may be said to have been in a numerous company when no man was with him;
4. Of four men awake when thousands near them were asleep;
5. Of one, both asleep and awake;
6. Of one never asleep?

### QUESTIONS ON THE PRAYER-BOOK.

(The Collects for the Day:—the "Advent" group.)

1. How many contrasts can be traced in the language of the Collect for the First Sunday in Advent; and what does that Collect say of the Saviour, which should lead us both to desire and to hope for the "grace" of which it speaks?
2. In which four different verses of the 119th Psalm may we find the same thought as we also find in the Collect for the Second Sunday in Advent?
3. What great peculiarity in the Collect for the Third Sunday in Advent is illustrated by passages in Acts vii. (toward the close) and 2 Cor. xii.?
4. If we understand the Collect for the Fourth Sunday in Advent to refer to the "Kingdom of God," of what text in St. Luke xvii. (as understood by some) may it remind us?

### BURIED TRUTH.

How many kings and queens from the tribe of Benjamin are mentioned in the Bible; and which of these was spoken of as "righteous" by a king from a different tribe? Also, what twice-used Apostolic name can be spelt by means of the initials of five other eminent Benjamites of four different dates?

\* \* \* Full particulars as to the Prizes offered for correct Answers to these Questions, and to the Puzzles, were given in the January Number.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—"I go at what I am about as if there were nothing else in the world for the time being. That's the secret of all hard-working men: but most of them can't carry it into their amusements. Luckily for me, I can stop from all work at short notice, and turn head over heels in the sight of all creation, and say, "I won't be good, or bad, or wise, or anything, till two o'clock to-morrow morning!"—CHARLES KINGSLEY.



THE THRUSH.

## SOME OF OUR FEATHERED FRIENDS.

BY THE REV. THEODORE WOOD, F.E.S.,

*Author of "Our Bird Allies," "The Farmer's Friends and Foes," "Life of the Rev. J. G. Wood," etc., etc.*

**I**N the January number of THE CHURCH MONTHLY I spoke about some useful British insects, and pointed out how much we owe to many tiny creatures of whose very existence some of us are unaware. Now I want to say something about some of our friends in feathers.

There is the kestrel, which we often see hovering high in air, now flying slowly for forty or fifty yards, now poised motionless as before. It is three hundred feet at least from the ground, yet it is intently scanning every inch of its surface in quest of mice. And no sooner does the little brown rodent poke its head out of its burrow than the bird swoops down, seizes it with its terrible curved talons, and carries it off to be devoured. This goes on from morning light to evening gloom; and it has been estimated, as the result of careful observation and experiment, that every kestrel kills no less than ten thousand mice during the ten months out of the twelve which it usually spends in this country. What infinite mischief those ten thousand mice would have wrought if they had been allowed to live! What numberless families of tiny mice would have been brought into the world to work like havoc in their turn! Certainly farmers, at any rate, have ample cause for gratitude to the kestrel.

And what the kestrel does by day the barn owl does by night. All through the hours of darkness he is silently scouring the fields; and once in every fifteen minutes, on an average, a mouse is brought home to the nest. Taking one night with another, thirty mice fall victims to each pair of owls between sunset and sunrise; more than two hundred in every week. Again, what mischief would those mice have committed if they had been allowed to live! Farmers find it hard enough to make a profit out of the land even now; but they would find it harder still but for the unceasing labours of the barn owl.

Then the thrush kills snails in hundreds, choosing some big stone as a sacrificial altar, and hammering his victims against it, one after another, till their shells are cracked all over as we crack the shell of an egg for breakfast. Then he pecks off the pieces of shell, swallows the

body of his victim, and goes off to look for another. I have counted more than seventy snail-shells surrounding a single stone; and in the same garden I found twenty-one stones, to each of which a thrush had brought his victims. What millions of snails must be killed by thrushes in the course of every year! And what terrible destruction would many of those snails have caused in our gardens if the birds had not sought them out and devoured them! Thrushes steal a little fruit in the summer-time, it is true; but surely we may look on this as a very small wage paid for a very good work done.

The starling likes nothing so much as "leather-jackets"; i.e., the tough-skinned, dirty-white grubs of the daddy-long-legs. See him walking over the lawn early in the morning, every now and then stopping for a moment to drive his beak into the ground and drag out a struggling victim from its retreat. Now the "leather-jacket" lives for many months under the ground, feeding upon the roots of the grass. It nibbles away just sufficient to kill the plant, and then passes on to another. Sometimes its mischief is so extensive that the grass in whole fields is destroyed. And we ourselves cannot get at it at all. It is out of our reach; we should be helpless, but for the starling. Our lawns would be bare, our meadows devoid of pasture. Again, surely, the cherries which the starling steals in summer, and the pears which he pecks in early autumn, are but a small wage claimed for a very good work done.

And then there is the rook. He likes "leather-jackets," too; but he is equally partial to wire-worms, and also



to the fat white grubs of the cockchafer. These live for the most part in plough-land, where they are quite as mischievous as the "leather-jackets" are in pasture. For three years, or even more, a wire-worm will nibble away at the roots of our crops, while the havoc that even a single cockchafer grub will do is simply astonishing. And the rook devours both in thousands. Yet the farmer kills rooks, very often, and hangs up their dead bodies in his fields as a warning to others! The birds are troublesome at times, I know. They will carry off growing potatoes, especially in seasons of drought. They have been known to make free with green walnuts; and in hard weather they will pull out corn from the stack. Yet here,

again, we have simply a question of wages; and when we find that in one large agricultural district, from which rooks were altogether banished, women and children had to be employed to follow the plough and collect the grubs which the rooks would have destroyed for nothing, we can easily see that it is but short-sighted policy to kill creatures which benefit us so greatly in one way because they occasionally do a little mischief in another.

Even the much-abused sparrow—who undoubtedly is extremely destructive at times—has a good deal to be said in his favour. During the nesting season he and his mate bring in caterpillars for the young at the rate of something like three thousand a week. He devours a good many caterpillars himself; sometimes, too, he destroys insects which do more mischief even than most caterpillars. I have myself, for instance, been able to grow excellent crops of peas while my neighbours had none at all, simply because I encouraged the sparrows and they did not; and I proved it by killing and examining a number of the birds which had been visiting the pea-rows, only to find that their crops were full of the destructive little beetles which literally strip the young plants of their leaves.

The wages which the sparrow claims for his work are certainly much higher than those which most other birds exact; and some of his proceedings I cannot defend at all. Yet, on the whole, I cannot but think that the good which he does more than counterbalances his mischief.

I HAVE purposely made no mention of several birds



ROOKS.

which undoubtedly take high rank among our feathered friends, because the Editor of the *CHURCH MONTHLY* has again enabled me to offer a prize of books, to the value of ten shillings and sixpence, for the best essay upon the subject. Essays, which should consist of not more than five hundred words, and should refer only to birds not mentioned in this article, must be sent in to the office of the *CHURCH MONTHLY* (30 and 31, New Bridge St., Ludgate Circus, E.C.) not later than April 30th.

#### St. Mark's Day (April 25th).

Companion of the Saints! 'twas thine  
To taste that drop of peace divine,  
When the great soldier of thy Lord  
Called thee to take his last farewell,  
Teaching the Church with joy to tell  
The story of your love restored.

O then the glory and the bliss,  
When all that pained or seemed amiss  
Shall melt with earth and sin away!  
When Saints beneath their Saviour's eye,  
Filled with each other's company,  
Shall spend in love the eternal day!

JOHN KEBLE.

THE secret of success is constancy of purpose.—DISRAELI.  
A LAUGH is worth a hundred groans in any market.—CHARLES LAMB.  
MAKE life a ministry of love, and it will be always worth living.—BROWNING.  
SOME men cannot make both ends meet, because they are too busily engaged in making one end drink.

## OUR PARISH CHURCHES.

## IV.—ST. PETER'S, MARKET BOSWORTH.



THE REV. P. H. BOWERS, M.A.  
Rector of Market Bosworth.

**B**OSWORTH, granted a market weekly in 1285 by King Edward I., is perhaps best known in history as giving the name to the famous battle which terminated the great Civil War of the Roses.

The manor and advowson of Bosworth anciently belonged to the Earls of Leicester, but by marriage passed to the Harcourts in the twelfth century.

In 1349, on the death of Sir William de Harcourt, Joan, his widow, married Ralph Ferrars of Groby, the manor and advowson passing in dower with her. These by descent, in the reign of Henry VIII., came to Thomas Grey, Marquis of Dorset, and upon the attainder of Henry Duke of Suffolk, his son, (1554), fell to the Crown, and were granted by Queen Mary to Sir Edward Hastings, afterwards Lord Hastings, who, dying without issue, bequeathed them to his nephew, Henry Lord Hastings, afterwards Earl of Huntingdon; by whom they were sold to Sir Wolstan Dixie, Knight, Lord Mayor of London, in whose family the manor and advowson have remained until recently; the former now being held by Charles Tolle-mache Scott.

The Church, dedicated to *St. Peter*, consists of lofty tower with spire, nave with north and south aisles, and chancel. The Church has been built and added to at various periods, the lower portion of the tower and the north aisle being late thirteenth century; the nave with clerestory and south

aisle early fifteenth century; the chancel of still later period.

Between the south aisle (at the east end of which stood an altar, the piscina still remaining) and the chancel is a hagioscope, or squint. In the north-east angle of the nave, over the present pulpit, may be clearly traced in the stone work the entrance to the rood-loft or screen; a stone staircase from the north aisle leads to it. The font is hexagon in shape, standing on a cluster of pillars. These date back to the thirteenth century; the upper portion is of later period. It has been much knocked about and patched. On each face of the hexagon are shields: (1) a chevron; (2) two bars; (3) a fret; (4) blank; (5) two bars; (6) three chevrons. The west arch is a beautiful specimen of thirteenth-century work, and the groined roof forming the basis of the belfry floor is very fine.

From ancient records we learn that in addition to the Church there were "Free Chapels of Bosworth." ("In 1225, Ralph de Boseworth, deacon, was presented by Richard de Harwecurt to his Free Chapel of Bosworde after inquisition, which recites final concord at Westminster, between Richard de Harwecurt, plaintiff, and Nicholas de Verdun, defendant, as to the advowson.")

"In 1402, May 2nd, John Bledelowe, chaplain, was presented by Sir Thomas Harcourt, Knt., Lord of Bosworth, to the free chapel of *St. Thomas* Apostle,



ST. PETER'S, MARKET BOSWORTH.



within the Manor of Bosworth, on resignation of Dominus Nicholas Sweppeston. In 1435, July 18th, Richard Ramsay, priest, was presented by Johan Harecourt, Lady of Bosworth, to the Free Chapel of *St. Anne*, within the Manor of Bosworth, on death of Dominus John Kay."—*Institutions from Bishops' Registers, Lincoln.*

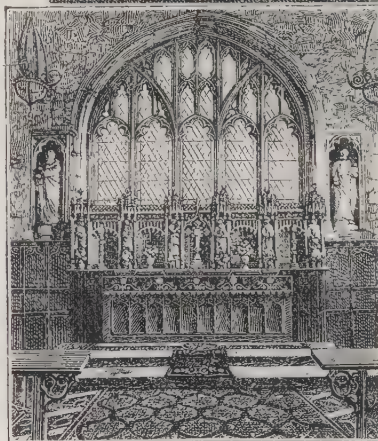
Besides these two free chapels in the manor of Bosworth, six chapelries were attached to the mother Church—namely, Carleton, Sutton-Cheney, Barlestone, Shenton, Osbaston, and Coton. Of these, the two former have been made into separate ecclesiastical parishes, while of the four remaining, the chapels of the last two have long since been demolished. In Barlestone and Shenton the churches have been rebuilt, the first-named chiefly by the liberality and zeal of the present curate-in-charge, the Reverend Henry Homer, who was appointed in 1851, and the latter by the generosity of the late squire of Shenton, Major Wollaston.

The first record extant or rectors of Market Bosworth dates back to 1221 when "William de Verdon, chaplain, was presented to the Church of Bosworth by Sir Nicholas de Verdon." Two at least of the rectors of Market Bosworth received consecration. In 1366(?) Henry de Spenser became Bishop of Norwich, and in 1504 William Barons (Barnes) was promoted to the Bishopric of London. (The Registers date back to 1559.)

It would seem that one of the rectors of Bosworth belonged in more senses than one to the Church Militant. In 1641 Michael Hudson became Rector of Bosworth on presentation (*pro hac vice*) by King Charles I. In 1642, when the Royal Standard was hoisted at Nottingham, Mr. Hudson repaired to his Majesty, adhered to his cause, and after the Battle of Edgehill retired with him to Oxford, where he was created D.D. He became chaplain to the King and "Scout Master General" to the Army, in the north parts of England, under the command of the Marquis of Newcastle. In 1646 the King entrusted himself to the Doctor, and in disguise was safely conducted by him to Newcastle. For this he (Dr. Hudson) was by Parliament placed in custody, but escaped. Discovered



NAVE, WITH FONT.



CHANCEL.

not long afterwards at Rochester, he was apprehended, brought to London, and imprisoned. He made his escape, but after three months was once more seized and committed to the Tower. In 1648, disguised as a fruiterer with a basket of fruit on his head, he again evaded his captors. Going to Lincolnshire, he raised a company of horse for the King, of which he became colonel. He was betrayed and murdered at Wodcraft House, in the parish of Ettön, Northamptonshire. In the meanwhile, the living of Bosworth

was given to one Spence Lambert, by the Parliamentary sequestrators, (1645); Dr. Hudson having been deprived in 1644. At the Restoration King Charles II. presented Dr. Gery to the living of Market Bosworth, and a fifth bell was added to the peal of four, bearing the following inscription: "Ex dono Bellamontis Dixie in felicissimum Caroli regis secundi reditum, 1660."

In 1845 the Church underwent careful restoration, the Rev. Beaumont Dixie being rector. The roof of the nave was thoroughly restored, and the interior sitting accommodation changed to its present style; care evidently having been taken to follow the ancient mouldings of the seats, and to bring the whole into harmony with the awakening spirit of the age.

At a later period, during the rectorship of the Rev. Nathaniel P. Small, the chancel was restored, and stained glass placed in some of the windows of the Church.

In 1887, soon after the present Rector's appointment, the bells, five in number, were rehung at the charge of



THE CHURCH BEFORE RESTORATION.

C. Tollemache Scott, Esq., and at the same time the Church was lighted with gas and heated with hot water, the spire repaired and re-pointed, by the liberality of parishioners and friends.

In 1893, by gift from the Rector's family, the chancel walls were scraped and pointed, the niches on either side the east window filled with the stone figures of St. Peter and St. Paul, the floor of the sacrarium and chancel was laid in glass mosaic and marble, a fine oak reredos, screen, and pulpit (the work of Harry Hems, of Exeter, from drawings by C. Deacon, architect, of Liverpool) were added. And at the same time a new organ (in oak case, by the same carver), built by Messrs. Porritt, of Leicester, was presented to the Church by parishioners and friends; the exterior of the tower, nave, and chancel being also restored, and the foundations concreted.

In designing the reredos the architect was limited by the consideration of the low level of the sill of the east window, which precluded the possibility of any figure-subject, as is usual in such positions, being satisfactorily adopted. The width of the structure, which is of oak, is co-extensive with the window above, and at each mullion of the window, and also at each end, is a niche with canopy, containing a statuette of an angel. Between each of these angels is a lower and wider recess, diapered at the back, surmounted with canopy and traceried heads, and with moulded and carved cornice and cresting. All the above work is very elaborately and richly carved. The panel below, also extending laterally to the full width of the east

wall, is also of carved and moulded oak. Above this panelling, in the ancient niches which flank the east window on each side, have now been placed statues of SS. Peter and Paul, carved in Ancaster stone.

In revising the levels of the sacrarium, Devonshire marble steps have been used, and the floors laid with glass mosaic of very rich and varied design. The leading feature of this is the conventional treatment of the vine, through which run the words: "Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus, Dominus, Deus Sabaoth. Pleni sunt cœli ac terra gloria tua. Hosanna tibi in excelsis Deus." And on the altar-face: "Locus in quo stas, terra sacra est." A simple treatment of glass mosaic is also carried throughout the lower part of the chancel.

The pulpit and screen are of oak, the former having Ancaster stone base. The upper portion of the pulpit is divided into four niches, with cusped and canopied heads, the spaces between being richly diapered. The niches between contain statuettes representing Moses, Elijah, St. John the Baptist, and St. Peter.

The chancel screen is an arcade of five bays with tracery and carved and moulded cornice and cresting, the centre portion being raised above the rest, and is finished with a cross flanked by two angels bearing scrolls. The general form is designed with special reference to the low and broad treatment of the chancel arch above. The work is also of such an open character that the view into the chancel is not impeded; the carving at the same time is rich, and in harmony with the adjoining pulpit.

The organ is situated at the south side of the chancel. The case is designed by the architect to harmonise with the general character of the surrounding oak work, and the whole of the organ being visible it is necessarily of an elaborate description. The portion above the impost is coved out on traceried brackets, with carved panels between. The upper portion of the case is finished with tracery and carved cornice, and the posts have as finials statuettes of angels blowing trumpets. On the front and sides of the organ run the words: "Praise Him in the sound of the trumpet; praise Him on the lute and harp. Praise Him all ye angels of His; praise Him all ye hosts." The lid of the organ bears the inscription: "A. M. D. G. The gift of the parishioners and friends of Market Bosworth."

In closing this brief history of Market Bosworth Parish Church, it will be of interest to many to know that Dr. Johnson was once a tutor at the Grammar School founded by Sir Wolstan Dixie in 1593, and that his old school-fellow and lifelong friend, Dr. John Taylor, held the living of Bosworth with that of Ashchurch in Derbyshire, being appointed in 1740. It was this same Dr. Taylor who performed the last rites of the Church over Dr. Johnson in Westminster Abbey.

The present Rector is the Reverend Percy Harris Bowers, M.A., instituted in 1886.

Our illustrations have been specially engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY, by Messrs. R. Taylor & Co.





THE EMPTY TOMB

*Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by MAYNARD BROWNE.*

## THE LESSON OF EASTERTIDE.

BY THE REV. H. RUSSELL WAKEFIELD,

*Rector of St. Mary's, Bryanston Square, W.*

"Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into His glory?"—ST. LUKE xxiv. 26.

**N**OTHING is more emphatically taught us in Holy Scripture than the fact that the Saviour of mankind was to reach His triumph through the gate of suffering. Many people have suggested that the reason why the Jews refused our Lord was His insistence upon this note in regard to the Messiah. Their conception of the Christ was one which pictured material, earthly sovereignty as belonging to Him.

He was to be a Deliverer, a King; He was to cross the stage of life surrounded by pomp; they were to share in all His splendour; but, all the prophecies notwithstanding, they would not believe that it was only after seeing "of the travail of His soul" that He should "be satisfied." They had experienced humiliation, and were tired of it. In our Lord's time, as in the older days, they chafed under discipline and, as a result, they

could no themselves become, nor could they appreciate, the only possibly perfect character, One "made perfect through suffering."

The lesson which they failed to learn is one which we should have less difficulty in understanding. We look back over many centuries of Christian advance, and we see the Cross, not only an emblem of loving self-sacrifice, but also the sign of the greatest victory ever won; and yet many of us complain of discipline, find trial irksome, and would prefer to travel along "the primrose path of dalliance." It is well, therefore, to let Easter Day remind us that, if we are to copy our Master; if we are, in our generation, to be of service to His cause; if we are, ourselves, to advance in character;—there is only one road by which we can travel. The popular view of trial regards it as a hindrance to progress, as a clogging of the wheels, sometimes even as an unfair act on the part of God. Some go so far as to echo the miserable statement of the poet in regard to the Almighty:

"Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,  
A hero perish or a sparrow fall,  
Atoms or systems into ruins hurled,  
And now a bubble burst, and now a world."

They argue, therefore, that the events of life are matters of no concern to our Creator, so that, whether we have one or another sort of experience, it is not sent to develop character or to fit for triumph. We know, however, that, in the ordinary life, difficulties are spurs towards the goal of success.

The greatest of English artists, through hiring himself out at half-a-crown a night in order to wash in skies in Indian ink for other painters, learnt something of that power which has made his landscapes so wonderful. But the experience was not pleasant. The greatest of French statesmen banished the word "impossible" from consideration in regard to difficult tasks. An English general said that obstacles only made him put his feet deeper into the ground. We, in our own lives, know that our best work has been done when hindrances were greatest; our most enjoyable victories are those which cost us most in the struggle.

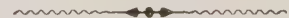
How did trial help Jesus Christ, as man? How does it also help us? First, character is made firm; we are on the alert, prepared for all possible surprises; no enemy in ambush can secure us. So was it with Christ. Nor is it less true, secondly, that both His way and our way are cleared by

this means. His foes discovered, after testing Him by every conceivable attack, that it was idle to expect of Him any yielding, and so they gave up the effort. Again, if we believe that even His character developed, we can realise that experience was useful to Him, and that the Man of Gethsemane was completer than the Man of the Temptation in the wilderness. Many reasons, therefore, justify the statement that suffering is the ante-chamber to perfect success. Our Lord has proved it, and thereby given to all His followers an incentive to patient bearing whatever may befall them in life.

If by labour we earn repose and reward, if by discipline character is built up, surely we are not going to be grumblers at the weight of our cross. No doubt it takes long to accomplish the work in us—sometimes it seems as if we should never see the goal; but the true warrior fights on and is content, if needs be, to die without knowing exactly how the battle stands. At Athens there was assembled, long years ago, close to one of the temples, an expectant crowd. They looked out towards the plain of Marathon, where was proceeding a struggle of immense importance to the Greeks. Suddenly they see in the extreme distance a single figure, which, as it comes nearer, they recognise as one of their own soldiers. With faltering step he climbs the hill, and at the temple entrance, with the words, "Victory, O Athenians!" he falls dead.

Sometimes, with us, it is only as we pass hence, after a weary fight, that we realise that our struggle has not been in vain. But let Easter Day encourage us and, as we picture our Lord's triumph, let us be brave in our own time of conflict, sure that we also, one day, shall have our Eastertide; and

"When we reach the shore at last  
Who will count the billows passed?"



APPLYING THE TEXT TO THE PULPIT.—When Samuel Wilberforce was appointed Rector of Brightstone, in the Isle of Wight, the parish had an evil name for wrecking and smuggling: so Wilberforce took an early opportunity of preaching a plain sermon from the text, "Render therefore to all their dues: tribute to whom tribute is due; custom to whom custom," etc. The next morning, being half afraid he might have given offence, he asked a friend to go round the parish and learn how the sermon had been regarded. To his astonishment he learnt that the sermon was universally approved, with one exception:—"You see, sir," said the spokesman, "he told us to give custom where custom was due, and yet he doan't deal in the village, he buys his things at Newport!"





Drawn by HENRY BAILEY.]

[Specially engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY.

DOROTHY'S FRIGHT (see page 92).

## A GOOD FRIDAY HYMN.

FOR CHILDREN.)

"The chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed."—ISA. liii. 5.

I.

**F**ATHER, look on us, Thy children,  
Reverently we kneel to Thee;  
For a holy awe steals o'er us  
As our Saviour's woe we see:  
For to-day our Lord was punished  
That our sins might pardoned be.

II.

We behold Him as He lieth  
Prostrate in Gethsemane,  
Hear Him cry, "If Thou be willing,  
Father, take this cup from Me."  
But, to-day our Lord was punished  
That our sins might pardoned be.

III.

See Him stand before the Council,  
And in malice they decree  
That of death they find Him worthy  
Innocent though proved to be:  
For to-day our Lord was punished  
That our sins might pardoned be.

IV.

Now to Pilate He is taken—  
Pilate fain would set Him free;  
But the cry is "Crucify Him!"  
And yet nought replieth He:  
For to-day our Lord is punished  
That our sins might pardoned be.

V.

He was scourged, Who soothes and heals us,  
Bound, Whose binding makes us free;  
Crowned with thorns, Who came to raise us  
To a glorious royalty:  
For to-day our Lord was punished  
That our sins might pardoned be.

VI.

To the Common Hall they lead Him,  
They deride, they bend the knee;  
Scornfully they render homage,  
Showing mock humility:  
For to-day our Lord was punished  
That our sins might pardoned be.

VII.

Now upon the Cross they place Him,  
And, most wondrous sight to see!  
Father, Thou art turning from Him  
In His darkest agony:  
For to-day our Lord was punished  
That our sins might pardoned be.

VIII.

"It is finished," He proclaimeth.  
And, through death, as through a sea,  
Lo! the path of life is open!  
And we march to victory:  
For to-day our Lord was punished  
That our sins might pardoned be.

IX.

Make Thy children hate what's sinful,  
Clothe us all with purity,  
Make us true, obedient, holy,  
Full of burning love to Thee,  
Since to-day our Lord was punished  
That our sins might pardoned be.

X.

Praise to Thee, O Loving Father,  
Blessed Jesus, praise to Thee,  
Praise to Thee, Almighty Spirit,  
Teaching us this mystery—  
That to-day our Lord was punished  
So that we might pardoned be. *Amen.*

NORMAN F. MCNEILE, M.A.

THE VICARAGE,  
BRAFFERTON.

## "DOROTHY'S FRIGHT."

(See ILLUSTRATION, page 91.)



**D**OROTHY had never, never seen one before, and the shock was something awful. While her sisters and cousins were merrily at play under the elm-tree, Dorothy toddled off to a nice quiet spot by herself, and was having such a pleasant time with her faithful companion Fido, when, dreadful to tell, a fearful, frightful frog gaily hopped into Dorothy's lap, and made himself quite comfortable! Oh, how she screamed! Oh, how Fido barked! and oh, how all the other children laughed when they ran to the rescue and saw what had happened! It's all very well for you to say, dear reader, that Dorothy was a foolish child to make such a fuss about a mere frog! She didn't know it was a frog; and besides, the other day an elephant nearly went into hysterics because a tiny, tiny white mouse ran down its trunk! Surely if it is allowable for a big elephant to be frightened at a white mouse, a little girl—such a little, little girl as Dorothy—may be forgiven for being frightened at seeing, for the first time, a fearful frog!



## WOODEN LEGS.

BY CHRISTIAN BURKE,

Author of "The Flowering of the Almond Tree, and other Poems," "Given to Hospitality," etc.

(Continued from page 71.)



CHRISTOPHER GEORGE was terribly homesick for the first few days, and regularly cried himself to sleep at night; but every morning his spirits revived, and he determined to make the best of a bad business, setting every one else so good an example of cheerfulness with

his daily comment, uttered hail, rain, or shine—"What a pretty day!"—that he was soon nicknamed "Sunshine," whilst his patience, courage, and loquacity, made him a favourite with doctors, nurses, and patients alike. Sometimes in bed for weeks, sometimes limping about with his tiny crutches, sometimes lying so ill that no one expected him to live, he passed from year to year through scenes of sickness and suffering, just when childhood should be at its best and brightest.

Yet those who watched him could not but feel that there was something lovely, something to make the world better and holier, in presences like these. While as for happiness, many a healthy child, many a grown-up man and woman, might have envied the heart-whole laugh that rang from that little white cot where Christopher disported himself to the best of his small opportunities. He had his private jokes with the house-surgeon—specially funny ones—when anything nasty had to be borne.

"You must mate me laugh," he said once, with quivering lips, to the young man who was the object of his intense adoration, "'cos if you don't, I shall ky—and it's like a baby to ky."

Unfortunately, the little speech sounded so pathetic, even to accustomed ears, that it frightened the amusing remark demanded out of the head of the medical adviser, and, the pain being sharp, the dreaded tears, which would compromise Christopher's manly dignity, had nearly got the better of him, when the hospital kitten rushed to the rescue. Jumping on the bed, she patted the doctor on the hand with her two soft paws, as if inquiring what he was thinking of. She looked so odd, peering up in his face, that she caused an agreeable diversion, during which the "bad quarter of an hour" came to an end.

"There's a brave boy," said the doctor at last. "Now I won't hurt you again for a long time."

"And I didn't ky, weally," remarked the patient to his special nurse—"only just half a tear, nothing to matter; so I'm not a baby this time, am I?" And being reassured on this point, he turned contentedly around, and began to chat with his next-door neighbour.

He had his special friends, too, among the nurses, and considered himself highly aggrieved when there were changes made in the Wards.

Still, in spite of all the care and skill spent upon him, his leg refused to heal or mend with a pertinacity which was worthy of a better object. He went through operation after operation, of course knowing nothing about it, and much puzzled in his mind at the strange things that occurred to him.

"I can't think how it is," he said to his mother one visiting day, just after a new attempt had been made, "but whenever Nurse Ruth takes me into the big room where all the doctors are, I always go to sleep! Doctor Rankin *will* ask me to smell something, and just when I want to tell him it's very nasty, I go quite sound asleep, and never wake up till they put me in bed again! And it's broad daylight, too. I do hope it's not very rude, but weally I can't help it!"

Though he was very fond of the hospital, and had



"THE HOSPITAL KITTEN."

many kind friends there, it was always a red-letter day when he was sent off into the country to recruit and grow fat, after one of these remarkable sleeps of his. Here, among the grass and daisies, he frisked about like a cheerful little lamb, getting over the ground with his two "wooden legs" as he called his crutches, with incredible rapidity, ready for any mischief that could be got into, and as happy as the day was long. Indeed, he tried to make it as long as possible, waking up, and, unless prevented, rousing his companions with his favourite hymn, "There's a Friend for little children," sung in the early hours of the dawn!

In his simple, childish fashion, that Friend was a very real Person to him. He stood by his bed when the pain was very bad. He was pleased when he was good, and sorrowful when he was naughty, and one day was going to take him to a beautiful country where he would no longer need his wooden legs, but would be able to leap, and dance, and run with the best. From his mother, the nurses, and the hospital chaplain, he had learnt all that he could of this Friend, Who was also the Good Shepherd of the picture which hung over the fireplace in the ward, and for which he had a deep affection; and he accepted all that he was taught with the perfect, unquestioning faith which is one of the priceless gifts of childhood.

He was very particular over his small religious duties, and tried to enforce the like on his companions. "They won't say their own prayers, and they won't let me say mine," he remarked in an injured tone to one of the nurses who came to inquire the cause of an unusual racket. "They are very bad children," he added severely, frowning, with his small hands clasped together, trying to collect his thoughts, and struggling with an irresistible longing to know what the joke was about. "Joe Davis doesn't shut his eyes when he says Grace," he observed another time, looking honestly shocked, and blissfully unconscious that his own bright blue ones must have been very wide open to have discovered the fact!

(To be continued.)

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?—"No statistics are needed to assure you that Temperance Reform lies at the bottom of all further political, social, and religious progress. Drink is the curse of the country! It ruins the fortunes, it injures the health, it destroys the lives, of one in twenty—I am afraid I should be right in saying one in ten—of our population, and anything which can be done to diminish this terrible sacrifice of human life and human happiness is well worthy of all the attention and study which we can give it. . . . The agitation will go on without us if not with us. If we are silent the very stones would cry out!"—THE RIGHT HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.

RESIST.—"We shall make our lives pure and happy by resisting evil, by placing restraint upon our appetites, and perhaps even more by strengthening and developing our tendencies to good."—SIR JOHN LUBBOCK.

WORRY.—"Probably, if we could do our work in a brighter and less anxious spirit, it would wear us less. It is worry, not work, that wears."—DEAN GOULBURN.

## A HINT TO CHURCHWARDENS.

MAY I again remind Churchwardens of the opportunity which they once more have of reviving the good old custom of presenting an Easter offering to the Clergy? It is gratifying to know that there is a distinct revival of this ancient custom, despite the cold water which some of the clergy throw upon the effort, on the plea that they don't like the hat to be sent round for a fund which is so palpably intended to benefit themselves. May I venture to say, as a layman, that a clergyman should think twice, before he checks the flow of liberality in the direction of the Easter Offering. Mr. A., who is in possession of the benefice to-day, may be a man of ample means, and as a consequence may not feel the need of the Easter Offerings; but he ought to encourage them in view of the fact that some day he is to be succeeded by a Mr. B., to whom they may possibly be most welcome. Moreover, with regard to these Easter Offerings, we must never forget that they may form a very pleasant link between the lives of pastor and people, as they afford the laity an opportunity once a year of showing that they appreciate the self-denying labours of the clergy.

Perhaps the few suggestions given last year from the experience of a rural parish may be conveniently repeated:—

- (i.) Have notices clearly and plainly printed, to the effect, "Your offerings on Sunday next (Easter Day) will be given to the Vicar (or Rector), and the Churchwardens ask your liberal support on this occasion."
- (ii.) White cards (about four inches by three inches) are better than paper, as they can be used year by year.
- (iii.) Let these notices be placed in the seats on the Sunday before Easter Day. This serves as a reminder to the worshippers, and prevents the clergyman having the need of making any announcement himself.
- (iv.) Call on as many of the parishioners as possible during the days preceding Easter, and mention the matter. The sick may be glad of a means of adding their help to the offertory.
- (v.) Write to friends temporarily absent from the parish. At Eastertide people are often from home for a day or two, and sometimes feel sorry that they have not had an opportunity of contributing.

At the Chichester Diocesan Conference last year it was reported that the custom of collecting Easter Offerings had been revived in one out of three of the whole of the parishes in the Diocese, and that the amount thus collected last Easter reached the respectable total of £5,479 18s. 3d. which I venture to say is not at all bad when the size of the Diocese is taken into account.

It is said that Dr. Hook, when vicar of Leeds, one day asked a rich parishioner for a subscription to a church. His friend drew a cheque for a thousand pounds, and gave it to Dr. Hook, saying, "There, I shall not feel that." "As I am a collector for a church I thank you," said the Doctor, "but as I am your parish priest I am bound to tell you that a gift which you do not feel is, in God's sight, not a gift at all." The gentleman took out his cheque-book and wrote another cheque for a thousand pounds, and said, "I shall not feel that either, but I shall never forget what you have told me."

FREDK. SHERLOCK.

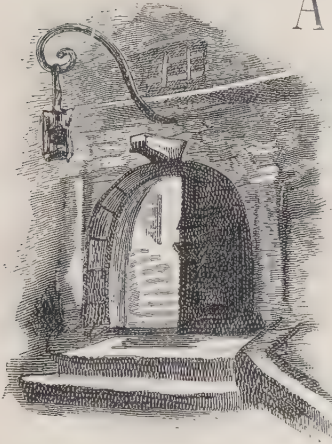


## THE COMING OF AUGUSTINE.

BY THE REV. THOMAS MOORE, M.A.,

*Rector of St. Michael Paternoster Royal, and St. Martin Vintry, College Hill, with All-Hallows-the-Great-and-Less, Thames Street; Author of "The Englishman's Brief," etc.*

## IV.—HOW AUGUSTINE WAS MADE BISHOP.



AUGUSTINE was in Priest's Orders, and was also Prior of Pope Gregory's Monastery in Rome, when he was called upon to undertake his mission to the English people. He was also, by Pope Gregory, created Abbot of the Community of his companion monks while they were on their way through France to England.

But as yet Augustine had not been made a Bishop.

He had, however, no doubt, on his leaving Rome, received instructions from Pope Gregory as to the circumstances under which—and the Bishop from whom—he was to receive Episcopal Orders.

Had Gregory been intent upon making the new Church to be founded in England a mere extension or branch of the Roman Church, in all respects unquestionably Roman, he would no doubt have raised Augustine to the Episcopate before allowing him to depart from Rome on his mission to the Kentish Kingdom, so that English orders would, from the very beginning of the English Church, have emanated from purely and solely Roman sources.

But Gregory, instead of so doing, allowed Augustine's elevation to the Episcopate to be dependent upon uncertain circumstances, and provided that, if need be, he should receive Episcopal Orders from the hands of Vergilius, not even a Roman Bishop, but a Bishop of the Church in France.

The time for Augustine to seek Episcopal Orders came when he and his fellow-labourers had succeeded, not only in founding the New English Church in Canterbury, the capital of Ethelbert's Kentish Kingdom, but in inducing King Ethelbert himself, with some ten thousand of his subjects, to accept the Faith of Christ, receive Holy Baptism, and seek admission into the Church's fold. Such a large, newly founded Christian community urgently required the offices and services of a Bishop as its chief pastor and ruler.

Under these circumstances, therefore, Augustine, without delay, repaired to Vergilius, Bishop of Arles, and by him was consecrated, not a Bishop of the Roman Church, nor a Bishop of a branch of the Roman Church in England, nor a Bishop of the Church in France with a mission in

England, but the "Bishop of the English," or the Bishop of the English nation.

Augustine was the first and the last Bishop in England who had given to him such an extensive Episcopate as that of the whole nation of the English, and had conferred upon him the comprehensive ecclesiastical title "Bishop of the English." But this ecclesiastical title, it will be observed was limited to the *English*, and did not include the *British* Church or its Bishops, whether in Cornwall, Wales, or in any other part of the land previously called Britain. The priests who were subsequently raised to the Episcopate, in the English Church, whether in Augustine's lifetime or afterwards, had given to them at their consecration limited jurisdiction, and limited ecclesiastical territorial titles, such as Justus, "Bishop of Rochester," Mellitus, "Bishop of London," and Paulinus, "Bishop of York."

After Augustine had been raised to the Episcopate by Vergilius, Bishop of Arles, he at once returned to Canterbury, which was the seat of his Bishopric, though, as has been observed, he did not take his title from it.

Here, on all hands, there was much episcopal work to be done, in ordering and settling the affairs of the newly founded Church.

One of the first things that Augustine did, when made a Bishop on his return to Canterbury, was to send two of his companions, Laurentius the priest and Peter the monk, to Pope Gregory, in order to inform him of the great success which had attended his mission, as proved by the fact that King Ethelbert and some ten thousand of his subjects had been won to Christ and His Church, and that he, Augustine had been made Bishop.

## MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

## A Tract-Depôt in a Chinese Temple.

MR. CALLUM, a Missionary in Sz-chuan, has found opportunities of preaching the gospel even in the heathen temples. He has entered the temple grounds when a play was being performed and engaged in conversation with the audience and even the actors. "I also," he writes, "rented a table in a temple, and there opened a little tract depôt. I paid the priest twelve cash, or one half-penny, per day for the loan of the table, and there I was, in the inner part of the temple, right in front of the idols, with the full consent of the priest, preaching the Gospel of Christ to all who came to my table."

## A Unique Harvest Thank-offering.

At a harvest thanksgiving in Krishnagur, Bengal, an old hearse, originally intended for use at the burial of Europeans, was brought out, drawn by a couple of bullocks which a native Christian lent for the occasion. Preceded by a band of Native singers and instrumentalists, the funeral vehicle was drawn slowly through the village. Every house gave gladly some thank-offering for the harvest, so that after a while the hearse was loaded with grain, fruit, and vegetables. Cages full of pigeons and fowls were tied to its sides, and a long line of goats and calves were fastened behind. In this fashion it was taken to the church, where the thanksgiving service was held.

## HEALTH AT HOME.

BY SIR BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON, M.D., F.R.S.

*(Continued from page 53.)*

I WANT to say a word about light in relation to the sick. A few hundred years ago it became a fashion, for reasons it is very hard to guess, to place sick people in dark and closely cur-

tained bedrooms. The practice, to some extent, is continued to this day. When a person goes to bed with sickness, it is often the first thing to pull down the blinds of the windows, to set up dark blinds, or, if there be Venetian blinds, to close them. On body and spirit alike this practice is simply pernicious. It may be well, if light is painful to the eyes of the sufferer, to shield the eyes from the light, or even to shut the light off them altogether: but for the sake of this to shut it out of all the room; to cut off wholesale its precious influence; to make the sick room a dark cell in which all kinds of impurities may be concealed day after day;—is an offence to nature which she ever rebukes in the sternest manner.

This remark presses with special force in cases where epidemic and contagious diseases are the affections from which the sufferers are suffering; for these affections, as they live on uncleanness, require for their suppression the broadest light of day. Moreover, I once found, by experience, that certain organic poisons, analogous to the poisons which propagate these diseases, are rendered innocuous by exposure to light. Thus, in every point of view, light stands forward as the agent of health. In sickness and in health, in infancy, youth, middle age, old age—in all seasons, for the benefit of the mind and the welfare of the body, sunlight is a bearer and sustainer of health.

*(To be continued.)*

## A SONG OF THE RESURRECTION.

BY THE HON. CORDELIA LEIGH.

**D**EATH, sin, and misery,  
Vanquished and fallen lie;  
Hark! for the victory

Joy bells are ringing!  
See, God has wiped away  
Tears from all eyes to-day!  
Sorrow has sped away;  
Sighs turn to singing.

Hail to thee, Day of days!  
Bright with archangels' praise,  
Striking with sore amazement  
God's foes and ours.  
Now through the portals old  
See we the streets of gold,  
And with our eyes behold  
Heaven's fair towers!

Hail to Love's Lord and King!  
Lo! by His conquering  
Flowers eternal spring,  
Earth's brow adorning.  
"Rise up and come away!"  
Love hears the Bridegroom say,  
"This is thy harvest day—  
'Tis the third morning."

Was ever joy like this?  
Herald of coming bliss—  
Peace, Truth, and Mercy kiss  
At the daybreaking.  
Friend, Lover, Life that died!  
We shall be satisfied  
When from love's dream Thou guide  
To the awaking.

## OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

## X. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. I'm very odd.
2. I'm certainly not the first.
3. I'm weary.
4. I'm oval.
5. I'm a great number.

The Initials read downwards name one universally beloved, and the Finals read downwards are connected with great power.

## XI. HIDDEN PERSONS.

Bob is hoping for a gift.  
Put the can on the table.  
Edward VI. cared for the education of the young.  
The hungry cur ate my dinner.

## XII. CONUNDRUMS.

4. What is that which is never old?
5. What is the difference between a loving little girl and an ounce of acid drops?
6. What is the difference between gas and East London water?







*Drawn by H. BAILEY.]*

*[Specially engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY.]*

"A BRIGHT MAY DAY" (*see page 100.*)





## WHY DO WE KEEP ASCENSION DAY?

BY THE REV. NEVISON LORAINE,

*Vicar of Grove Park West, W.: Author of "The Voice of the Prayer-Book," "The Battle of Belief," "Home Reunion," "The Sceptic's Creed," etc.*



HE Church has set apart certain seasons for special observance, to the glory of God, and to keep alive in the minds of the people the great events to which these holy seasons bear witness: Christmas, the Incarnation; Good Friday, the Passion and the Cross; Easter Day, the Resurrection; Ascension Day, the Exaltation of Christ to the right hand of God; Whit-Sunday, the Descent of the Holy Ghost.

Among these great Scriptural events, which the Church commemorates with pious observance, Ascension Day holds its equal and important place. St. Augustine says that the season of the Ascension was appointed by the Apostles to be kept as a Festival, or, if not directly by them, then certainly by one of the very early Councils of the Church. The Ascension of Christ is an article of the Holy Catholic Faith, expressed alike in the Apostle's, the Nicene, and the Athanasian Creeds: "He ascended into Heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty."

In keeping this great Festival we are following, therefore, the pious custom of primitive antiquity, and the sacred use of the whole Catholic Church. As we join in the glad solemnities of Ascensiontide we refresh our memory:

1. Of the triumph and exaltation of our Lord, the King of glory. "He ascended up on high; He led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men" (Eph. iv. 8). The Ascension is the crowning event,

and completion, of our Lord's earthly story. As in the Incarnation, heralded by angel hymns, the Divine Lord stooped to our human condition, so in the Ascension, amid the chants of the angels, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of Glory shall come in" (Ps. xxiv. 7-10), the human Christ was exalted in glory and majesty to the right hand of God.

2. We are reminded that the Lord Jesus has passed within the veil as "the Apostle and High Priest of our profession." Ascensiontide quickens all the inspiring thoughts and hopes dear to the Christian's heart in the priesthood of Jesus. He is Father Confessor of the whole human family, and Intercessor with God. "Not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are"; and in this confidence we are encouraged to "come boldly unto the Throne of the Heavenly Grace" (Heb. iv. 16).

3. Ascensiontide refreshes our recollection that Christ has become forerunner and surety of our ascent to the same place whither He is gone before. He said, "I go to prepare a place for you. . . I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also" (St. John xvi. 2, 3). He is making ready the city and home of His elect—"that great city, the holy Jerusalem," and "the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it" (Rev. xxi. 22).

Our holy Mother Church, therefore, does wisely in calling her children to joyful observance of this great Festival; and in order duly to impress upon them the lessons proper to the occasion, she has appointed a special Collect, Epistle, and Gospel, and proper Psalms for Ascension Day, and select and suitable lessons both for morning and evening service. And surely it is an encouraging sign of quickening religious life, and more dutiful and profitable regard to Church order that, not only the most solemn seasons that remind us of the great events of our redemption, but even the minor festivals, are obtaining more general observance. From every point of view Ascension Day, which stirs our souls with the comforting and elevating thoughts of the Triumph, Kingship, and Priesthood of our Lord Christ, should be dear to every heart that loves Him, and cherished by all His disciples as one of the brightest festivals of the Christian Church.

# Abide with me.

Words by H. F. LYTE.

Music by R. H. EARNSHAW, Mus.D., Dublin.  
(Organist and Choirmaster, Christ Church, Preston.)

1. A - bid with me : fast falls the e - ven - tide ; The dark - ness deep - ens ;  
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day ; Earth's joys grow dim, its

*cres.*

Lord, with me a - bid. When o - ther help - ers fail, and com - forts flee,  
glo - ries pass a - way : Change and de - cay in all a - round I see ;

*dim.* *p*

Help of the help - less, O a - bid with me. A - - men.  
O Thou, who chang - est not, a - bid with me.

3.

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,  
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings ;  
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea ;  
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me.

4.

I need Thy Presence every passing hour :  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?  
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ?  
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

5.

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless ;  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness :  
Where is death's sting ? Where, Grave, thy victory ?  
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

6.

Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes ;  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies ;  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows  
flee :  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me. Amen.

## A BRIGHT MAY-DAY.

(See ILLUSTRATION, page 98.)

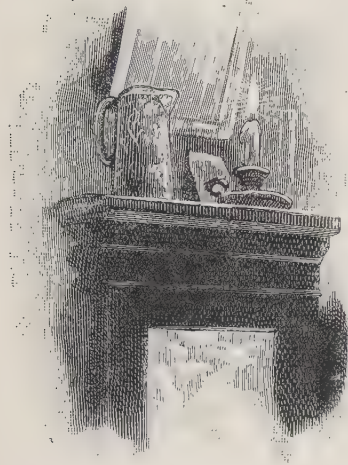
SUCH a happy, glorious May-Day  
With Old Dobbin at the farm—  
Quite a golden, joyful play-day,  
Teddy guarding Kate from harm !  
She was such a gentle sister,  
Teddy smiled, and then he kissed her !



## HEALTH AT HOME.

BY SIR BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON, M.D.,  
F.R.S.

(Continued from page 96.)



**I**F it be good to make all possible use of sunlight, it is good equally to make as little use as possible of artificial light. Artificial lights, so far, have been sources of waste, not only of the material out of which they are made, but of the air on which they burn. In the air of the

closed room the present commonly used lamps, candles, and gas-lights, rob the air of a part of its vital constituent, and supply in return products which are really injurious to life. Gas-light is, in this respect, most hurtful, but the others are bad when they are long kept burning in one confined space. The fewer hours after dark that are spent in artificial light the better, and this suggests, of itself, that, within reasonable limits, the sooner we go to rest after dark the better. We require, in the cold season of winter, when the nights are long, much more of sleep than we do in the summer. On the longest day in the year, seven hours of sleep is sufficient for most men and women who are in the prime of life; on the shortest day, nine hours is not over-much; and for those who are weakly, ten, or even twelve, hours may be taken with real advantage. In winter children should have ten to twelve hours of sleep. It is not idleness to indulge to that extent, but an actual saving, a storing up of invigorated existence for the future. Such rest can only be obtained by going to bed very early—say at half-past eight o'clock, or nine.

It is as wrong as ever it can be that our legislators should often be sitting up, as we know they do, time after time, in the dead of night, trying against life to legislate for life. It is most foolish that public writers, who hold so many responsibili-

ties in their hands, should be called upon to exercise their craft at a time when all their nature is calling out to them, "Rest! rest! rest!" It is said I am foolish for declaring these things. Is it so? I am standing by nature, speaking under her direction, and, without a thought of dogmatism, I am driven to ask, May it not be the world that is foolish?—the world, I mean, of fashion and habit, which could, if it would, change the present systems as easily as it criticises the view that it ought to make the change. Anyway, this I know, and it is the truth I would here express, that in every man, woman, and child, there is, at or about the early time I have named, a persistent periodical desire for sleep which steals on determinedly, which, taken at the flood, leads to a good sound night's rest, and which, resisted, never duly returns, but is replaced by a surreptitious sleep, broken by wearing dreams, restless limbs, and but partial restoration of vital power.

Make the sun your fellow-workman. I do not say, Go to bed at all seasons with the sun, and rise with it, because in this climate that would not be, at all seasons, possible. But I say, as a general principle, as closely as you can, make the sun your fellow-workman; follow him, as soon as you are able, to rest, and do not let him stare at you in bed many hours after he has commenced his daily course. Teach your children, moreover, this same lesson, and the practice of it: whereupon there will be, in a generation or two, even in this land of fogs and dulness, a race of children of the sun, who will stand, in matter of health, a head-and-shoulders above the children of this present generation.

(To be continued.)

---

"**NOTHING ELSE.**"—It was a noble testimony of one who, after many years' work, had reached the highest rank in his profession—the late Right Hon. Joseph Napier, Lord Chancellor of Ireland—when, speaking at Exeter Hall for one of the great societies for spreading Christ's kingdom, he said: "I have attained the object of my ambition; but I have learned that there is nothing else worth living for, but to love and serve Jesus Christ."

**TRUE RICHES.**—William Wilberforce, the slave abolitionist, in his diary, thus beautifully records how he conquered the emotions that rose on seeing others, once his equals or even inferiors, ascend to situations of higher worldly rank than he himself had attained to. "Remember, oh my soul," he writes, "no man can serve two masters. Have I not a better portion than this world can bestow? Let God be thy portion, and seek the true riches, the glory and honour which are connected with immortality. Yet turn not from those who have these honours with cynical or envious malignity, but rejoice at their temporal comfort and gratifications."

# "Drift and Duty;"

OR

## WHAT CAME OF A HOLIDAY IN MANXLAND.

BY THE REV. E. NEWENHAM HOARE, M.A.,

*Vicar of Stoneycroft, Liverpool; Author of "The Jessopps," "Child Neighbours," etc.*

## CHAPTER IX.

## UNCLE PETERSON AT HOME.



THE projected visit came off very satisfactorily. A good-natured farmer from near Bride dropped Miss Qualtrough from his trap, at the door of the house where the Kerruishes and Uncle Peterson were staying; further, he promised to meet her in Ramsey three days later.

Mrs. Kerruish took to the girl at once.

"I have been thinking about you, my poor dear, off and on, all through the winter, and now I am so proud to have you in my arms and to look on your bonnie face. But just to think I don't know what to call you, and that stupid boy of mine couldn't tell me."

"What to call me! Oh, you mean my name, my Christian name. And didn't Mr. Kerruish know even that much about me?"

"No, indeed. I asked him first thing, but he said he didn't know and had never thought to ask. Though perhaps I oughtn't to wonder, seeing he had only met you once."

"Only once! Why I look upon him as quite an old friend."

Then seeing the look of surprise on the face of Mrs. Kerruish, and eager to conceal a sudden embarrassment that had come over herself, she continued hurriedly, "But you want to know my name. It is Ellen; but dear father used to call me Ella or little Nell."

"That is curious now, is it not?" said Mrs. Kerruish. "Jim did say he fancied your name was Ella. How did he get that into his head, I wonder?"

"I wonder," Miss Qualtrough repeated mechanically;

but then correcting herself, she added quickly, "Well no, I don't. The boat—poor father's boat—was called the Ella; perhaps he had heard the name and concluded it was the same as mine."

"Yes, no doubt that was it," assented the widow innocently. "We will ask the dear boy when he gets home this evening. I am sorry to say he had to go to Manchester yesterday on business for his uncle."

And so that first conversation drifted away to Uncle Peterson and his ailments, and his peculiarities, and other safe and unembarrassing topics. When Jim turned up in the evening he found that the new guest was already quite at home in the little household.

If Mrs. Kerruish was quick to admit Ella to her warm, motherly heart, the girl was no less eager to find a refined and sympathetic friend of her own sex in whose ear she might pour forth the story of her life. That very first night they had a long, confidential chat together.

"What a strange bringing up yours has been, my poor darling! Did you ever go to school or to church, and did your father, as you call him, give you instruction of any sort?"

The girl, in her loyalty to the departed, was inclined to resent the question.

"Oh, you didn't know him, or you wouldn't ask. He taught me lots of things, and though I only went to school for a few months, I think I know as much as most girls—that is, most country girls. And we used to go to church, or meeting, or some sort of service every Sunday when the weather allowed of it."

"He was a Christian man, then; let us thank God for that," said Mrs. Kerruish apologetically.

"Yes," replied Ella slowly, "he was a very religious man, though I don't think he had always been like that. Sometimes he referred very sadly to the past, but it was his earnest conviction that all that had been forgiven. Still, he used to say that there were consequences of sin in this world that could never be undone."

"Perhaps he felt uncomfortable about letting you go on thinking he was your father. It was a sort of deception, you know."

"Yes, perhaps he did," assented Ella. "And yet I don't think that troubled him much. There was something else; but I never allow myself to think or speculate about it. I know it will all come in its time."

"It will come! What, dear?"

"All the knowledge that it is good for me to have. You see, dear Mrs. Kerruish, it is this way. He left some papers which I was not to read till I was twenty-three or till—till I was married."

"How strange!" exclaimed the widow, with unwonted excitement of manner, "And how old are you now, my dear?"

"I am just twenty now—a month or two more."

"Oh, well, I daresay you won't have to control your curiosity for as much as three years." And she looked with admiration into the girl's handsome face.



"I don't think I shall ever marry, if that is what you mean," said Ella solemnly.

"Oh, we have heard that before," replied the widow knowingly. "But tell me, dear child, what do you propose to do? How are you going to support yourself? Did this strange man leave any property behind him? Have you anything in the world to live on? It is dreadful to think of you being left alone, with none to help, none to befriend you."

"There are the Kellys. They are very kind, and I am—I think I am—very happy with them." The poor child spoke bravely, and the sudden break that came to her voice in the midst of her protestation was a surprise to herself.

"Yes, but they are only poor people, working people; and you are educated, almost a lady, and—and so good-looking. You are not fit to be just a sort of servant in a labourer's cottage. We must try to get a situation of some sort for you. I really don't know what you would be fit for; but I will speak to my brother about it."

(It may here be added in parenthesis, that Mrs. Kerruish was as good as her word, and did speak to Uncle Peterson "very seriously" on the morrow. But the old gentleman, with whom Miss Qualtrough was already established as a prime favourite, utterly declined to be serious, and merely rubbed his bony hands together, while he vowed that the lass appeared to him quite useless commercially—she couldn't type-write, she couldn't keep books, she didn't understand the business of a saleswoman; no, there was nothing she could do except to get hold of some smart young fellow with good prospects and marry him right off; and indeed, he didn't pity the smart young fellow; nay, he rather wished that he was one himself. Then, when his sister implored him to be serious, he protested that he had never been more serious in his life, and that he only wished that he was thirty or forty years younger—"as young as your Jim, for instance.")

Now it was impossible for Ella to talk much with the mother of Mr. James Kerruish, and for it not to come out—as it had almost done in the very first interview—that she and the said James had not met as absolute strangers that day in Bride churchyard. And Jim, being gently accused by his mother of his act of deception, or, at all events, of suppression, made full acknowledgment. He had nothing to plead: there was no particular reason why he should not have told the story of his chance meeting with the girl upon the hillside. "He hadn't thought to do so," that was all. Then, not having mentioned the matter at the outset, he was shy of doing so later on. At all of which good Mrs. Kerruish greatly wondered, and then, pondering on her son's embarrassment and heightened colour, she became suddenly alarmed. Was her Jim in love? Was he to be taken from her by this sweet, but penniless, unknown, but half-educated girl? Such a prospect was alarming, and Mrs. Kerruish resolved

that she must be sternly on her guard against it. She must not let this girl get too large a place in her heart. She was a sweet, interesting creature, but, of course, no fit match for her dear boy. Yes, it would be best for all concerned that Ella Qualtrough should return to her domestic duties as mother's help to Mrs. Kelly as soon as possible.

And yet, when, on the eve of the day fixed for the termination of Ella's visit, Uncle Peterson expressed a desire for its prolongation, Mrs. Kerruish found herself eagerly seconding the proposition. Jim said nothing, because he knew very well that the old man would be sure to have his own way. And so, indeed, it turned out, and Jim was sent, nothing loth, to Ramsey next day with a note to Mrs. Kelly, to be handed over to the farmer instead of the fair person of Ella Qualtrough. And the friendly farmer, having a heavy enough load



"I REALLY THINK I HAD BETTER GO."

to carry that day, was more than content. "She is best where she is, I'm thinking; and no doubt you'll do your best to make her comfortable. Good-bye, sir. I'll be sure to give the note to Mrs. Kelly; and, bless you, a woman such as her won't mind having to look to her own house and children for a day or two longer, be the same more or less."

Having thus accomplished his mission, Jim returned by the next train. He was not a little surprised, and just a little disgusted, to find that his mother, who in Liverpool could never walk half a mile, had started off with Ella on an expedition to Old Ballaugh church and the seashore in the neighbourhood. The prospect of a couple of hours alone with Uncle Peterson was not cheering; but it did not turn out so badly after all.

"Well, boy, you have made all the haste you could: and yet, after all, the bird has flown," said the old gentleman, from the sunny nook in which he was sitting.

"I hope mother will not be over-tired," was the somewhat stiff response. "At home she never can walk far."

"Ah, you can't go by that. People can do a lot when they are out for a holiday that they can't do at home. And, indeed, I think the air here is doing as much for your mother as it is for me."

"You certainly are much better, sir."

"Better! I am a different man—a different man in many ways, thank God. Do you know, Jim, I think I may be spared for a few years yet, though I shall never be able to attend to the business as I used to do; nor, indeed, would I wish for that. Life is something more than money."

"Yes, it is indeed," assented the young man with enthusiasm, his eyes wandering as he spoke in the direction of Old Ballaugh church.

"Still," said Uncle Peterson sharply, "money is not a thing to be despised. We can't get on without it, and we can't get it without working for it. There is no use young folk taking absurd notions into their heads."

"No doubt you are right, sir; but the misfortune is that some of us can't get along, no matter how hard and honestly we work," said Jim bitterly.

"That is all stuff, my lad; and you just say it because Lamont has thrown you over."

"Well, you must admit it is hard, after the years I have served him faithfully."

"Yes, perhaps it is; but, after all, it may be worth inquiring if there wasn't some fault in yourself. Not that I am holding a brief for Mr. Lamont, mark you—far from it."

"Would you suggest what I ought to do now, sir? You know my mother is, to a large extent, dependent on me."

"That is just what I wanted to come to," replied Mr. Peterson. "You see, I hold myself in some degree responsible for you not getting another chance from

Lamont. I wouldn't have my sister going down on her knees to such a fellow as that."

"Nor should I have liked it either," broke in Jim.

"Don't interrupt. It was very kind of her to think of interceding for a stupid fellow like you. But what I wanted to say was this. I was pleased with the way you did the business for me in Manchester last week, and I'd like to send you there again. So just at present you needn't trouble to look out for any new berth."

"Oh, uncle, you are indeed kind! How can I thank you?"

"Why, what is this about? You are worth more than a boy-clerk to me—anyway, just for the present. Now, say, will you be ready to cross to-morrow morning and to go round to a few of my customers? It will take you three or four days."

Jim's countenance fell; he coloured and stammered in his reply as he met his uncle's small grey eyes fixed on him with a quizzical expression.

"Of course, uncle, I am at your orders. To-morrow, did you say, or—the day after?"

"I said to-morrow."

"Very well, sir, I shall be quite ready. Now I think I will walk towards meeting mother."

"And Miss Ella," added Uncle Peterson, with a chuckle. "She's a nice girl that, a very nice girl—isn't she, James?" he added confidentially.

"She is certainly very handsome," assented Jim.

"Tut, tut! it's not of that I'm thinking. She is better than handsome; she is good and kind and sensible, doesn't make a noise, and has no stuck-up notions."

"Yes; she seems good-natured and unaffected." And the poor lad bit his lips hard so that he might utter the words in a tone of kindly patronage.

"And yet what use is she, poor thing?" continued Uncle Peterson. "That is just what I said to your mother when she consulted me the other day. She has got no proper education and no experience. She couldn't go into an office, she is rather big for a waitress, and too modest to be a barmaid. There is only one vocation for her, as I told your mother."

"And that?" said Jim, his face all aflame with annoyance.

"To get married—to take some lucky young dog in and do for him." And Uncle Peterson rubbed his hands together as his wont was, only the effect was not so disagreeable as it used to be, because his hands were much fatter.

"I really think I had better go towards meeting them at once, or it will be too late," exclaimed the young man as he rose impatiently from the seat on which his uncle had constrained him to rest during the foregoing conversation.

"Yes, do, by all means," assented Mr. Peterson, quite cheerfully. "And you might ask your dear mother to come and sit with me a bit; she'll be tired, and I have something to say to her. You young people might wish to walk a little farther."



A quarter of an hour later, when Mrs. Kerruish had joined her brother in the garden, he said,—

"I have arranged for James to go to Manchester in the morning for a few days; I have some business that wants seeing to."

"To-morrow, Will? That seems a pity."

"And why so, pray? The young man ought to be up and doing; he has loafed about here long enough."

"Oh, certainly; but I was just thinking—when we had settled to have Ella for the rest of the week."

"Well, that is good! As if it wasn't *I* that wanted her! What has Master Jim to say to it? He has got to work for his living, hasn't he?"

"That is quite true, brother; it is best he should go." And the widow sighed—perhaps at her own sad inconsistency.

## CHAPTER X.

### AN UNLOOKED-FOR VISITOR.



**B**UT Jim didn't start next morning after all.

Before going to bed Mr. Peterson announced that he had changed his mind. The business could wait a bit; it was getting on in the week now, and it would be better that the young man should make a fair start on Monday morning. "There is nothing like making a good start, and at the beginning of the week; and besides, this plan will give me

time to write to my correspondents, so that they may expect you."

As the old man made this announcement, he beamed round on the little company. But if he expected any verbal expression of pleasure he was disappointed.

"Very well, sir, just as you please; I will be ready on Monday." That was all that young James said. But the keen grey eyes detected a quick upward glance from under Ella's drooping brown lashes that was in itself sufficient reward. Chuckling, he went off to bed. He always went early, and his good sister was always occupied quite half an hour in seeing to his comforts.

Next day brought a surprise, and for a time James Kerruish wished himself at Manchester, or anywhere else. It happened thus.

The little party were just finishing their early dinner when a loud knock sounded at the outer door.

"My! who ever can it be?" exclaimed Mrs. Kerruish, springing to her feet. (She meant to open the door, because the people of the house lived in the back, and were not likely to hear.)

"Let me go; I will see who it is." And Ella Qualtrough had left the room before any one could remonstrate.

A minute later and an incisive female voice was heard demanding if Mrs. Kerruish lodged there?—if so, was she at home?—and if not she, then Mr. James? All this they heard, but not Ella's soft replies.

Now, apart from the general awkwardness of such a situation, where there is but one small sitting-room, and its one table burdened with the remains of dinner, there was, in this case, an unspoken dread lest Uncle Peterson should "cut up rough" and rudely resent the intrusion of a visitor. Mrs. Kerruish glanced nervously at her son, and Jim responded to the appeal.

"I will go and see who it is."

But before he could reach the doorway, Ella stood there with flushed cheek and parted lips.

"It is a lady—a beautiful lady—inquiring for you, Mrs. Kerruish, or for—*for Mr. James.*"

"Show her in, my dear; show the beautiful lady in by all means. She'll excuse the dinner things, or if she doesn't, we can't help it," exclaimed Uncle Peterson.

"Certainly I'll excuse everything, if only you will excuse me. How do you do, dear Mrs. Kerruish? I heard you were in the Island, and I was determined to find you out. My old man is over on business, so I thought I had better come too, and look after him, and have a nice change for myself at the same time."

The visitor, who had pushed somewhat rudely past Ella, was already holding Mrs. Kerruish's hand between both her own before she had half finished this salutation. It was Bossie—Mrs. Mercer. Jim, stepping out of her way, found himself half-hidden behind the door.

Poor Mrs. Kerruish, staggered by such a sudden assault, took a few moments to recover herself.

"I am sure you are very kind, very kind indeed. I hope you are well, quite well; your sister and your brother too."

"Oh, thank you; Flossie and I are all right; but poor Hope has been very ill: indeed, we have been quite uneasy about him."

"Has Hope been ill? Then that accounts for his not having answered my last letter," cried young Kerruish, stepping forward.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Jim; I really hadn't noticed you." And she held out her hand. "Now kindly introduce me all round; I want to be friends with everybody."

"This," explained Mrs. Kerruish, "is my brother; he has come here for the benefit of his health, and we are staying with him. Will, this is Mrs. Mercer, an old friend of ours; her brother and James were great chums."

Uncle Peterson bowed, and said something about

being glad to make the lady's acquaintance. But all the same, he didn't seem very favourably impressed. Then Ella was introduced as a friend, and after a while they all became more at ease, and chatted amicably enough. Mrs. Mercer had come to spend the afternoon; she told them so plainly, and arrangements were made accordingly. First there was a stroll in the garden while the dinner things were being cleared away, then a cup of tea for the visitor, and after that a walk of a couple of miles with Ella and Jim. A sit-down meat tea followed, and after that Bossie announced that Jim was to escort her to the station. She also insisted that they should start in good time, because she had a lot to say, and didn't want to be hurried or flurried.

Once clear of the cottage, the woman's manner changed completely; her tone became serious and earnest.

"Now, Jim, in the first place I want you to forgive me. You've been putting up with me all day, but I know you are angry with me still. Let us be friends?"

"Are we not friends, Mrs. Mercer? What have I to forgive you for?" he replied stiffly.

"Jim, it won't do! You must say you forgive me. I know that I treated you abominably, and I am glad to think that you have got over it."

"I think there is no need to talk about the past or to think about it."

"I quite agree with you; only say you forgive and forget, and we will bury the past."

"I do not know about forgetting, but I am quite willing to bury the past; and if there is anything to forgive, I do forgive it freely. I was a fool, that is all."

"And I much worse than a fool. But it's all right, you forgive me; and now I may congratulate you."

"Congratulate me! What on?"

"Oh, Jim, she is beautiful—I could never come near her. I never saw any one so plainly dressed look so lovely. You are a fortunate fellow."

"May I ask what on earth you mean—what you are talking about?" cried Jim, flushing up.

"I am talking about Miss Qualtrough, and you know that very well, sir."

"Miss Qualtrough is certainly good-looking; but she is nothing to me," said Jim.

Bossie laughed. "Hear him! Nothing to him! And the pair of you over neck and ears in love with each other! Jim, I am not jealous; you may as well tell the truth. When's it to be?"

"I don't want to hide the truth—it seems I couldn't hide it from you, Mrs. Mercer, even if I tried. Yes, I love Ella; but I've no reason to think that she returns my love."

"Then it is your own fault, you old stupid. You had better ask her what she thinks about it as soon as possible."

"You have got no reason to think she cares for me, have you?" he inquired plaintively.

Bossie laughed again. "I've got every reason, sir;

any one with half an eye could see it. But look here, Jim, there is something else I want to talk to you about. It is partly about that that I came; I mean my brother, poor Hope."

"Is he really very bad? What is the matter with him?"

"The doctors don't seem to know exactly. I fancy it must be the consequence of that accident he met with last year. Flossie doesn't seem to think much about it, and you know what father is; but I confess I am very uneasy."

"I am very sorry indeed;" replied Jim. "One can scarcely imagine Hope being an invalid—he was always so cheerful and full of life."

"Ah, that is just it," exclaimed Bossie, with genuine feeling. "All the life seems to have gone out of him, and at times he is so awfully depressed that it quite frightens one. Mr. Mercer says that it really is not safe to leave him alone."

"This is dreadful. Is there nothing that can be done?" cried the young man.

"Well, that is just what I wanted to talk to you about, Jim. That is why I asked you to let bygones be bygones. There is no one Hope thinks so much of as you, and you are the only person who has ever had any influence with him—influence for good, I mean."

"I am afraid any influence of mine is a thing of the past," said Jim sadly, and perhaps a little bitterly.

"No, don't say that. Your good advice and example have not been thrown away. Hope often talks about you, and he has come to think very seriously about things of late. I wish you were friends again and could see more of each other. You see, I feel it was my fault that there was any coldness between you; and indeed, I think both Flossie and I have a great deal to answer for. I am sure young fellows are very much influenced by their sisters—by the way they look at things and talk about them. I don't know, for myself, that I ever meant to do anything exactly wrong; but I am sure the sort of way we girls used to carry on was not good for Hope—it lowered his ideas of what women ought to be, and of the way young fellows ought to behave to them and think about them."

This was not the sort of talk James Kerruish was accustomed to hear from Bossie, as he used to know her. He was surprised, and answered gravely,—

"I am sure what you say is true about the influence of sisters, but at the same time I do not think that, if poor Hope has gone wrong sometimes, you are to blame for it. I am sure you always made his home happy and bright for him, and you were always ready to welcome his friends. But tell me if you think there is anything I can do for the poor fellow. Does he still go to business, or is he confined to the house?"

"Business! He has none to go to. He quarrelled with his uncle, and then, when that queer old Mr. Lamont that you were with offered him a place, he refused to take it."



"Refused a desk in Lamont's!" exclaimed Jim, who still cherished a lofty idea of the importance of the firm under which he had been brought up.

"Yes, and I could scarcely blame him for that. Hope, with all his faults, is a chivalrous sort of chap, and he vowed that he would not do what might seem like supplanting you."

"He needn't mind that now, for there doesn't seem much likelihood of my wanting to go back. But tell me, what do you think ought to be done?"

"Could you not manage to have him over here for a bit?" said Bossie, blurring out impetuously the very proposal that she had come to Ballaugh to make,

I was only thinking—thinking of the difficulties of my uncle; we are his guests."

"Yes, but Hope might get a lodging for himself somewhere in the village or at the hotel. You wouldn't want to ask your uncle's leave for that, and you could see as much as you liked of each other."

"Yes, I suppose that could be managed. I shall be away most of next week, but after that—well, I will get mother to make inquiries and write to Hope."

"I wish it could have been this week," persisted Bossie. "He is so low and wretched, poor boy. I am going home to-morrow and should like to send him off right away."



"IT WAS BOSSIE."

should the way be opened for it. "You could talk to him and soothe him, and tell him about religion and things. I know it would be the saving of him, soul and body. You see, it is not good for him to be at home. I don't want to say anything nasty about Flossie or papa—but you can understand, can't you?"

There was a pause, and in it they heard the whistle of the train as it left Sulby Glen Station. Mrs. Mercer looked at her companion: her eyes were full and there were tears too in her voice as she exclaimed impetuously: "There! I am sorry I proposed it; but I thought you had really forgiven me and would be a friend! Now the train is coming: let us walk on."

James Kerruish protested. "Oh, don't say that!

"Well, then, send him, and we'll fix him up somehow," exclaimed Jim, looking full into the handsome but now softened and pleading face. Apparently there had been some obstacle, other than that which had been spoken of, in his mind, and this obstacle had now been removed. Mrs. Mercer was conscious of this, but she did not care—her object being attained—to inquire further.

"There is just one thing, Jim," she said, as they still further quickened their steps, for the train was heard approaching, "Hope has been fretting himself about that poor old boatman that was drowned. He says it was brutal of us not to make any inquiries or to trouble ourselves about the girl that they said was his daughter."

Perhaps we ought to have done more than we did; but really Hope goes too far. He seems to think that it is his duty to find the child out and provide for her in some way, as if we haven't all had enough to do to provide for ourselves. I just thought I would tell you; and of course if there was any help wanting, I would be glad to do what I could in a small way. It would be a charity and might have the effect of quieting the poor fellow down a bit. You won't forget—that is, if he should mention the matter. Ah, here is the train: only just in time after all! Good-bye, Jim, and thank you ever so much for your kindness. Write if you can; but I'll try to pack Hope off in any case the day after to-morrow."

Fortunately, James Kerruish was not called upon and had not time to say anything except "Good-bye." So much he managed to say with a sufficiently good grace; then he turned away moodily as the train left the station.

"It will be very awkward with regard to Ella. I do wish I had been firm about his not coming till after next week. Hope is such an insinuating fellow," he muttered to himself.

(To be continued.)

## THE COMING OF AUGUSTINE.

BY THE REV. THOMAS MOORE, M.A.,

*Rector of St. Michael Paternoster Royal, and St. Martin Vintry, College Hill, with All-Hallows-the-Great-and-Less, Thames Street; Author of "The Englishman's Brief," etc.*

### V.—AUGUSTINE AS A CHURCH RESTORER AND CHURCH BUILDER.



THE daily-increasing numbers of the Christian community in Canterbury and its neighbourhood rendered it absolutely necessary that other buildings besides that of the church of St. Martin should be provided for public worship, as well as for other religious purposes.

Such buildings were provided from three sources—namely, the restoration of ruined British churches, the adaptation of disused pagan temples for Christian worship, and the erection of entirely new ecclesiastical buildings.

Ethelbert, being ready to support and further every effort of Augustine in providing all that was necessary for the welfare of the new Church in his kingdom, gave Augustine full permission, not only to restore for the purposes of public worship the fabrics of ruined British churches, and as far as was possible to utilise heathen temples, but also to erect entirely new buildings; for all of which undertakings Ethelbert no doubt gladly provided both money and labour.

After the restoration for the worship of God of the church

of St. Martin, the next-named British church which Augustine restored for the sacred purpose was that of a desecrated building which was situated close to the royal palace, which palace by King Ethelbert's liberality had been given over to Augustine as his permanent episcopal residence.

This ruined building Augustine having made fit for public worship, re-dedicated to the "Holy Saviour, Christ Jesus our Lord."

This restored building, in fact, was the beginning of the present cathedral of Christ Church, Canterbury, which is the ancient mother cathedral church, not only of the whole of Christian England, but of all American episcopal churches and of all our Colonial and Missionary episcopal churches throughout the world.

Further, Augustine restored for Christian uses, and dedicated to St. Pancras, a British Christian fabric, near to that of St. Martin, which for some time had been used as a Pagan temple.

A relic of this ancient building it is said, still survives, and may be seen a little eastward of the present St. Augustine's College, in the shape of an old brick arch, which has partially withstood the ravages of time.

With respect to the utilisation of disused heathen temples for the purposes of Christian worship, some doubt upon the desirability of such utilisation seems to have prevailed at first, even in the mind of Pope Gregory.

But ultimately he informed Augustine through Mellitus, afterwards Bishop of London, that Pagan temples were not to be destroyed in all cases. If, said Gregory, they are solidly built, let them be cleansed and hallowed for Christian worship.

It is worthy of remark that a few years after Gregory's death the heathen temple, known as the Pantheon, in Rome, was transformed into a Christian church, and was dedicated to St. Mary and the Martyrs.

To what extent in the lifetime of Augustine buildings throughout the kingdom of Kent previously used for heathen worship were, after purification and refitment, utilised for Christian purposes we cannot exactly say, but probably many of the ancient parish churches of England are built upon sites which once were the local centres of heathen worship.

Augustine's greatest undertaking, however, in buildings for Church purposes was his erection of a completely new monastic house outside the city of Canterbury, on the site of which the present St. Augustine's College now stands.

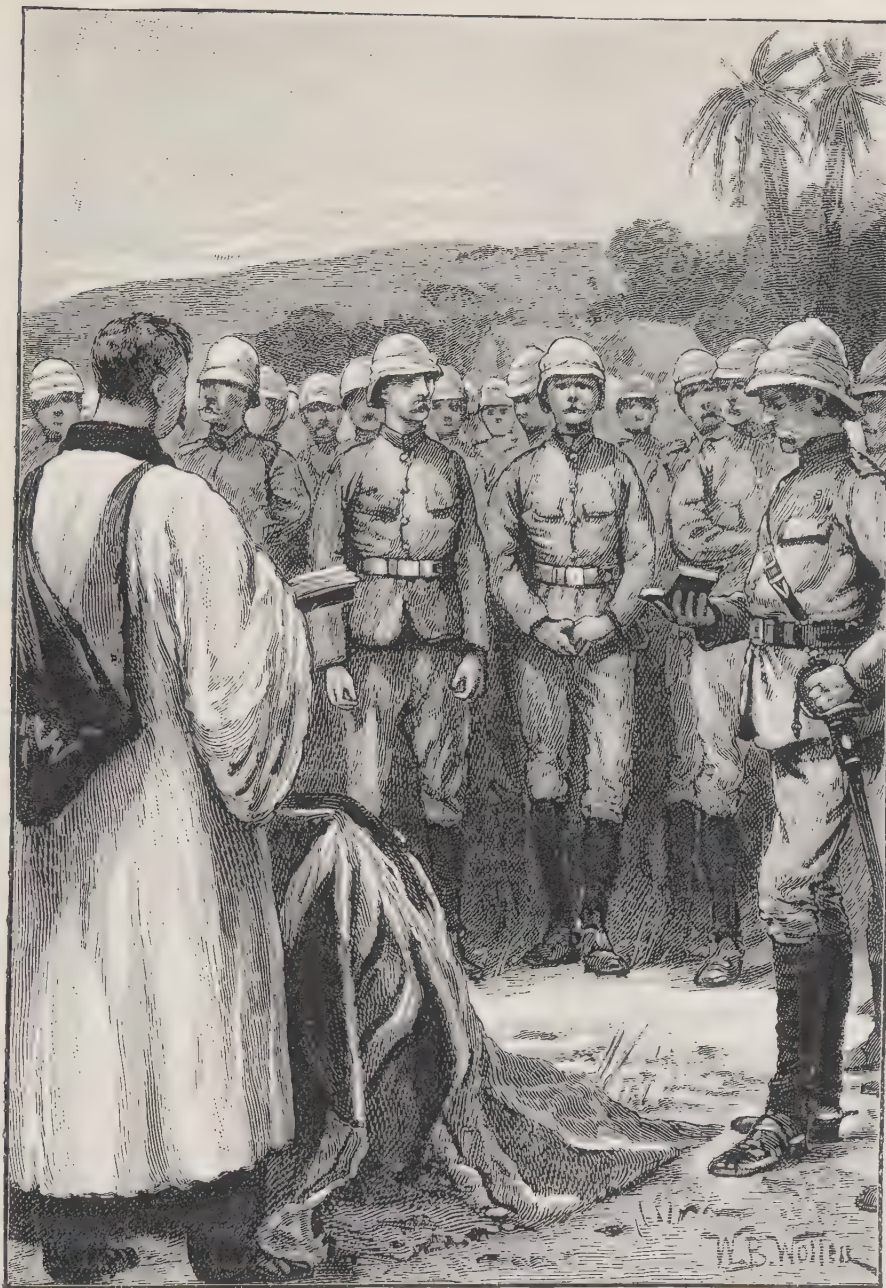
This building, in the erection of which Augustine took the greatest interest, and which was dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul, he did not live to finish.

On Augustine's death his body was for a time laid to rest just outside its walls, but ultimately was re-interred within the porch of his monastic church.

The monastery was finished and dedicated to its religious uses by Laurentius, Augustine's archiepiscopal successor in the see of Canterbury.

Besides Augustine's efforts of church-fabric extension within his own diocese, he promoted the erection of the cathedral churches of London and Rochester, aided by the co-operation of their respective bishops, Mellitus and Justus, and the substantial support of King Ethelbert, who was ever ready to find the ways and means for church building and church endowment.





*Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by W. B. WOLLEN.*

### A SUNDAY SERVICE IN THE EAST.

**T**HE striking scene depicted by our artist tells its own story. In times of trouble our gallant defenders are always very much in every one's mind; but in "the piping times of peace" there is, in some quarters, a disposition to forget the soldier. Yet the Second Collects for the daily services, in the

Book of Common Prayer, morning and evening all the year round, ought to make us ever keep a warm place in our hearts for the noble men who so gallantly serve their Queen and country at home and abroad. God bless our soldiers the wide world round!

## A FEW WORDS ON WINDOW GARDENS.

BY EDWARD STEP, F.L.S.,

Author of "Favourite Flowers of Garden and Greenhouse."



THE love of flowers and the desire for a garden to tend is an ancient affair with mankind. There are plants that have been cultivated for so many ages that it is now difficult, to

say from what wild stock they have come. Naturalists tell us of plants and animals that have been altered by cultivation, or other modifying influences, that there is always a tendency for their offspring to revert back to the original type; and so it would appear to be with man. So many of us belong to families that were for centuries cultivators of the soil, that we have a strong desire to be doing something in that line. I believe this is the chief reason for the love of gardening among townsmen. Note how strenuously they attack and overcome all difficulties and obstacles, and what fine results they frequently get with an almost entire lack of those appliances which the professional gardener finds essential to success. No professional gardener can concentrate his attention upon two or three plants in the way that is frequently done by some solitary slum-dweller, who finds his sole companionship in a few window-plants.

In the great cities, there are many thousands of persons whose sole chance of plant culture is afforded by their window-sills and a table or shelf within. It is astonishing how much may be done in so little space, and possibly a few simple hints may induce some readers of THE CHURCH MONTHLY to start a window-garden, who may at present feel they know too little about plants for such an undertaking. In a few old-fashioned town-houses, as well as in country cottages, where the walls are thick, there is a deep window-recess, often with a broad inside sill. This is a capital place for a window-garden, and somewhat in the nature

of a greenhouse, many tender plants succeeding here that could not be grown in the open air. Of course, the outer sill can also be utilised by having a box made to fit it, into which plants in pots may be placed—permanently, or to be changed occasionally; but it will be found more convenient to have the inside and outside gardens at different windows.

The first item for consideration is flower-pots. If these are newly purchased, so much the better; if old ones, they should be thoroughly scraped, inside and out, and well soaked in clean water. New ones also should be soaked, otherwise the dry, porous pot will absorb all moisture from the compost. Having got our pots, the next thing is to fill them with appropriate soil, or compost. We should now seek the aid of a nurseryman, or dealer in horticultural requisites. Make up your mind how many pots you have space for, avoiding all risk of overcrowding, and roughly calculate the total quantity of soil required to fill them. Soft-wooded plants like a stiffish, loamy soil, but harder subjects thrive better in a light soil, such as leaf mould. It is well to prepare for both classes; and for a trifle, the dealer will make you up some of each.

Now look around and see what plants he has of nice, dwarf, compact habit. Unless your window is a very large one, do not be tempted to invest in tall-growing plants. They would shut out your light, and grow over towards the glass, losing all their native grace. And this brings us to another point: what is the aspect of your window? One looking south is the best, as it will get plenty of sun, which flowering plants require; but one looking north serves admirably for ferns and things that like shade and coolness.

Suppose, then, the window faces south, south-east, or south-west, we shall have a large number of suitable plants at our disposal. First let us select three or four young plants of the zonal pelargonium, often called horse-shoe geranium—having each one of a different variety; there are hundreds of sorts in cultivation, and you can safely leave the selection to the tradesman, after specifying the colours for which you have a preference. Then perhaps a couple of fuchsias, a tuberous-rooted begonia, a bulb of *Lilium speciosum*, and a cactus—say the flat-stemmed *Phyllocactus*. This brief list will give variety, even for a very small window; but if space will permit, additions may be made from these: one or more pots of hyacinths, the bulbs to be purchased and potted in late autumn for early spring blooming; *Cyclamen persicum*, the best of its tribe; *Primula sinense*; a carnation—such as *Souvenir de malmaison*; a pot of musk; another of its relation, the monkey-flower; the deliciously scented *Nicotiana affinis*, whose elegant white flowers remain partially closed until about six o'clock in the evening, when they open fully and fill the apartment with agreeable perfume.

The fuchsias and pelargoniums should be placed at the sides of the recess, the cyclamen, primula, monkey-flower, and begonia, occupying the central space; and



where the window runs up well towards the ceiling of a lofty room, the carnation, nicotiana, liliun, or cactus, may go at the back. These taller subjects must have neat sticks, to which they must be carefully tied as they grow, or they will lean over towards the glass. Now, if the window be a high one, there will be room for further additions. A basket of wire may hang from the top, and in it we may put a pot of mother-of-thousands saxifrage, or creeping-sailor campanula, to hang down over the basket; or either of these may be accommodated in one of the flat-backed pots that are made to fix on a nail in the wall.

For an outside window-garden we advise a bottomless "box," with only one side and two ends: at least a representation of a box, that may be secured to the brickwork at either end. It has a neater appearance from the road than is given by a row of pots, and the wood shields the tender roots from the excessive heat of certain clear summer days. Each pot should have a saucer, to prevent the untidiness caused by thin streams of soiled water trickling down the house-front after watering. Hardy subjects, like pelargonium and fuchsia, that stand both wind and sun, do best outside; the ivy-leaved pelargonium, that hangs over the front with numerous bunches of rosy flowers, looks especially well in such a situation. Calceolaria and lobelia also do well, and look bright and effective. Two or three pots of mignonette should not be forgotten.

Whether for inside or outside, care must be taken in potting to secure efficient drainage by a good bottom layer of broken-pot; and surplus water that has drained through should be poured from the saucers an hour after watering. Manures should be applied with moderation and caution. In inexperienced hands they frequently do more harm than good. They should never be applied to pots in a raw state; it is better therefore to obtain one of the fertilising mixtures, such as Clay's fertiliser, and apply it according to the directions given with each packet. These mixtures are cleanly to use, and inodorous. When the window is opened, see that the sash is thrown well up, for a slight opening will create a fierce draught, that is prejudicial to all plants, and fatal to most.

With a little care and but trifling expense a window-garden may be made a most charming adjunct to our dwelling, whether this be a cottage or a mansion, a flat, an artizan's dwelling, or a slum-tenement. Either one will be brightened and sweetened by the pure and elevating influence of the flowers.



A SOLDIER'S TESTIMONY.—There are yet some battles to be fought, some great enemies to be encountered by the United Kingdom; but the most pressing enemy at present is drink. It kills more than all our newest weapons of warfare, and not only destroys the body, but the mind and soul also.—LORD WOLSELEY.

## WOODEN LEGS.

BY CHRISTIAN BURKE,

*Author of "The Flowering of the Almond Tree, and other Poems," "Given to Hospitality," etc.*

(Continued from page 94).



CHRISTOPHER GEORGE'S ideas of another life were largely drawn—as, in point of fact, most children's are—from the hymns which he loved to sing in his sweet, childish treble, and the subject had a great interest for him, although he was perfectly contented with the one in which he found himself. This world was a very pleasant place, where every one was very good and kind, and by-and-bye he would go to a much more beautiful world, where there was no pain and tiredness, and no long nights when that stupid leg of his would ache. It was a very long way off, and as he was lame he had been much afraid he would never get there; but the chaplain had told him that the Good Shepherd would carry him all the way, like one of His little lambs, and since then he had felt quite happy. And with so much good in the present, and such a beautiful future assured to him, Christopher, with a wisdom which older people might have imitated, considered that there was every reason for taking a cheerful view of things, and did so accordingly. The kitten and the cricket were nowhere in it for liveness! He sang and whistled like a merry little lark, and, when he was well enough, hopped hither and thither with ceaseless activity. He was one of the most generous little mortals. His quaint ways and pretty face made him a favourite with visitors, and whatever was given to him he divided royally among his companions. "Why, Chris, what have you kept for yourself?" he was asked one day. "Oh, I had the giving part," he answered simply, and appeared perfectly happy with his share. He was not without a spice of mischief, however, and had a well-developed bump of destructiveness, as was evinced by his tearing up three brand new handkerchiefs his mother had just brought him, to make reins of, and sawing the buttons off his suit with a jagged penknife, to play at counters with!

"Don't you wish you could run about?" inquired a well-meaning but tactless visitor. Fortunately he did not take the matter in a serious light, for he answered gaily, "But I *can* run about. I can run much faster than our Betty, 'cos she's so fat! But she's ever so sharp," he added, with brotherly pride; "she is but four, and she can say my name quite plain, and it's a very dikkifult one!" He did not seem sensitive on the score of his

misfortunes either. 'I've got four legs,' he would say gleefully to the children who could only boast a proper complement: 'you've only got two!' 'If my bad leg were only like my good leg,' he remarked one day, stroking the other limb proudly, 'I shouldn't have a bad leg at all;' which somewhat Irish way of looking at things seemed to quite console him.

He was very proud of all that had been done to set him right, and of his wide hospital experience. 'I've been here years and years,' he would say, and he appeared rather insulted than otherwise when people pitied him. 'Why do they call me 'poor little fellow'?' he said once, in his quaint way. 'I'm as happy as a king!' And no one could look at the bright, frank little face and doubt the statement—in fact, probably few royal personages were ever as free from care.

His secret trouble was that he could be so little at home, and he would sometimes say wistfully, 'I've only got mother once a week, and our Betty has her always;' but he never grumbled or fretted, though no one seeing the meeting between father and mother and their little son, which took place as regularly as every visitors' day came round, could doubt how greatly the three missed each other. But, ill or well, or, according to his unvarying phrase, 'Much better, thank you,' wet days or fine, his sprits never failed him.

Any one who has had much to do with sick children, especially those of the poor, cannot but have been struck by the way in which they take things as they come, and make the best of them. They, at least, never 'worry' and try to cram all the ills and possible calamities of a long life into one day, as their elders do. And not less striking is their patient endurance, and perfect confidence in those who minister to them.

'I'm afraid the pain is rather bad to-day,' said the visiting physician one morning to a small child.

'Raver; but never mind—I *know* you can't help it;' and the tiny hand was put confidently into his, in sure trust that if he could he would.

'The children preach us many a sermon,' said one of the nurses once, speaking of Christopher, who was a special favourite of hers, to a friend. 'I remember one night I was unusually tired and worn out. It had been what the Yankees expressively call a 'depravity day,' when everything had gone wrong, and life seemed 'stale, flat, and unprofitable,' without a bit of brightness in it! I was going round the ward, mechanically putting things straight, and indulging in a discontented reverie, when I heard Christopher saying softly, 'My! isn't it lovely!' 'What?' inquired a voice from the next bed. 'Why, that stupid old pain's just gone to sleep! Don't speak loud, Fred, 'cos you might wake it up!' And with a feeble, shrill little laugh at his own wit, he followed the example of the said 'pain' which I knew had been torturing him all day, and, closing his eyes, was soon in the land of dreams. It set me thinking of my own splendid health, for I have hardly known a day's illness, and I felt comforted and rebuked

at once, and began 'to count my mercies,' which is, after all, a better occupation than numbering one's grievances!'

Christopher's views as to his journey to the Celestial City, by no means prevented him from entertaining equally strong ones as to all he meant to do when he was a man, and the comfort he intended to be to his father and mother. Those who heard him build his unselfish little castles in the air, as to the days when it should be his turn to work and theirs to rest, could not but be saddened as they thought how little likelihood there was that manhood, or even boyhood, should be attained by the frail little being whose spirit was so much stronger than his body. For, in spite of the unremitting care and skill expended upon him, the disease was too deep-seated to admit of much hope that his stay on this lower earth could be a long one.

'The doctors say I'm *quite* an incurable,' he remarked one day, beaming with innocent satisfaction; and he was sorely bewildered and distressed that his mother began to sob so bitterly.

There is no need to look into the future—yet, if it were to be so, would it, after all, be so sad? Is it not better to think of the child playing with tireless feet in the streets of the Golden City, than facing the troubles which might well daunt even his brave, cheerful spirit? Whether a life be short or long, does it matter so very much, so that its work be done? And Christopher's truly would not be without its teaching of hopeful patience, making the world a little better, and less bitter, because of it. A mission to be happy under very adverse circumstances, as we should think them, is not without its special power and eloquence amid the discontents and sorrows, self-made, imaginary, and alas! all too heart-breakingly real, which surround us. Such, surely, is the lesson taught by the sunny little life which sprang up and blossomed out of such barren soil, as the flowers do, and with the same ungrudging sweetness.

It is the children who grasp and hold firmly to the great underlying truth of the inherent beauty and desirableness of life, which we of older growth and sadder experience are far too wont to forget and overlook. Is there not a wider and more generous meaning than we are apt to think—a meaning which is for this life as well as for the next—at the root of that marvellous twofold command and commendation, 'Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord'? And into that Joy are there any fitter to enter than the children who were so dear to the heart of Christ that He passed by, as it were, His faithful Apostles, and the multitude which should believe on Him, and said that the Kingdom of Heaven was of such as these?

THE END.

PATIENCE is the guardian of faith, the preserver of peace, the cherisher of love, the teacher of humility. Patience governs the flesh, strengthens the spirit, sweetens the temper, bridle the tongue, and refrains the hand.—BISHOP HORNE.



## SIDE-LIGHTS ON FOREIGN MISSIONS.

BY THE REV. A. R. BUCKLAND, M.A.  
*Morning Preacher at the Foundling Hospital.*

## I.

**T**HERE is one aspect of Foreign Missions which ought never to be forgotten by parish workers on their behalf: the task is the task of the whole Church, and the workers are drawn from every part of that Church. I do not only mean that here in our parishes at home much of the money which goes out to the field comes from the purses of the poor, or of those with whom every such contribution means some measure of very real self-denial. That is a fact which cannot be too often understood, although there is in some quarters an evident tendency now to rely rather upon large offerings by the rich than upon the many small contributions from ranks beneath. I mean also that the army of the Church's missionaries is not and never has been recruited only or mainly from the ranks of the well-to-do or from any one class in the community. The urgency of Christ's commission to His Church has come home to men in all stations of life, and their offers of service have been gladly received. Thus in every parish men and women may feel, not only that they uphold the cause by their prayers and their alms, but that from their own circle they may send forth workers to the field itself.

How strangely varied are the types of character and experience represented in the Church's missionary army! Africa suggests a curiously contrasted body of workers. The early history of its West-coast missions knows no more honoured name than that of William Augustine Bernard Johnson.



BISHOP MACKENZIE.



BISHOP SELWYN.

But he was toiling in an East London sugar-refinery when the offer of the Church Missionary Society to send him as a schoolmaster to Sierra Leone led to his wonderful work amongst the released slaves there. Contrast with this pioneer the saintly Charles Frederick Mackenzie, first Bishop for the work of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa. Second Wrangler at Cambridge and a Fellow of his college, it seemed probable that he had been called to the quiet usefulness of a Clerical Fellow's life. Yet he went out joyfully to South Africa, and then as a pioneer to the new lands where death so soon found him. Or with Mackenzie place the soldier-missionary, Shergold Smith, murdered on the way to Uganda, the leader of that pioneer party which also included the engineer, Alexander Mackay.

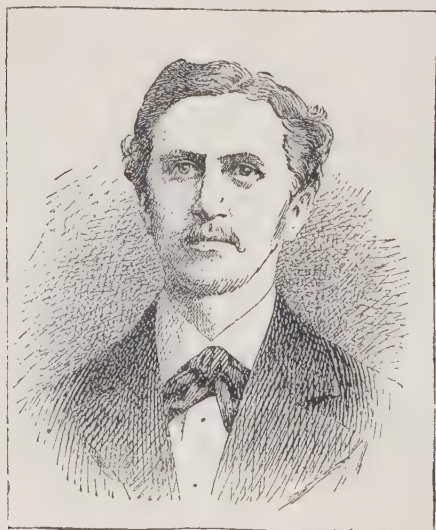
From Africa pass to India. Henry Martyn—who, although he went out to India as a chaplain, took that as the readiest path to the work of the mission-field—represents the son of the people. Though a Senior Wrangler at Cambridge, his parentage was humble. Bishop Heber shall stand as the son of the Vicarage—the home from which so many of the Church's missionaries have come. George Maxwell Gordon, killed succouring the wounded at Kandahar, represents the man of sufficient means to work at his own cost and help to found missions. Mr. James Monro, C.B., and the Rev. H. E. Perkins, have both shown us civil servants turned into missionaries. There is ample variety here, and the list might readily be extended.

From India to America. Some of the best work done amongst the Esquimaux has been the



HENRY MARTYN.

work of a clergyman who was at first a seaman in the navy. Bishop Horden, whose life-long labours on the shores of Hudson's Bay supply one of the most interesting chapters in the history of Christian missions, came from the people, and turned to the happiest use the skill with tools which he had acquired before he became a schoolmaster. Bishop Field, who toiled so strenuously, even in old age, for Newfoundland, sprung from an ancient family, and passed through Rugby and Oxford on his way to the hardships of his later life. South



ALEXANDER MACKAY.

America shows us the intrepid Allen Gardiner, like Shergold Smith a representative of the Royal Navy. Other lands tell much the same story. If New Zealand owed much to men of the people, she owed much also to men like Bishop Selwyn.

The first striking figure in the history of the Church Missionary Society's Fuh-kien mission is William Welton, who, at the age of forty, left his practice as a surgeon in Suffolk to begin the work in his part of China. The first missionary of Christian England to awakened Japan was the Rev. George Ensor, a young Cambridge graduate.



JAMES MONRO, C.B.

(From a photograph by ELLIOTT & FRY, 55, Baker Street, W.)

Thus the Foreign Missions of the Church draw their workers at the front from the full stream of the national life, and represent the diversity of origin, of mind, and of training, proper to the Church of the nation.

### St. Philip and St. James' Day.

(May 1st.)

I ask them whence their victory came;  
They with united breath  
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,  
Their triumph to His death.

They marked the footsteps that He trod  
His zeal inspired their breast;  
And, following their Incarnate God,  
Possess the promised rest.

WATTS.

BURMESE PROVERBS.—There is no wealth like unto knowledge, for thieves cannot steal it.

Whosoever speaketh fair words hath many friends, but the harsh man hath but few.



## OUR SUNDAY QUESTIONS.

BY THE REV. W. SUNDERLAND LEWIS, M.A.,

*Vicar of St. Mary's, Hornsey Rise, N. : Author of  
"Festival Hymns," etc.*

### QUESTIONS ON THE BIBLE.

In what part of Holy Scripture do we find the following mentioned:—

1. A battle in which certain young men took the principal part of the honour;
2. A battle in which certain other young men were allowed their proper share of the spoil;
3. A battle in which no men were engaged on one side;
4. A battle in which no men were engaged on either;
5. A sword which did about the last thing which it was intended to do;
6. A sword which did that which was *undone* immediately after.

### QUESTIONS ON THE PRAYER BOOK.

*(The Collect for the day. The "Christmas Day" group.)*

1. In which verse of Gal. iv. do we find the main thoughts of the two Collects for "Christmas Day," and for the "Circumcision of Christ," respectively?
2. In what way does the Collect for St. Stephen's Day help to illustrate the principle implied in 1 John iii. 2?
3. What word is so used in the Collect for St. John the Evangelist's Day as to remind us of the two things which we are taught to ask for in the close of the prayer which is ascribed to St. Chrysostom?
4. Of what declaration in St. Matt. xviii. may the Collect for Holy Innocents' Day remind us?

### BURIED TRUTH.

A woman who belonged to two cities in two different quarters of the earth belonged also, we are sure, to another city which is not of this earth. In one of these three cities we read of a woman who greatly corrupted the truth. In another we read of a woman who both proclaimed and hindered the truth. The woman first named was a great lover and helper of truth. Who was she? Where named? And what, and who, the three cities and other woman referred to?

A GREAT POET'S GREATEST WISH.—"My greatest wish," said Tennyson, "is to have a clearer vision of God."

A NURSE'S REQUEST.—As Tennyson's nurse was sitting one night at his bedside, sharing to a degree the general anxiety about the patient, she said to him suddenly, "You have written a great many poems, sir, but I have never heard anybody say that there is a hymn among them all. I wish, sir, you would write a hymn while you are lying here on your sick-bed; it might help and comfort many a poor sufferer." The next morning, when the nurse had taken her quiet place at the bedside, the poet handed her a scrap of paper, saying, "Here is the hymn you wished me to write." She took it from his hands with expressions of gratified thanks. It proved to be "Crossing the Bar," the poem that was sung in Westminster Abbey at Tennyson's funeral, and which has touched so many hearts.

## A TEMPERANCE SONG.



I.

SIGN the pledge! we now  
entreat you  
Come with us and take  
your stand,  
Many friends with joy will  
greet you,  
Give you welcome to  
our band!  
Sign the pledge! Our  
country calls you,  
Bids you help us in the  
fight;  
Ere the tempting cup  
enthral's you  
Sign the pledge! oh,  
sign to-night!

II.

Sign the pledge! The promise given,  
In the Name of God Most High,  
Will encourage some who've striven  
From the dangerous path to fly!  
Your example thus to others  
Shall be as a guiding light;  
For the sake of weaker brothers  
Sign the pledge! oh, sign to-night!

III.

Sign the pledge! The children's voices  
Rise to Heaven—oh, heed their cry!  
Many a fresh young heart rejoices,  
Many a cheer supplants a sigh,  
When fond parents help their dear ones  
In the battle for the right.  
For the sake of precious near ones  
Sign the pledge, then! Sign to-night!

FREDK. SHERLOCK,  
*Author of "Among the Queen's Enemies," etc.*

## OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

### XIII. JUMBLED PROVERBS.

1. Aaa Deed F Iii MM NNNoo Rttt W.
2. Tif scem Li.
3. Pa rides V.R. ene.

### XIV. DECAPITATION.

Whole I am a far-famed town. Curtail me and I am not. Behead me and I am first-rate for breakfast.

### XV. SQUARE WORDS.

1. What you will probably use when you have answered these puzzles.
2. A musical instrument.
3. A short time.
4. A military dwelling.

## OUR SUNDAY QUESTIONS.

THE following is the Prize List for the second half of last year—July to December. The names are given in order of merit. We offered as prizes twelve volumes published at Half-a-Guinea each. The successful competitors will greatly oblige by applying for their prizes without delay, naming one book of the value of the prize offered, or, if preferred, two or three books, the cost of which, added together, equals the amount offered. Letters should be sent to Mr. FREDK. SHERLOCK, "CHURCH MONTHLY" OFFICE, 30 and 31, New Bridge Street, Ludgate Circus, E.C.

| NAME.                                                             | AGE. | SCHOOL.                                                                 | ATTESTED BY                         |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------|------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1. GWLADYS E. PENNELL, Blue Hayes, Broad Clyst, Exeter.           | 15   | Parish Church: Rev. W. R. Fox, Vicar.                                   | The Vicar.                          |
| 2. ARTHUR JAMES WEAVER, "Avonhurst," Claremont Road, Highgate, N. | 15   | St. Augustine's, Highgate: Rev. A. W. Bradnack, M.A., Curate-in-Charge. | The Curate-in-Charge.               |
| 3. ROLAND TAYLOR, 1, Snowdon Terrace, Everton, Liverpool.         | 9    | St. George's, Everton: Rev. R. Postance, M.A., Vicar.                   | The Vicar.                          |
| 4. EDITH A. G. MONK, 18, Offerton Road, Clapham, S.W.             | 14   | St. Barnabas', Clapham: Rev. G. Martin Claris, Vicar.                   | The Vicar.                          |
| 5. DOUGLAS BAKER, Autys Cottages, Avenue Road, Southgate, N.      | 14   | Parish Church: Rev. C. F. Wilson, M.A., Vicar.                          | Rev. H. St. J. Payne, B.A., Curate. |
| 6. ELIZABETH HATCHARD, 3, Norman Street, Caerleon, Mon.           | 15   | Parish Church: Rev. F. Bedwell, B.D., Vicar.                            | The Vicar.                          |
| 7. STELLA J. M. P. TUDOR, Turkdean Vicarage, Northleach.          | 14   | Parish Church: Rev. I. L. Tudor, M.A., Vicar.                           | The Vicar.                          |
| 8. AGNES SIMMONDS, 51, Stourbridge Street, Kidderminster.         | 12   | St. Mary's: Rev. S. Phillips, M.A., Vicar.                              | Rev. H. H. Rackham, M.A., Curate.   |
| 9. ROSAMOND J. VEASEY, Manor House, Maresfeld, Sussex.            | 13   | Parish Church: Rev. B. M. Butler, M.A., Rector.                         | Rev. J. L. W. Petley, M.A., Curate. |
| 10. CHARLOTTE MANNING, 3, Milton Road, The Hyde, Hendon, N.W.     | 11   | St. John's: Rev. W. H. Skan, Vicar.                                     | The Vicar.                          |
| 11. SUSIE M. GAPP, Mattishall, Norfolk.                           | 13   | Parish Church: Rev. A. J. Hunter, M.A., Vicar.                          | Miss Johnson, S.S. Teacher.         |
| 12. GWEN TWELLS, Hinxton Vicarage, Great Chesterford.             | 13   |                                                                         | Mrs. Twells.                        |

HONOURABLE MENTION is made of the following Competitors in "Our Sunday Questions":—

IRENE GRAFTON, Stourbridge; JANE E. DALE, Fillongley; SARAH A. CLARKE, Fillongley; EUGENIE HERBERT, Lavender Hill; MARY J. DAVIES, Minera; SARAH A. HUDSON, Topcliffe; MABEL N. HOPE, Boston; ANNIE ROLFE, Cheveley; KITTY W. COLLETT, Rodland; NELLIE WARD, Great Kingshill; NELLIE GATEHOUSE, Bath; BESSIE S. STEDMAN, Wimbledon; MARY NORTON, Mattishall; W. S. VALE, Canning Town; ARTHUR HINCHLIFF, Saddleworth.

We append the answers, July to December inclusive:—

JULY.—*Bible Questions*: (1) Numb. xxiii. 19. (2) 1 Sam. xv. 29. (3) Titus i. 2, "that cannot lie." (4) 2 Tim. ii. 13; "He cannot deny Himself." (5) Heb. vi. 18; "It was impossible for God to lie." (6) Heb. xiii. 8; 2 Cor. i. 20.

*Prayer-Book Questions*: (1) By prayer for God's speedy help in our praises; and to the glorifying of His holy "NAME" as Three Persons in One God. (2) Praise for His mingled greatness and goodness as both Creator and Saviour. (3) See especially verse 6 and references. (4) The danger of being "hardened" by much familiarity with the truth; and so not "hearing" God's "voice" of entreaty; but being finally dealt with as in verse 11.

*Buried Truth*: See 2 Kings xviii. 1, 2; 2 Chron. xxviii. 22, xxxii. 32, 33, xxxiii. 2, 9, 10, 18, 19; 2 Chron. xxiv. 20-22; Luke i. 5; Mark vi. 27; Zech. i. 1; Ezra. v. 1, x. 18, 19, 26, etc.

AUGUST.—*Bible Questions*: (1) Gen. ii. 17, iii. 6; Rom. v. 18, 19. (2) Gen. iii. 4, 5. (3) Gen. xix. 13, 14, xiii. 12, 13. (4) Exodus ix. 28 21. (5) 1 Pet. iii. 20. (6) Luke xiii. 3, 5.

*Prayer-Book Questions*: (1) Certain chapters from Revelation at the close of December; the rest twice over. (2) The Creation, Fall, Flood, Call of Abraham, Story of Lot and Sodom, sacrifice of Isaac, and part of the stories of Jacob and Joseph. (3) The one tells us of the first Creation, and the other of the second; the success of the "serpent," his imprisonment and destruction; loss of the "garden," the glory of the "city"; one Tree of Life, many trees by the "River," etc. etc. (4) The first lessons tell us of the deliverance of Israel from the bondage of Egypt; the other of the sealing of the deliverance of the Church from the bondage of sin by the Resurrection of the Saviour.

*Buried Truth*: See, amongst other passages, Dan. i. 3, 6, 7, ii. 13, 25, 27, 48, 49, vi. 16, 22, viii. 2, x. 4 (compare Gen. ii. 14), 5-7 (compare Rev. i. 12-17), xii. 13.

SEPTEMBER.—*Bible Questions*: (1) 1 Sam. i. 9-13, 20, ii. 1-10. (2) Luke i. 30, 31, 38, 46-55. (3) Luke ii. 10-14. (4) Judges xiii. 3-5, 12. (5) 2 Kings iv. 16. (6) Luke i. 13, 18-20, 67.

*Prayer-Book Questions*: (1) With all mankind; all numbers and orders of angels; all the saints of all sorts in the past; all now upon earth. (2) One God in Three Persons. (3) See what is said in each, successively, as to the Son-ship's Incarnation, atoning death, and ascension of Christ; also, as to His final coming to "judge" the world. (4) Compare "numbered with the saints," and "Communion of saints"; also "remission of sins" in one with the many prayers for "mercy" in the other; also "life everlasting" with "lift them up for ever," and "we worship Thy Name world without end."

*Buried Truth*: See Luke xv. 11-32, viii. 32, as to kind of "herd" possessed, and observe that the narrative itself appears to be spoken as a parable.

OCTOBER.—*Bible Questions*: (1) Acts v. 18-20. (2) Acts xii. 6-10. (3) Acts xxvii. 23; Luke i. 11, xxiv. 4; Zech. iii. 5; Acts i. 10. (4) Judges vi. 11; Matt. xxviii. 2; Mark xvi. 5; John xx. 12. (5) Matt. iv. 11; Heb. ii. 7, i. 5, 13. Luke xxii. 43.

*Prayer-Book Questions*: (1) Up to verse "Let the earth," etc. The "heavens"—sun and moon—stars—waters above—clouds, etc., etc. (2) Verses that follow the above—"Mountains and hills"—green things on the earth—wells—seas—cattle. (3) "O ye children of men,"—then, Israel, priests, living saints, departed saints. (4) Ps. cxlviii.

*Buried Truth*: John xi., noting especially 4, 19, 31, 35, 36, 39—"four days"; Luke xxiv. 17, 21, 31—"the third day."

NOVEMBER.—*Bible Questions*: (1) Acts xxvii. 3, 11. (2) Acts xxvii. 42. (3) Acts xxiii. 20-31. (4) Luke vii. 1-9. (5) Acts x. 1, 2, 7. (6) Matt. xxvii. 54; Luke xxiii. 47.

*Prayer-Book Questions*: (1) To David and Abraham (compare Matt. i. 1); to all the "prophets" of old (compare Acts iii. 21); also to Gen. xxii. 16, 17, compare Heb. vi. 17. (2) To the special "light" (2 Tim. i. 10) and "mercy" (compare Acts x. 43, xiii. 39) of the



Gospel. (3) Compare Luke ii. 76, with xvi. 16. (4) Specially suitable after hearing lessons from both O. T. and N. T.

*Buried Truth:* Compare 1 Kings xxii. 30, 34-37, with 2 Kings iii. 1, ix. 21-24; and note especially that one was *fighting* and the other *fleeing* when struck by the arrow.

DECEMBER.—*Bible Questions:* (1) 2 Sam i. 9, 13. (2) Judges viii. 12, 21. (3) Jonah iv. 13. (4) 1 Kings xix. 4. (5) Acts xxv. 11. (6) 1 Pet. ii. 22, etc.; John x. 18.

*Prayer-Book Questions:* (1) Those who are not only the work of His "hands," but the "sheep of His pasture." Ps. xxxiii. 1, lxxxix. 13, xcvi. 6, 7, cv. 2, 3. (2) When we meet in His "courts." Ps. lxxxiv. 4, cxvi. 17-19, cxlii. 1, etc. (3) It is, therefore, the "Eucharist," or giving of thanks. (4) Because "mercy" and "truth" meet in Him for ever and ever. Compare Ps. lxxxv. 10; John i. 17; also 1 John i. 9, and Isa. xlv. 21; Heb. xiii. 8.

*Buried Truth:* Prov. xv. 13, xvii. 22, xv. 15.

## BURIED TRUTHS.



VERY large number of papers have been sent in, not the least interesting feature being that some of the Competitors have shown, by their research, that they have gone over even a wider range of passages than the questions in themselves required. It is gratifying to know that so many readers have been led to "read, mark, and learn" the Old Book afresh, and we might fill considerable space with extracts from the letters received. The Prize of a Half-Guinea Volume for the Buried Truths published from July to December inclusive is awarded to—

MISS E. ANNIE BEWSHER, 93, Talgarth Road, West Kensington, London, W.

## OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

THE interest in "Our Puzzle Corner" continues to be well sustained. We offered as prizes twelve volumes published at Five Shillings each. The following are the Prize Winners (July to December last) in the order of merit:—

| NAME.                                                        | AGE. | ATTESTED BY                                                     |
|--------------------------------------------------------------|------|-----------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1. HILDA BIRD, 129, Norwich Road, Ipswich.                   | 14   | Rev. H. Biddell, M.A., Curate of St. Matthew's.                 |
| 2. MABEL GRAFTON, Fair View, Hanbury Hill, Stourbridge.      | 14   | Parent.                                                         |
| 3. DOUGLAS BAKER, Autys Cottages, Avenue Road, Southgate, N. | 14   | Rev. H. St. John Payne, B.A. Curate of Southgate.               |
| 4. EDITH A. G. MONK, 18, Offerton Road, Clapham, S.W.        | 14   | Rev. G. M. Claris, Vicar of St. Barnabas'.                      |
| 5. ARTHUR J. WEAVER, "Avonhurst," Claremont Road, Highgate.  | 15   | Rev. A. W. Bradnack, M.A., Curate-in-Charge of St. Augustine's. |
| 6. J. PALMER, 41, Berners Street, Ipswich.                   | 14   | Rev. F. Haslewood, F.S.A., Rector of St. Matthew's.             |
| 7. ROSE SHEPARD, 3, Baronet Road, Tottenham.                 | 15   | Miss Shepard, S.S. Teacher.                                     |
| 8. MAUDE SHEPARD, 3, Baronet Road, Tottenham.                | 14   | Miss Shepard, S.S. Teacher.                                     |
| 9. NOBLE BURROWS, 9, Lake Street, New Hinksey, Oxford.       | 16   | Rev. W. D. B. Curry, M.A., Vicar.                               |
| 10. DAISY HALE, Post Office, Downside, Cobham, Surrey.       | 14   | Parent.                                                         |
| 11. ARTHUR JACKSON, Sutton, Retford, Notts.                  | 15   | Miss Farmer, S.S. Teacher.                                      |
| 12. CHARLES DEVONPORT, Wichenford Vicarage, Worcester.       | 13   | Rev. James Devonport, M.A., Vicar.                              |

The Answers to the Puzzles, July to December inclusive, are as follows:—

XIX. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Bridge Street: boys, right, inter, dome, grave, eat.

XX. BURIED RIVERS.—Thames, Mersey, Severn, Irwell, Avon, Trent.

XXI. CONUNDRUMS.—

12. Because he must mind his stops.
13. Maid of Orleans. Made of Paper.
14. A locomotive.

XXII. GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.—(1) Bakewell, (2) Shiplake, (3) Longtown, (4) Tipton, (5) Woodstock, (6) Pye Bridge.

XXIII. DECAPITATION.—Mangle: man, angle, me.

XXIV. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Manor House: (1) match, (2) Arno, (3) N.U., (4) oppress, (5) Revenue.

XXV. SQUARE WORDS.—

DOOR  
OBOE  
OOLA  
READ

XXVI. SQUARE WORDS.—

SHIP  
HIDE  
IDEA  
PEAR

XXVII. ARITHMETICAL.—(i) 22: Remove one 2. (ii) Place the two halves of 50—i.e., 25—side by side, and you have 2525.

XXVIII. BURIED TOWNS.—(1) Manchester, (2) Bradford, (3) Preston, (4) Derby, (5) Cardiff, (6) Reading.

XXIX. JUMBLED PROVERBS.—

"A stitch in time saves nine."  
"Safe Bind, Safe Find."  
"Penny Wise and Pound Foolish."  
"It's never too late to mend."

XXX. RIDDLE.—A Brother.

XXXI. ENIGMA.—Manchester: Man, chest, Hester, Chester.

XXXII. CHARADE.—Rainbow.

XXXIII. ANAGRAMS.—

Wellington.  
Nelson.  
Bishop Patteson.

XXXIV. CONUNDRUMS.—

15. When it's roast beef.
16. Because it has a conductor.
17. Because he's fond of dropping a line.

XXXV. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Way Out: who, adieu, yeast.

XXXVI. SQUARE WORDS.—

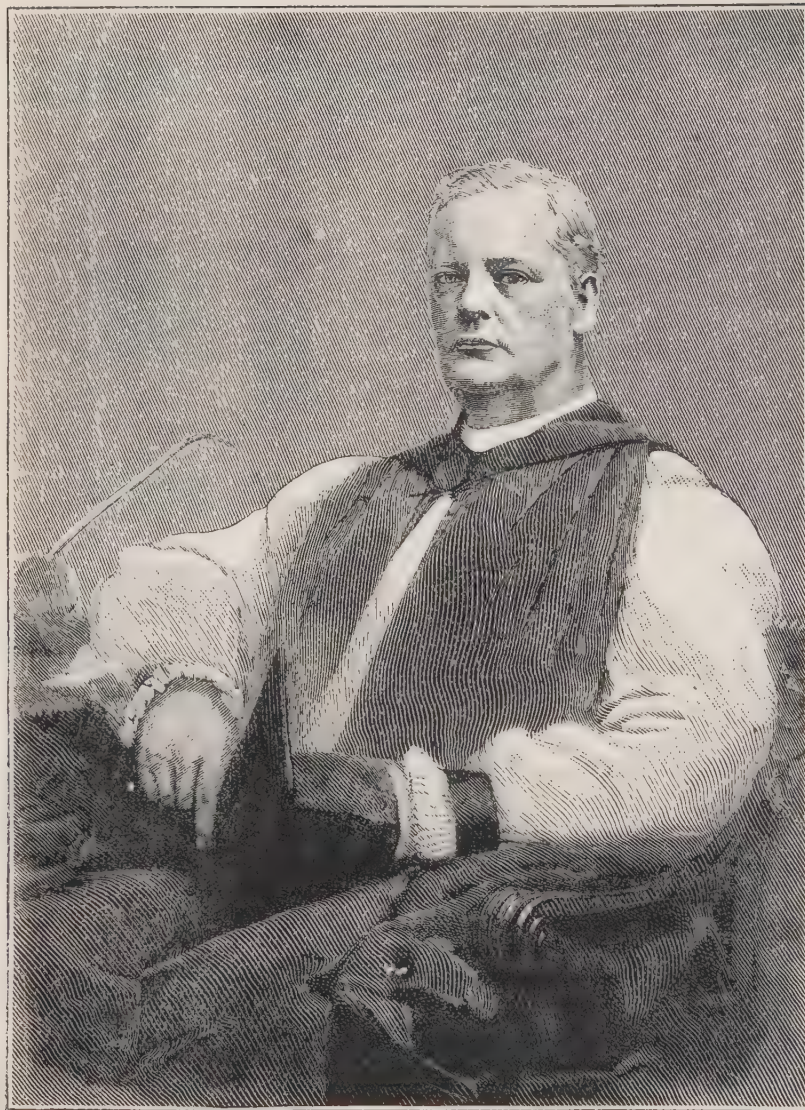
CAKE  
ACID  
KIND  
EDDY

A FAMOUS RHYME.—How few people know the name of the author of the world-famed lines:—

"Thirty days hath September,  
April, June, and November;  
All the rest have thirty-one,  
Excepting February alone."

They were written by C. F. Springman, formerly head-master of the Royal Jubilee School, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S HOMELY MAXIMS.—Do not worry. Eat three square meals a day. Say your prayers. Think of your husband. Be courteous to your creditors. Keep your digestion good. Steer clear of biliousness. Go slow and go easy. Keep pegging away. Never swop horses while crossing a stream. Don't cross a bridge till you meet it. Maybe there are other things required to make you happy, but these will give you a good lift.



THE BISHOP OF ROCKHAMPTON.

[From a photograph by ELLIOTT &amp; FRY, 55, Baker Street, W.]

## REPRESENTATIVE CHURCHMEN.

### IV. THE BISHOP OF ROCKHAMPTON.

**T**HE RIGHT REV. NATHANIEL DAWES, D.D., Lord Bishop of Rockhampton, is a Sussex man, and graduated at St. Albans Hall, Oxford.

The Bishop, who has always been most successful in influencing men, began life as an engineer, and it was while engaged during three or four years in Staffordshire, superintending the construction of the noble bridge which now spans the Thames at Blackfriars, that Dr. Dawes was attracted to Mission work.

It was in the parish of St. James', Wednesbury where the Rev. Richard Twigg was doing noble work among the iron and coal workers of the Black Country, and where Canon Body and Canon Bodington in the early days of their ministry gathered both enthusiasm and experience.

After graduating at Oxford, Mr. Dawes worked for nearly six years as assistant-curate at St. Peter's, Vauxhall, under the late Rev. George Herbert, and was then presented by the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's to the benefice of St. Mary, Charterhouse, where for nearly nine years he laboured among the poor of a densely populated part of London.

In 1886 Mr. Dawes joined the Bishop of Brisbane in Queensland, and became Rector of St. Andrew's, South Brisbane, and Archdeacon of Brisbane. He was consecrated Bishop at St. Andrew's Cathedral, Sydney, on May 1st, 1889, and appointed Bishop Coadjutor of Brisbane; three years later the Bishop was elected unanimously first Bishop of the new Diocese of Rockhampton, and enthroned on St. Andrew's Day, 1892.

This new Diocese comprises Central Queensland, and is in area the size of the German Empire; the population, however, is only 50,000.

When the Bishop was appointed there were only six clergymen for the whole Diocese. One of these was, single-handed, in charge of a parish or district as large as Scotland, and another, single-handed, ministered to a Mission district more than twice that area. The Diocese has been terribly handicapped from the start by the lack of clergy and means for their support.

Beyond an inadequate see endowment the Diocese was begun without a halfpenny of Diocesan funds, church endowment, or State aid; and even the grants that had previously been made from the mother diocese of Brisbane for the support of missionary clergy were cut off when the daughter diocese secured an indepen-



dent and penniless existence. It is often thought that, although the church in such a Diocese as that of Rockhampton is dependent for its maintenance upon the free-will offerings of her own children, yet that Australia is a wealthy place, and that the well-to-do members of the Church ought to provide what is necessary without appeals to the old country. But this is to take for granted what does not exist in fact. It is true that, in the older colonies in the south, there are wealthy residents; but that is not the case in the Diocese of Rockhampton, where there is not a single wealthy churchman who is resident therein.

It would be untrue to say that the members of the Church of England do not help themselves—according to their means, they are as a rule, generously disposed, and many of them contribute liberally. But they cannot bear the whole burden of building churches and supporting their clergy.

Happily within the last few years fresh missionary enthusiasm has been awakened in the old Church at home, and several of the best of the younger Clergy are volunteering for foreign service, some of them for the Diocese of Rockhampton. May we not fairly demand that the energy and devotion now forthcoming shall not be thwarted and baffled by a starvation supply of the bare necessities of missionary work?

The Bishop is now in England for the Pan-Anglican Synod, and those interested in his work may like to know that his address for the next few months is 4F, Hyde Park Mansions, W.

## GRUMBLING.

BY THE VEN. W. M. SINCLAIR, D.D.,  
*Archdeacon of London and Canon of St. Paul's.*



IT is fortunate when a fault gets a really good, expressive and fitting word tacked on to it. There is no pleasant or delusive sound about Grumbling. It is a tiresome and vexatious habit, labelled with a disagreeable name which no fault, vice, or virtue, is likely to borrow.

The Grumbler is the man who is always finding fault and com-

plaining, either about himself, or about things in general, or about other people.

All virtues consist of a golden mean between two extremes. We may say that the virtue against which Grumbling sins is Contentment. At the extreme on the other side would come Self-delusion. And there are three states of mind which lie at the bottom of these three moods of disposition. At the root of Contentment lies perfect Justice. At the root of make-believe Self-delusion lies a weak and fond Partiality. At the root of Grumbling lies Censoriousness.

Thus, a person who is perfectly content would never think of grumbling. That tiresome expression of irritation would be abhorrent to the nature which is so happy that it is never perturbed or put out. And, on the other hand, a truly contented person has no temptation to indulge in hollow, empty rose-coloured dreams, either about things or people. The mind is too well-balanced to wish to make pretence, or to cultivate gush, or to persuade itself that geese are swans, daws peacocks, or tinsel gold.

And the contented person rests on justice; just views, just equilibrium of mind, justice in self-control, justice in reasonableness. A just person does not, on the one hand, take censorious views of people and things, but estimates everything carefully and truly. The just mind sees the reasons why persons and things are as they are, and knows that there is no use in complaining. And, on the other hand, a just person is equally free from weak and fond Partiality. Excessive praise and exaggerated delight about the things that happen to us, and the people we meet, is as contrary to truth as Grumbling, and is almost as tiresome. It expresses itself in a tedious, vexatious flow of Self-delusion, which wearies and offends the discreet mind, and makes conversation difficult.

To return to Grumbling. Grumbling is part of Complaining. It does not cover the whole ground of Complaining, because Grumbling is always foolish and wrong, and Complaining may in certain circumstances be right and fitting, and justly carried by a responsible person, or an injured person, to the proper authority.

The most privileged Grumbler is the wife. Even if she is perfect in all other virtues, it often happens that she is a person who thinks it right to find fault with everything, and to express her opinion with energy and without reserve. No man is perfect, though, no doubt, many women are, and

she thinks it good for her husband to point out his imperfections, and to try and mend those little ways of his which are not according to her fancy. She grumbles about her servants and their misdemeanours, her children and their thoughtlessness, her friends and their faults—so numerous, open, and palpable. So her family grow to regard her with patience rather than affection, and it is only at some great crisis that their real love for her is rekindled. She spoils her life by her inveterate and unrestrained temper of discontent, and her free habit of giving it expression. "Every one must see daily instances of people who complain from the mere habit of complaining, and who make their friends uneasy and strangers merry by murmuring at evils that do not exist, and repining at grievances they do not really feel."

Another natural Grumbler is the farmer. In the British climate there is much excuse for him. It very seldom happens that the weather is good for hay, roots and corn, all alike. If the year is abnormally good, then prices are generally low. And he is perpetually menaced in an increasing degree by foreign competition, through the speed of steam and the cheapness of freights. Stock is brought over now in such enormous quantities, alive and dead, that almost his last hope is gone. We can excuse the farmer his grumble, and hope he may discover how to supply the markets with produce which could not so well be supplied from abroad.

As to ourselves: if we come to think of it, it is absurd, on the one hand, to grumble at things which we could have prevented, because we have only ourselves to thank for not preventing them. And it is equally absurd to grumble at things which we could not have prevented, because there was no help for it, and we could not have done any better. Grumbling in both cases is the sign of an untrained, unreasonable, uncontrolled mind.

Fools grumble at every little mischance. Numbers of things, of course, do not turn out as we could wish, and it would not be at all good for us if we always got our own way. Instead of exposing ourselves to ridicule by constantly fretting and groaning where we have not succeeded, it is far better and more sensible to put the best foot forward, see where we may have been ourselves to blame, and do what we can to be more successful next time. It is absurd to run about and tell everybody that you have been unfortunate. Men do not like to have unfortunate people amongst their acquaintance.

There is a class of Grumblers who are misanthropes, so sure that the world is going to ruin that they resent every attempt to comfort them as an insult to their sagacity. At every social or political change which they do not like they are loud in their prophecies that the country is going to the dogs. But there is a great deal of ruining in a country; and the very things which they dreaded and hated may, in the end, in some unexpected way, work out for good. In spite of being found wrong again and again, they find their chief consolation in being inconsolable, their chief pleasure in being displeased.

"It is the usual fortune of complaint," said Dr. Johnson, "to excite contempt rather than pity." "I have always despised," said Burns, "the whining yelp of complaint, and the cowardly, feeble resolve." And another has remarked, rather cynically, that "complaint is the largest tribute Heaven receives, and the sincerest part of devotion."

"Have we no words? Ah, think again!  
Words flow apace when we complain,  
And fill our fellow-creature's ear  
With the sad tale of all our care.

"Were half the breath thus vainly spent  
To Heaven in supplication sent  
Our cheerful song would oftener be,  
'See what the Lord hath done for me!'"

A pleasant, even, cheerful, unrepining temper is one of the greatest treasures in a family circle. "This portable quality of good-humour," said Steele, "seasons all the facts and occurrences we meet with, in such a manner that there are no moments lost; but they all pass with so much satisfaction, that the heaviest of loads, that of time, is never felt by us."

"Good-humour," said Dr. Johnson, "may be defined as a habit of being pleased; a constant and perennial softness of manner, easiness of approach, and serenity of disposition, like that which every man perceives in himself when the first transports of new felicity have subsided, and his thoughts are only kept in motion by a slow succession of soft impulses. Good-humour is a state between gaiety and unconcern; the act or emanation of a mind at leisure to regard the gratification of another." "Let us try to be good-humoured for a single day; if we let the sunlight into our souls, it will generate in our heart every good motive, and we shall feel life strengthened, and ourselves armed to fight, on the coming morrow, the battle of every trick of fate."







HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY VICTORIA,  
QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND, AND EMPRESS OF INDIA.

*The Queen has most graciously given her permission for the publication of the above portrait, which has been kindly lent to us for this purpose by Her Majesty. The photograph was taken by Messrs. W. & D. Downey, 57 and 61, Ebury Street, S.W., and has been expressly engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by Messrs R. Taylor & Co.*



## THE QUEEN.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL.



GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL

**I**HAVE been requested, as the Bishop whose date of consecration reaches furthest back in the long and happy reign of our gracious Sovereign Lady, the Queen, to write a few words of loyal tribute, from a Church point of view, to One whose mercifully prolonged life is now calling forth expressions of thankful joy from every true English heart.

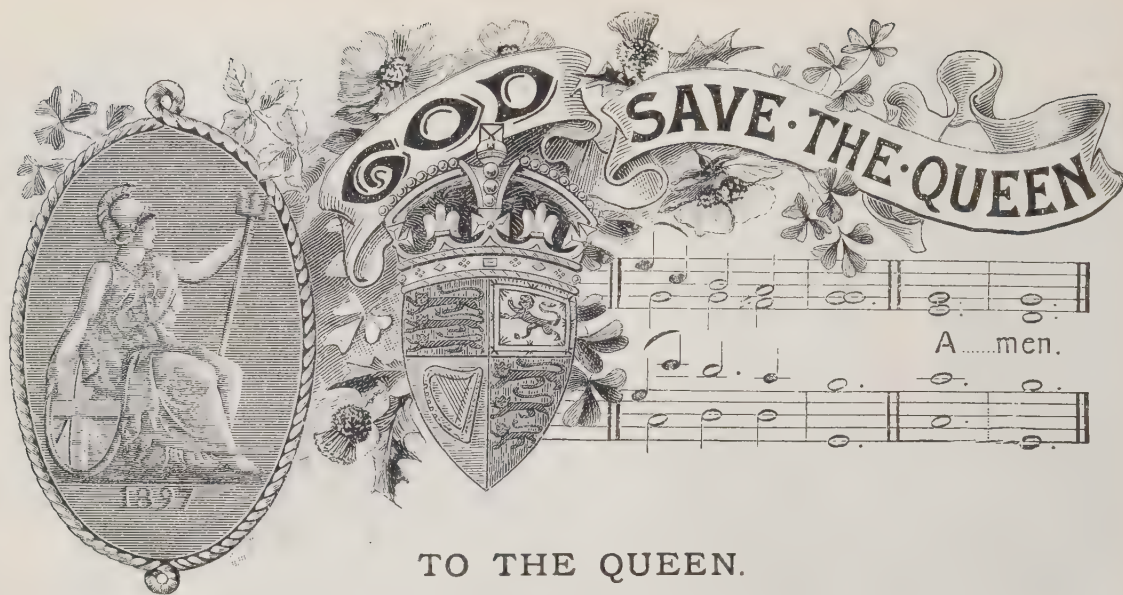
To estimate these things rightly, let us begin with the solemn thought, that for well-nigh two generations unceasing prayer has ascended to God from our Mother Church of England for this our beloved Sovereign, in varied forms of supplication, each day as it passes; and further, that the personal love of the worshipper has constantly impressed a reality and intention on these prayers which may be rightly felt to give them a special character and significance.

And for what have these prayers been offered? What among the many graces that we pray for in the daily service, in the Litany, at the Table of the Lord, and in the more special prayers of the Accession Service—what, among all these varied forms of supplication, are the spiritual gifts most earnestly and especially prayed for? Can we be wrong in saying, that these four gifts of the Spirit,—righteousness of life, zeal for the honour of God, wisdom in governing, and possession of the hearts of her people, form the substance of the

prayers of the Church of England for our gracious Queen and Governour?

And is it not true, and no language of mere loyal eulogy, but simply and solemnly true, that these prayers have been heard, and that the private and public life of our Queen and Empress affords an illustration of the power of prayer, and of a personally inward working of grace, that no thoughtful Christian can fail to recognize, nay, no mere man of the world can leave unnoted as the ordinary movement of purely human endeavour? Look at the striking portrait which was graciously lent to the Editor of this Magazine for the Church Almanack of last year. Who can look on it without feeling that duty, wisdom, consideration, and sympathy are there visibly portrayed in the impressive and dignified form that is presented to the eye? Who could hesitate in believing that the prayers of our Church have received a full answer, and that the life and conversation of the Sovereign of this Realm presents an example to her people which has had, and will ever continue to have, a silently moulding influence on the family life of the nation? Who could doubt that it is this which ensures to our Queen a possession of the hearts of her people to which the history of the present and even of the past can scarcely produce any exact parallel?

When the English Churchman seriously considers these things, and further remembers that the great spiritual quickening of Church life, which we all thankfully recognize, has been to a large extent coeval with this long and beneficent reign, he can hardly fail to attribute much of its outward development to the counsels and appointments of the Sovereign whom he acknowledges to be in all causes, as well ecclesiastical as temporal, supreme. Such a thought gives a still higher aspect to the thankful commemorations of this present year, and adds a reverence to our loyalty. It makes us feel that this beloved Sovereign is verily, in the language of our Prayer Book, God's chosen servant and minister; and that no prayer more consonant with our higher-toned feelings can now be offered than that of our daily service—that, this life ended, our Queen may "attain everlasting joy and felicity, through Jesus Christ our Lord."



## TO THE QUEEN.

BY THE MOST REV. HIS GRACE THE LORD ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH.

THOU, whom thy sixty years of Royal  
state,  
Ensaint, ennoble, elevate,  
Why keeps our land, which is so free,  
This date Imperial, this Diamond Jubilee?

Not do the obvious glories of thy reign  
Such universal love obtain.  
Not ev'n such as thou could bid  
What fair adventure fell, what golden time betid ;

Nor the invention answering to the need,  
Nor yet the lightning-wingèd speed,  
Nor English Poetry's second youth,  
Nor the conjunction of the stars of beauty and  
of truth.

Nay, and the hundred battles highly fought  
Whereby a nobler peace was bought ;  
And all the floating strength that keeps  
Invulnerable shores, unviolated deeps ;

These are external to thee—these, perchance,  
High accidents of circumstance.  
Most wise and strong we know thou art,  
But the foundation of our love is a true  
woman's heart.

And if the Church, with all her wondrous news,  
No longer, as the great tides use,  
Scribbles, as with irregular hand,  
Mere faint and feather'd lines feebly along the  
strand ;

But with simplicity's strong insight can  
Bring Christ a little nearer man,  
Mate the Church deed with what she saith,  
Faith with philosophy, philosophy with faith ;—

And if life's narrow board is broader spread,  
Guests ten times more and sweeter bread ;  
And if pale sickness gives more ease,  
Whilst stern old hospitals grow fairy palaces ;

And if the unlovely, grim, grey streets possess  
A brighten'd life, a fairer dress,  
And frequent to the toilers come  
Smiles on the cheek—no more the cruel cheek—  
of Home ;—

Something of this best praise we justly twine  
Liege Lady ! with thyself and thine.  
Others a separate page may claim :  
The volume of the book beareth Victoria's  
name.

THE PALACE, ARMAGH.

WILLIAM ARMAGH.





THE LONDON HOME OF HER MAJESTY.

*Specially drawn and engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY.*

# "Drift and Duty;"

OR

## WHAT CAME OF A HOLIDAY IN MANXLAND.

BY THE REV. E. NEWENHAM HOARE, M.A.,

*Vicar of Stoneycroft, Liverpool; Author of "The Jessopps," "Child Neighbours," etc.*

## CHAPTER XI.

## MATCH-MAKING.



JIM had no need to be jealous. When Hope Hepworth arrived he was the complete wreck of his former self. His sister had been right. It was not only that he was thin, and pale, and weak, but his gay spirit seemed utterly broken. Nothing roused him. He took everything as a matter of

course. He was curious about nothing, interested in nothing, grateful for nothing. He was, indeed, very gentle, and seemed to shrink from giving trouble, but except a certain sweetness of voice and expression, and a wan smile, there was but little by which to recall the Hope Hepworth of a few months ago.

Ella had stipulated that nothing was to be said about her history. With instinctive tact she recognised that the knowledge of who she was might cause embarrassment to young Hepworth, especially in his present weak and nervous condition. Nor was there any difficulty in keeping the secret during the few days that Ella remained at Ballaugh. Hope asked no questions, and seemed to take but little notice of her.

On his return from Manchester the following week, James Kerruish devoted himself to his old friend, trying to win his complete confidence, to cheer him up, and to bring light and peace to his soul. But the thing was not easily to be done, and more than once the point of despair was almost reached.

"There is no use saying all those pretty things to me, Jim," said Hope bitterly, on what seemed likely to be one of the dreariest of these occasions. "I am a

poor lost creature, lost in body and soul through my own folly and conceit."

"Nonsense, man, you mustn't talk like that; it is positively wicked. You are quite young, younger than me, and there is no reason why you should not get quite strong again."

"I shall never be what I was, Jim, old boy; the doctors have told me as much."

"Well, if not exactly what you were, you may surely be strong enough to live a long and useful life."

"Aye, and to know, year after year, that I was bearing the burden and reaping the fruit of my own sin and foolishness," cried the invalid. "I don't want to lead such a life as that—death would be better; but I am afraid to die. Oh, it's horrible, it's horrible!" and he hid his face and sobbed.

James Kerruish was much distressed. He laid his hand on his friend's shoulder.

"Hope, you must be a man; and whatever happens, you must not be afraid. You must get rid of that. God will help you. Pray to Him. Look to the Lord your Saviour. He died for you. He loves you. You must learn to love Him, and then you will learn that 'perfect love casteth out fear.' Forgive me for saying this. Don't think me a prig; but I *must* say it—I cannot bear to see you suffer."

"Oh, it's all right—that is the sort of thing that is always said to sick people, I suppose. But it is poor comfort—for one like me, at any rate."

"Hope, it is the truth—God's own truth. I do not ask you to listen to me, to believe me. Go to God—ask Him to teach you—ask Him to forgive you for Jesus' sake."

"Certainly I have much need of forgiveness."

"We *all* have need of forgiveness, and to whom much is forgiven the same will love much. Hope, dear old boy, I am sure you will be taught to take this sickness in the right way—I am sure that however and whenever it ends, it will prove a blessing."

"Well, we must hope so, since there is nothing left but hope."

Conversations such as this became frequent between the young men, and young Kerruish had the happiness of seeing that his simple, earnestly spoken words were not in vain. Hope Hepworth's condition was slowly but steadily mending. No doubt the change of air and surroundings had their proper effect on the bodily frame. But plainly there were other than physical causes at work. Patience was having her perfect work, and a quieted spirit and a restored mental balance were no doubt helping the general improvement.

Two months passed happily, and once again summer was nigh at hand. Hope Hepworth was so much better that he talked, but as yet only talked, of returning to Liverpool. Mr. Peterson was apparently himself again, but a visit of three days' duration to Manchester had convinced him that his future comfort would depend upon his keeping at a distance from Cottonopolis.



Accordingly he arranged to become the tenant of the house in which he had been lodging at Ballaugh, and proposed that his nephew James should go to reside in Manchester as his representative, coming over to the Island to report progress from time to time.

"But you don't expect me to leave my boy to live alone, Will? That would never do," exclaimed Mrs. Kerruish in a panic.

"Certainly not, sister, certainly not. You have done what you could for your old growl of a brother, and now your duty is to your son. These young dogs take a deal of looking after."

"Then who is to look after you? You must have a housekeeper or some one."

"I have arranged all that, my dear. Miss Ella Qualtrough is going to keep house for me."

"Have you asked her?" and the question was somewhat sharply put, as though the widow resented any such arrangement having been made behind her back.

"No, but I am going to ask her now," replied Uncle Peterson, turning to Ella who was once more on a visit (indeed, she had not been many days at Bride before the old gentleman had insisted on having her back). "Now what do you say, Miss? After the experience you have had, would you be afraid to be left in charge of the old man? You'd have a girl under you and pocket-money enough to buy clothes and that sort of thing."

"Oh, sir, how kind you are," cried Ella, springing to her feet, "There is nothing I would like better; but I am afraid I am not fit for such a place. I am only a poor girl—I have no experience."

"Never you mind about that, my dear. I'm easily satisfied, and I have no doubt we shall be able to rub along together. So that is settled."

And, like most matters that Uncle Peterson "settled,"

all the arrangements were carried out with the utmost promptitude. Before he was well aware of what had happened, James Kerruish found himself established with his mother in a pleasant suburb of Manchester, and the whole control of his uncle's business had practically devolved on his shoulders. When, at the first "week-end," he went to the Island to report progress,

he found that Ella and his uncle had settled down together in perfect harmony. A bright little servant maid had been added to the household, and it was quite evident that Mr. Peterson had determined to treat Miss Qualtrough as an adopted child rather than as a dependant.

All this was very nice, the only drawback being that Hope Hepworth was still "hanging around." He had been to Liverpool for a few days, but had come back again, and now he had been invited to take his Sunday dinner at the Cottage.

Poor Jim! He tried hard to be generous, he tried to rejoice at the fresh colour that had come into the hollow cheek of his friend, and at his rekindled sprightliness of manner; but it was a hard task, and the "green-eyed monster" seriously interfered with Jim's digestion.

On the Monday morning the two friends walked together to the station, and each was fully resolved to give the other a "piece of his mind." Hope, however, got the start.

"Jim, I want you to pardon me for saying it, but I don't think you are treating Ella Qualtrough quite fairly." She is a dear, good girl, that any man might be proud of."

"What on earth do you mean by this? Are you mad, Hope?" cried Kerruish, standing still on the road and facing his friend.

"Well, it is just this—that you have paid the girl a



"OF COURSE HE WENT ON PURPOSE."

lot of attention and I think it is sufficiently plain that she is fond of you. If it wasn't so plain, and if I wasn't such a miserable weakling now, I'd like to go in for her myself. I must say I can't understand you, Jim."

Young Kerruish burst into a bitter laugh. Then he seized his friend by the hand.

"Would you understand any better, old stupid, if I told you that Ella has refused me twice already?"

"Refused you! Why? I am sure she is fond of you."

"Because she will have it that she is beneath me in position. You see, her parents were only poor people; her father was a fisherman."

"And what difference should that make? I am sure she might be anybody now. I love to look at her as she sits there at the end of the dinner-table. Everything looks bright and wholesome and pure where she is. I only wish I had been blessed by knowing such a woman long ago!"

"Hope, I shall be jealous if you don't mind," said Jim.

"I think you are that already, old man; not that you have any need to be. Ella wouldn't have anything to say to a fellow like me, nor would I dare to ask her—not to speak of being disloyal to you."

"Forgive me, dear Hope, if I distrusted you. And yet why, after all, should you not have had your chance as well as me? But tell me what I ought to do."

"Well, you must get refused a third time, and then tell her you won't stand such nonsense any more. Tell her you will appeal to the old man; and if that doesn't have any effect, why, then I will *speak to her myself!*"

So Jim went on his way rejoicing in his heart, and when he came again in a fortnight it was evident that *some one had been talking to somebody*. Hope was gone, and Ella seemed shy and constrained in manner; but Uncle Peterson was in first-rate form. He chuckled and made jokes at dinner, and rubbed his hands, that were now almost fat, together. When the meal was ended he took his nephew into the garden for a serious talk.

But still it seemed that there was a hitch somewhere. And the result was that young Kerruish did not appear at Ballaugh for some six or eight weeks. Somehow the business managed to get on without such frequent interviews with the principal as had at first been deemed necessary. Then, the weather being fine, Mr. Peterson took it in his head to go over to England (as they say), and on to Manchester once or twice in person. There he did his business presumably, saw his sister certainly, and gave instructions to his nephew on various points. Then he went home, apparently well satisfied with what he had accomplished.

Then at last, when the season was almost ended, and Ella Qualtrough was beginning to think that a winter at Ballaugh might prove dull, Jim turned up. Business was business, and so he had to come. This was Mr. Peterson's explanation, and he uttered it to

Ella as though some explanation or even apology were due to her. The girl didn't like that, and said she was very glad indeed that Mr. James was coming—it would be a change—and they had quite missed him. And then Uncle Peterson looked at her so hard that she blushed and turned away.

So "Mr. James" came and talked business with his employer on Saturday night, and then he talked business with Miss Qualtrough on Sunday. And the result of all the talking and all the business was that when Jim went away on Monday morning he thought himself the happiest fellow in the world, for Ella had at last consented to be his wife. There was every prospect of a rough passage, and Jim, for all he had been to and fro between Douglas and Liverpool so often, was not the best of sailors; but now he cared not what winds blew. He was walking on air, and the sea and the weather might do their worst!

The young couple walked to the station together, and Jim thought of the conversations he had had on that same road with Bossie and with Hope.

"How could you have been so cruel as to keep me in torture all these months?" he asked reproachfully.

"You know, James, how I felt about it. You know I never denied that I loved you; but I was determined that I would not stand in your way. You had no right to go and engage yourself to a poor country girl like me. I was determined that it should not be—not till I knew something, was fit for something. But then, when you stayed away all those weeks, I began to feel so lonely and wretched. Do you know, I think your uncle went to Manchester on purpose those two times."

"Of course he went on purpose; he is not the sort of man to do things by chance."

"Now don't be sarcastic, sir; you know what I mean well enough. He did it in order to keep you away and to make me miserable."

"And did the wicked old schemer succeed?"

"Is it likely?" she said, looking up saucily into his face.

Then came that provoking whistle. (The Isle of Man locomotives, being but small, take special delight, apparently, in hearing themselves make a noise.) Jim was invited by an unsympathetic official to "hurry up," and so an unsatisfactory good-bye was said.

But it was not for long. Jim came and went three or four times during the next few weeks; and then at the last his mother accompanied him, and a week later the wedding took place quietly in the village church. Hope Hepworth was the only guest.

"Now," said Mrs. Kerruish to the bride, "you will be able to read those mysterious papers without waiting till you are twenty-three."

Ella was surprised.

"I had never thought of it, mother dear; but what you say is true," she replied simply.

For Mrs. Kerruish it was a trying time. She had come to love Ella, yet it was not without a cruel



wrench that she was enabled to surrender to another the son for whom she had so long lived. And then she had also to give up the comfortable and quiet home to which she had already become attached. For it was arranged that the young couple should live there, and that Mrs. Kerruish should return to Ballaugh and take Ella's place as housekeeper for her brother. It was the obvious and natural arrangement, and the good woman made no demur. None realised—herself perhaps least of all, for she never thought about herself—what that change might mean to her. Hitherto the fond mother had never been separated from her only child for more than two or three days at a time. Jim was always to be at home "to-morrow or the day after." Henceforth "home" would mean a different thing for her and for her boy.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE BEST OF IT AND THE END OF IT.



AND so it came to pass that the fair blushing dawn and first radiance of married life was soon to be darkened by a heavy, though passing cloud for the young folk whose early fortunes we have been tracing.

The autumn was very fine, and, late as it was in the season, James Kerruish and his bride enjoyed a perfect fortnight at the Lakes. The

letters received from the Isle of Man during that time were full of affection and cheerful anticipation of an early meeting. In the last of these, indeed, Mrs. Kerruish spoke of having a slight cold, but she was nursing herself up, and hoped to be quite well by the time fixed for a visit from her "dear children."

Having arrived at her new home in Manchester, the young wife was naturally very full of her unwonted avocations and interests, while upon her husband arrears of business made urgent demands. Thus three or four days passed, and then Jim said as they sat together in the evening,—

"Is it not strange we have not heard from mother? I rather fancied a letter of welcome would have been awaiting us, didn't you, dearest?"

"I'm afraid I've been too busy and too selfishly happy to think about the postman; but now you

mention it, it does seem odd. She knew the day we were expected back?"

"Oh certainly; I wrote and told her all about it—the exact hour, and so forth, so that she might be thinking of us."

"I hope she is not worse," said Ella.

"Oh, dear, no; don't think of that. She only spoke of having a cold, and of course if anything had been wrong, Uncle would have written." The response was uttered in a tone of eager protest, and yet there was something of uneasiness about it. The fringe of the shadow was already present.

"Yes, there is that, and—and I daresay we shall hear in the morning."

"Oh, yes, there is sure to be a letter in the morning, or rather, in the evening. Why, it is quite early still, and we might even hear to-night. But now, darling, I want you to get those papers and see what's in them; you are not twenty-three, I'm glad to say, but you are married. He spoke quickly and with the evident desire to turn his wife's thoughts—and his own?—into another channel."

"Do you know, dear husband, I rather shrink from the idea of looking at them. Suppose we wait till I am actually twenty-three."

"My love, that would never do. There may be something important—something you ought to know—something upon which your whole future may depend." And Jim, as he spoke, was not without his fantastic dreams of hidden treasure or accumulated wealth, or romantic tale of lofty lineage. "You remember, dear, how mother said it would be such a nice occupation, solving the mystery together when we got into a home of our own?"

"Yes; she seemed very much interested in the matter—more so than ever I was, Jim. I am content to leave it even now. Suppose we wait till your mother—"

The sentence was not finished, for at that moment the postman's sharp knock sounded harshly through the narrow hall.

"It's a letter—a letter from her," cried Jim, springing to his feet. He left the room, and a minute later re-entered noiselessly in his slippers.

"It's not from her, it's from uncle," he said, as he stood reading beneath the gaslight in the centre of the little room.

"On business, I suppose; but doesn't he say—?"

"He says that mother is not so well—that she couldn't write herself, and wouldn't let him do so, hoping each day there would be better news to send." Then, after an interval of hurried undertone, Jim continued aloud, "He says he would like us to go over at once, and not to wait till the end of the week. He seems to be uneasy and upset, though he talks of wanting to see me on business matters. What is to be done, dearest?"

"Done? Why, we must go over to them as soon

as possible—for Mr. Peterson's sake, even if—if there is no danger. When can we start?"

"We can cross by the morning boat from Liverpool if we get an early train. It will be a rush, Ella, and I must write a lot of letters now."

And so there was no more talk that evening, nor for many that followed, of prying into a dead man's secret. An issue more immediate, the secret of life and death and of God's Providential dealing, was full in view. In the fulness of life's youthful joy the shadow of imminent death filled and flooded the little room. For that the situation was critical a re-perusal of Mr. Peterson's letter left no doubt.

Not indeed that the end was just yet. When Jim and his wife arrived at Ballaugh, they found that the sick woman had rallied a little. She was cheerful, able to recognise them and to rejoice in their presence. From the first, however, the doctor had but little hope, and what little there had been faded gradually, gently, surely. It was the old story. A cold neglected had developed acute pneumonia, and there was no reserve of strength on which to draw. "The poor lady," said the doctor tenderly, "must have suffered a good deal, from time to time, for many years, owing to an internal trouble. Her constitution has been undermined—she has neglected herself."

"But she never said there was anything the matter with her, doctor; she never complained," protested Mr. Peterson vehemently.

"No; women of that sort don't complain—they are not made that way; they just go on till they drop."

And so, hope fading first, life faded till, ten days later, the end came. It was a peaceful ending to what had been—at least, during later years—a very peaceful life. "Not many wise . . . not many noble, not many mighty!" This Anna Kerruish had not been a remarkable woman in any way; just a simple, God-fearing, patient, devoted woman. Made strong out of weakness, she had striven to do her duty; and who would dare to say that she had failed? Certainly not the son to whom she had dedicated herself throughout those long monotonous years. What shadows might have fallen athwart her youth, what heavier cross she might have had to bear, those of the younger generation were not in a position to know. Perhaps her brother understood; at any rate, his grief was genuine and not untouched, possibly, with that remorse which ever adds a sting to grief.

It was rather a painful circumstance of those last sad and solemn days, the way in which the dying woman kept returning to what we may call Ella's secret. That unopened letter seemed to have laid hold of her dim imagination, and she persisted, often very inopportunistly, in returning to the subject. Had Ella got the packet with her? Why, if so, did she not open it? She was married now, although she wasn't three-and-twenty—and so on. And the young wife would put her off and say that they would talk about the matter when the invalid

was stronger, and she wasn't quite sure where she had put the letter, and now there wasn't light enough to read, and to-morrow would do very well. And so at last the morrow came when all that feeble wondering was to cease!

A fortnight after Mrs. Kerruish's death Ella and her husband were back in Manchester. They were alone, Uncle Peterson having insisted on remaining at Ballaugh. They had tried to induce him to return with them, but for the present he was resolute; for the winter at least he would remain where he was. If it were nothing else, the young couple must have time to shake down and become accustomed to one another before bothering themselves with the care of a crotchety old man.

And now the evening had come, on which husband and wife had determined to open the packet in which the dead woman had been so strangely interested.

Ella's hand trembled as she tore the envelope and took out the contents. These consisted of two or three certificates and a letter. The latter Ella handed to her husband, who read it aloud at her request.

"DEAR CHILD,—I have loved you as though you were my own, and that is just why I must tell you you are not my own. That you may have guessed, and the Kellys can tell you all about it. There are those living who will remember your father, Adam Qualtrough, and your sweet mother.

"But it is of my miserable, sinful self that I must tell you. If you feel that you cannot forgive and love a man who has, in times past, gone astray and done very foolishly, then tear this scrawl up and read no more. But you will forgive, dear girl. God, for Christ's sake, has forgiven me; of that I feel sure. You will forgive too.

"Well, my real name is Kerruish. I belonged to the Isle of Man, but left home when but a boy to go to sea. I did well for myself for a time; and I did best of all when I got to wife a dear, gentle creature, one, I am sure, who has never forgotten me. For she is still alive—she and her boy—*my* son! Listen to my miserable story—how, right or wrong, I was led to cut myself off from honourable employment, from home, from wife and child. I was a reckless man, fond of excitement, which I found in drink and cards and the sort of gambling they call 'speculation.' First my own hard-earned savings went—then money that was not my own. At last, being in a corner, I yielded to a terrible temptation. I agreed to cast away the ship of which I was master. The owner, who was a bad man, tempted me. He wanted to get the insurance—that alone would save him from ruin. I, too, wanted money to save me from ruin. So we bargained together and, God forgive me, I thought but little of the people I was robbing or of the lives of the men who sailed with me and trusted me. But it seems they didn't trust me; from the outset they had their suspicions, and the first





"IT'S FROM UNCLE."

mate kept his eye on me. I had resolved to run my ship ashore one dark, wild night on a rock off the Calf of Man. At the last, I call God to witness, I was sorry, and tried to save the ship. But it was too late, and after we were on the rocks the mate accused me before the men of having cast them away. They got into the boat, but I refused to follow. I said I would go down with my ship, and as they rowed away I intended to do so. But the love of life is strong, and when a wave washed me overboard, I struck out and swam to the rocks. I climbed the cliff, and wandered away, feeling as though the curse of Cain was on me. I feared that the boat had been capsized; but in a day or two I got a newspaper, and read that the men were safe. I thanked God for that—and I thank Him still that I am not a murderer. But I also read that I was freely accused of having wrecked my ship on purpose. It was said that the underwriters had declined to pay, and that there was to be an investigation. Had not the captain perished he would certainly have been put on his trial. That was what I read. So I wandered about, day after day, not knowing what to do. Then, rightly or wrongly, I resolved to *be dead*. Why should I bring further misery and disgrace on the dear woman that loved and trusted me? It was that, God knows, not the dread of punishment, that determined me. I had a little money in my pocket when

I was cast on shore, but it was soon gone. Then I made my way to a part of the Island where there seemed least fear of my being recognised or of questions being asked. Your father and mother were kind to me. I made what return I could. I have saved over £100—it is yours. My wife and child live, as I have found out, in the neighbourhood of Liverpool, at a place called Wavertree. The boy is employed by a Mr. Lamont. If you wish you can easily find him out. But I leave all to you, dearest. You are the only child I have known. My sad secret rests with you. Go and tell them (my wife and son) if you wish; otherwise keep it to yourself.

"And now good-bye, my darling. Oh that I could hear you say that you forgive me, and love me still! And my poor wife—if only I could see her again! But no, it must not be—never in this world; in another, by God's mercy. Ah, child, I have learned that 'the way of transgressors is hard.'"

Thus the letter ended abruptly—as though it had been hastily closed, perhaps with some intention of opening it again. The documents enclosed supplied satisfactory evidence of identity.

James Kerruish looked up at his wife when he had finished reading.

"My poor father; and to think, darling, that you have been a daughter to him, you who have cherished him during all those sad years of his exile! How wonderful are the ways of God's Providence!"

"It is another bond of union to draw us closer—if indeed that were possible. But oh, Jim, I am so glad your poor dear mother never heard that letter read. It would have grieved her so to think of his having been alive—and then, too, she never believed that he was to blame. It is far better as it is, is it not, dearest?"

\* \* \* \* \*

Our tale is ended, although the united life of James Kerruish and Ella has only just begun.

The reader may perhaps wish to hear a word or two of some of the other characters; but not having the gift of looking into the future, we cannot tell much about them. Bossie, having married a sensible and steady man, seems likely to make an excellent wife. She has quieted down wonderfully, and her intelligence and capacity for business enable her to give material help to her husband. He is the sort of man, too, who is all the better for a little rousing up occasionally.

Flossie's fate has been very different. With all her sharpness and worldly wisdom, she has been ensnared by a handsome face and a plausible manner. Her husband's name is Cartwright, and at the time of the marriage he called himself a "music-hall artiste." He is now, and seems likely to be for all his future years, a tobacco and beer absorbing loafer, depending for his maintenance, if not always for his sordid luxuries, on the earnings of his wife. And she, poor soul, already

burdened with two young children, never flinches. She has created a dress-making connection for herself, and means to keep it. But in the grim fight that has already begun, the light and gaiety of her spirit, as well as her good looks, are being steadily exhausted and crushed out.

Hope Hepworth has turned over a new leaf. Under the Divine blessing, his friend's example and pleading have not been in vain. The bread cast on the waters has been found after many days. Hope has obtained a place in Mr. Lamont's office, and is working his way steadily up. But he will never again be the boisterous fellow rejoicing in the strength of his youth, such as we first saw him. His health has been permanently undermined by his own recklessness and folly. It is usual to say that he has never quite got over the shock of his immersion in Ramsay Bay; but he himself knows otherwise. Still, he has the promise of what may, with care, be a long and honourable life.

THE END.



(From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.)

## A HYMN FOR THE FESTIVAL OF ST. JOHN BAPTIST.

(June 24th.)

BY THE LATE ARCHBISHOP BENSON.

**P**RAISE we the Baptist's living Lord,  
Who evermore shall crown  
For His dear Church the ageless word  
Of Him whose Name we own.

The wonders of old time are ours,  
With deeper meanings, richer powers.

"Behold the Lamb of God," he cried —

The voice that thrilled the waste ;  
Down to the full on-rushing tide

The pilgrim thousands haste,  
There from unfaltering lips to win  
Knowledge of self, and grief for sin.

"Behold the Lamb of God : He stands  
Yet silent and unknown ;  
Bright with baptismal fires, His hands  
Lave and refine His own."  
So still our spirits Spirit-stirred  
Are born of water and the Word.

"Behold the Lamb of God !" he sounds  
A more soul-piercing strain :  
God's spotless Lamb—and ours the wounds—  
For this world's life is slain ;  
And mystery of mysteries,  
We touch, we taste that sacrifice.

Great Three in One, who didst o'ergleam  
That mystic ministry,  
Father in cloud, and Son in stream,  
And Spirit hovering high,  
More blest Thy kingdom's youngest child  
Than the dread Prophet of the wild !

We are indebted for a copy of the foregoing unpublished Hymn to the Rev. H. S. N. Lenny, M.A., Vicar of St. Peter's, Blackburn, who has favoured us with the following interesting particulars :—

"Dr. Benson, when Headmaster of Wellington College, was very much interested in a church which was being built in the neighbourhood of the college ; it was a church which when consecrated would be the parish church for the college, though but of little use to them in term time, as they had their own chapel. I was especially interested in it, as I was to be the first incumbent. I was at the time Curate of Sandhurst, of which Crowthorne (the village in which the church was being built) was a district.

"Dr. Benson was, of course, marvellously helpful as Chairman of the Committee. One day, when I was out for a walk with him, and the day for consecration (May 5th, 1873) was drawing nigh, I asked him if he would write a hymn to be used at the consecration service. This he kindly consented to do, and in a few days sent me the hymn of which you have a copy.

"We had great difficulty in finding a tune for it, as the metre is uncommon ; but the then organist of Wellington College found a tune called 'Illumination,' to which it was sung ; but it is a strong hymn and really wanted a stronger tune."

THE QUEEN OF OUR HOME.—Honour the dear old mother. Time has scattered snowy flakes on her brow, ploughed deep furrows on her cheeks ; but is she not sweet and beautiful now ? The lips are thin and shrunken ; but those are the lips which have kissed many a hot tear from the childish cheeks, and they are the sweetest lips in the world. The eye is dim, yet it glows with the soft radiance that can never fade. Ah ! yes, she is a dear old mother. The sands of life are nearly run out, but, feeble as she is, she will go further and reach down lower for you than any other upon earth. You cannot enter a prison whose bars can keep her out ; you cannot mount a scaffold too high for her to reach that she may kiss and bless you in evidence of her deathless love. When the world shall despise and forsake you ; when it leaves you by the wayside to perish unnoticed ;—the dear old mother will gather you in her arms and tell you all your virtues, until you almost forget that your soul is disfigured with vices. Love her tenderly, and cheer her declining years with holy devotion.—"FAMILY CHURCHMAN."





*Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by W. BOTHAMS.*

### A QUIET PASTURE.

**S**UCH a calm, tranquil spot, and so near to the town too! As we stand and listen, we can hear the roar of the noisy streets, and the hum of many voices. And now the chimes of the old church bells dreamily float on the breeze, for it is the time of evening prayer. The few faithful, praying people will presently gather in the ancient House reared by the pious gifts of their forefathers, in the far-off days when only a few scattered families dwelt where there is now a grimy, overcrowded town of many factories and other bustling activities. Once more the hallowed walls of the sanctuary will re-echo the story of "The Good Shepherd Who laid down His life for the sheep." Once more will be read the comforting message from the Book, "I know My sheep and am known of Mine"; and yet again weary souls will be cheered and strengthened as they drink in the good news as to the "other sheep which are not of this fold, them also I must bring, and they shall hear My voice; and there shall be one fold, and One Shepherd."

Oh hardy toilers in the crowded town, listen to His call, and when next the jangling bells make music in your ears, let your hearts burst into triumphant song :

"The King of Love my Shepherd is,  
Whose goodness faileth never ;  
I nothing lack, if I am His,  
And He is mine for ever !"

## THE WHIT-SUNDAY PROMISE.

BY THE REV. A. F. WINNINGTON-INGRAM, M.A.,  
*Head of the Oxford House, and Rector of Bethnal Green.*



"TARRY in Jerusalem until ye be clothed with power from on high." So spake the Lord to His first disciples. "Clothed with power"—what a grand phrase it is! It brings back into our minds those sonorous sentences in the Book of Job, which paint the war-horse:—"Hast Thou given the horse strength? Hast Thou clothed his neck with

thunder? He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength: he goeth on to meet the armed men." There is a grandeur and reach about the promise, a sound of victory and of triumphing, and of breaking down of obstacles. A man clothed with power should be like the war-horse—"he mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted: he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting." Nor was it an empty promise. The disciples were weak fishermen and feeble peasants—one had denied his Master, one had doubted, all were powerless in themselves, and had had little education, little refinement: but lo! with a rush of wind and with a blaze of fire they were clothed with power, and the world could not hold them; continents were not large enough for them. One—the one who had denied his Lord—had but to speak and three thousand souls were won. Men seized them and beat them, but they merely rejoiced that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for their Master's Name. They spoke, and dead men rose; they put out a hand, and lame men walked; they passed down the street, and into their shadow sick men crept for healing. And when we look into the change which we see between the disciples of the Gospels and the same disciples in the Acts of the Apostles, it was apparently a threefold change, and affected speech, thought, and action.

Take *speech* first. Listen to the things St. Peter said in the old days: "This be far from Thee, Lord," "I know not the Man"; and take him now—to-day, Whit Sunday—speaking with a power which bowed souls down before him. What was the difference? He spake now moved by the Holy Ghost. We take secondly their thoughts. Before Pentecost they were weak waverers, not knowing which way to turn; now they are clear and decided: we see them devising

plans, founding churches with a clear sense of the presence of their Lord and Master: and again in their actions absolutely unwavering in their witness. "Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye! for we cannot but speak the things which we have heard and seen."

My readers, when we turn from this picture to the Christian life of our day, and look at the same three departments, we must come to a sad conclusion. We are often far from being clothed with power from on high.

#### 1. Take *speech* first.

Why is it that when we Christians speak we speak so feebly? Why is it that souls are lying round us unconverted and unroused? Why is it that Sunday after Sunday the Word of God is preached to crowded churches, and yet people often go on just as complacently as before? Why is it that when we go into cottages or other houses so little impression is made? It is surely because our speech is not clothed with power. We have the same promise as St. Peter had: "It is not ye that speak, but the Holy Ghost." There is no lack of power in God; God is just as strong as in St. Peter's day; but we do not ask for power enough, do not trust Him enough for it, but trust our own wit and wisdom and learning, or tact, instead. If before we spoke we prayed for the Holy Spirit, if we "dipped our speech in Heavenly urns," souls would go down before us like wheat before the sickle, and the harvest would be gathered in to make glad the Father's heart. It was said of a great missionary once, "He *honoured* in his work the Holy Ghost"; it ought to be said of us all.

2. But we must go further back for our mistake, after all it is out of the abundance of the heart that the mouth speaketh. We must go back to our *thoughts*. We speak of Christ so feebly because we think of Him so feebly, and realise His presence so feebly.

Listen to a man who is trying to impart some favourite idea of his, or interest others in some pet scheme. Hear him speak—how strongly, how eagerly he watches the faces of his listeners to see if any impression is made! This way and that he puts it, in his efforts to persuade; but, listen to a man speaking of Christianity to a friend at home: how coldly, in what conventional terms, how afraid he often is of speaking out. Why is it? Because he does not realise the presence of Christ Himself; because he is not speaking of something he cares about; because he is not living in the power of the Spirit; because his own prayers are lifeless, his meditation cold.

No. Before our speech will tell we must have the Spirit poured on our own dry hearts, stirring the very thoughts; we must make time for prayer and meditation, praying to the Spirit beforehand to use and teach, finding our secret joy and life in unseen communion with Him.



3. And we shall then begin to see a greater change in the third great department—*our lives*. How it must disappoint them all in Heaven to watch your life and mine! They know the power stored there ready to be poured down upon all who ask. They know there is stored up such transforming grace as could make us "sons of God" indeed, and live as "heirs of eternal life"—and then they look down on us, and see us mean and jealous and conceited, thinking we can get on very well as we are, quite content with being as good as our neighbours: even if we commit no great crimes, living lives with no power—lives which, after all, if they were to cease to-morrow, the world would not much miss.

It will be no excuse at the Judgment Day for us to say that we were too weak to resist temptation, too shy to speak out about religion, too feeble to resist wandering thoughts in prayer: no excuse—for the crushing answer is ready for us in Heaven, "Why did ye not ask for the Holy Spirit?" "If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?" Here was the strength of Heaven at our disposal, here was the entire power of God ready to fill us: there is excuse for the heathen, excuse for those "who never heard if there be any Holy Ghost"; but there is no excuse for you and me. And so let us ask this Whit-Sunday to be "clothed with Power from on High," and let us not only ask but use every available means to receive that power.

Are we Confirmed? If not, why not? Confirmation means strengthening, and in the Acts of the Apostles (see viii. 17, xix. 6) the falling of the Holy Ghost is always associated with the "laying on of hands."

Let the practical conclusion of our Whit-Sunday meditation be "I will put out of my life all that can offend the Holy Spirit, and, if not already confirmed, I will give in my name to be prepared for Confirmation."



## "SIXTY YEARS."

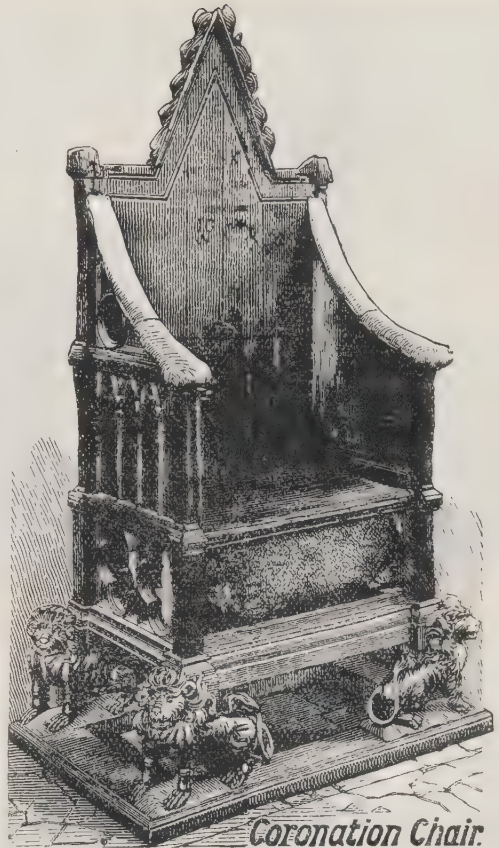
(FOR THE SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE REIGN OF HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.)



**FULL** sixty years!  
Since, in thy youthful sheen,  
England, with glad acclaim,  
Hailed thee her Queen.

Though silver hairs  
Have crowned thy noble brow,  
With deeper, tenderer love  
We greet thee now.

Husband beloved  
Guided, illumed thy way.  
Widowed! thy light was dimmèd  
Ere its noon-day.



*Coronation Chair.*

Queen of our hearts!  
Our joys, our griefs and care,  
Thou countest thine, and we  
Thy sorrows share.

The slave set free,  
The helpless, the oppressed  
Arise, at home, abroad,  
And call thee blessed.

Thy glorious reign  
For Righteousness renowned,  
Wealth, Honour, Science, Art  
Have fitly crowned.

God save our Queen!  
Thy grateful country prays;  
Gift her with health and strength,  
Prolong her days.

God bless our Queen!  
Again, and yet again  
Our hearts breathe forth the prayer, —  
Long may she reign!

ESTHER WIGLESWORTH,  
*Author of "Songs of Perseverance," etc.*



ST. MARY'S, HAVERHILL.

## OUR PARISH CHURCHES.

### V.—ST. MARY'S, HAVERHILL.

**H**AVERHILL, or, as it has been variously written in the old records, Haverhol, Haverell, and Haverhull, is a market town of some five thousand inhabitants, distant eighteen miles from Cambridge, on the Colchester branch of the Great Eastern Railway. The greater part of the parish is in Suffolk, part is in Essex, and it also borders on Cambridgeshire. The place was once noted for the making of fustians. Its chief activity is nowadays is shown in the production of drabbets, towels, mats, umbrella-silks, and clothing. Haverhill is supposed to mean "hill of oats or grain" (*cf.* haversack=forage sack). The final victory of the Romans over Boadicea, queen of the Iceni, was gained in the neighbourhood. In 1787 some coins were discovered, which were supposed to have been part of her buried treasure. Canute gained a victory over Edmund Ironsides at Bartlow, six miles distant, in 1016. Roman and Saxon relics have also been brought to light. From Domesday Book we learn that the great abbey of St. Edmund's Bury possessed a small portion of land valued at sevenpence. The powerful Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, also had "twenty-four acres and half a plough-team." Richard, son of Earl Gislebert, the lord of the great fortress at Clare, eight miles away, had "eighty acres of land at Haverhelle," as it was then called; also twenty-eight acres at Haverhe. Tehell de Helion also had lands here. The manor was originally held by the Turners, who came over with the Conqueror. A castle once stood here belonging to William de

Haverhull, treasurer to Henry III. In 1281 Henry de Helion was lord of the manor. Lord Stafford held it in 1403. In 1450 Humphrey Duke of Buckingham, the lord Constable, marched with the men of Haverhill to the battle of Northampton, where he was killed. The manor subsequently belonged to Lord Grey, the Mortlocks, the Coldhams, the Howlands; and the present possessor is Sir George Howland Beaumont, Bart., of Cole Orton, Leicestershire.

A church existed in Haverhill in the eleventh century, as it is mentioned in Domesday Book. It was usually known as the Nether Church, the usual designation being Haverhill cum capella, or ecclesia Beatae Mariae inferioris. There was a second church dedicated to St. Botolph,

standing in the upper part of the parish (ecclesia superior) called "bove town church" (Burton End) but this has disappeared. On its demolition the bells were sold, and now hang in Redriff (Rotherhithe) church. In 1392 a portion of the church revenues passed from Osbert de Baliol, to Castle Acre Priory, Norfolk. On the suppression of the monasteries they were granted by the king to Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, "in consideration of good, true and faithful military services; that is to say, for the twentieth part of a single military feoffment." On his attainder in 1540 they reverted to the Crown. They were leased out by the Crown at various periods to Cole in 1603, to George Coldham in 1707, to George Howland in 1780, etc. The present impropiator is Mr. A. Sperling. The church did not escape the vicissitudes of the Great Civil War, situate as it was in the heart of the district of the Ironsides. Cromwell's camp at Thriplow Heath and the great military *rendezvous* at Saffron Walden rendered undesirable visitors. In 1643 a commission, of which the Earl of Manchester was the head, relieved the church of "some three hundred superstitious pictures, images, and popish inscriptions, and a great stone cross on the top of the church." But still greater calamity was in store. In 1665 there was a great fire in Haverhill, which reduced the parish church to ruins. The then vicar, the Reverend B. Latham, preached from the text, "the liberal soul shall be made fat" (Prov. xi. 25), before Lord Allington of Horseheath Hall, with which he was so delighted that he made a free gift of the timber necessary for the repairs. The rebuilding was not completed until 1670, and the cost must have been a severe burden to the inhabitants. The present building belongs mainly to the Perpendicular style.



The fire destroyed most of the objects of antiquarian interest. The chief features are its arches and plain Early English capitals, and a few mural monuments. The clerestory is good, but somewhat spoiled by the low roof. There are a few good stained-glass windows—"The Crucifixion," erected as a Jubilee memorial in 1887, "The Annunciation and Presentation," in the Lady Chapel, Saints and Prophets, etc. An ancient chantry once existed here. The Parish Register properly begins in 1670, after the rebuilding of the church, the previous records having been destroyed. The list of vicars dates from 1322. Up to 1837 the parish belonged to the diocese of Norwich; it is now in the archdeaconry of Sudbury, and diocese of Ely. Since 1322, when the Prior of Castle Acre presented Robert de Bermere to the living, there have been fifty-eight vicars. A few scattered notices occur of earlier vicars. Radulph was instituted to the living by William, Bishop of Norwich (1146-1174). Ranulph de Harpele was presented for institution by Hugh, the Prior and Monks of Acre, to John, Bishop of Norwich (1175-1200). Pandulph, Bishop (1222-1226), instituted Robert de Bylneia. He was succeeded by Robert de Nerburg in 1227. There is no complete list, as the Bishops' Registers do not begin until 1299. The old vicarage was destroyed by fire in 1665; the present one was only acquired in 1883, when the Ecclesiastical Commissioners gave £500 towards the purchase of the old Manor House for that purpose. The present vicar, the Rev. J. M. Walker, was appointed in 1896. The church was restored in 1866 at a cost of £2300. A sum of £600 is now being raised for Church Improvements.

There are few names of note connected with Haverhill. Thomas Cobb, a butcher, suffered martyrdom at Thetford in 1555. Wesley, grandfather of the famous John Wesley, was town lecturer here. Roger Evers, who signed a petition to the peers for "Church government according to God's word," and Lawrence Fairclough, who caught cold when preaching on the coronation of James I., were men of importance in their day. There were several noted Nonconformist preachers in Haverhill at this time. The most famous was "John Ward, Preacher" to whom there is a curious tablet in the Church. The inscription is as follows:—

"Reposita est Johanni Wardi.

Quo si quis scivit tolius  
Aut si quis docuit doctius  
At rarus vixit sanctius  
Et nullus tonuit fortius."

Translated by Fuller in his "Worthies" thus:—

Grant some of knowledge greater store,  
More learned some in teaching,  
Yet few in life did lighten more  
None thundered more in preaching.  
Son of thunder, son of ye dove,  
Full of hot zeale, full of true love,  
In preaching truth, in living right,  
A burning lamp, a shining light.

Lights  
here  
Watch  
Watch

Death is our entrance into life.

Stars  
hereafter  
Warde  
Wärde

Ward was suspended in 1584 "for not yielding to wear the surplice." He died at Haverhill and was buried in the church. His son Samuel worked at Ipswich, where he died in 1639. In an edition of his works published in 1636 occur the following lines:—

Watch, Ward, and keep thy garments tight,  
For I come thief-like at midnight.  
All-seeing, never-slumbering Lord,  
Be thou my Watch, I'll be thy Ward.

Another son, Nathanael, fled to New England and drew up the Code which contains the germ of the American Declaration of Independence. His son John worked at Pentucket in Massachusetts, and gave it the name of Haverhill, which it still bears.

J. M. WALKER.



THE NAVE AND CHANCEL.



## THE COMING OF AUGUSTINE

BY THE REV. THOMAS MOORE, M.A.,

*Rector of St. Michael Paternoster Royal, and St. Martin Vintry, College Hill, with All-Hallows-the-Great-and-Less, Thames Street; Author of "The Englishman's Brief," etc.*

### AUGUSTINE AND THE CREATION OF THE ENGLISH DIOCESAN SYSTEM.

**T**HE whole organisation of the English episcopate, and the constitution or mapping out of English dioceses, arose out of circumstances and assumed forms that were not only entirely undesigned but absolutely unforeseen.

The creation and constitution of the Archbishopric of Canterbury were not the results of a settled plan suggested by Pope Gregory and agreed to by Augustine and King Ethelbert. Nor were they the results of any plan for the organisation of the English episcopate, deliberately formulated by Augustine and Ethelbert, or of any suggestion made by Pope Gregory.

And, as has been already stated, Augustine was not consecrated as Bishop of Canterbury, much less as Archbishop of Canterbury. He was consecrated as *Bishop or Archbishop of the English*. Pope Gregory's plan for the organisation of the English episcopate was to have two metropolitan archbishops, one in London and one in York. Each of the two archbishops was to have twelve bishops under him within his province or archbishopric. Augustine was to consecrate the first Archbishop of York, but after that, on Augustine's decease, the bishops of the metropolitan synods of London and York were, on a vacancy, to consecrate their own archbishop. Augustine during his lifetime was to be supreme over the two archbishoprics, but after his death the two archbishops, while acting together, were to be equal in ecclesiastical rank, and independent of each other, precedence being settled by seniority in the archiepiscopal office.

London, according to Gregory's plan, was to be an archiepiscopate. Canterbury was never thought of as having reserved for it such an honour. Canterbury, however, contrary to Gregory's plan, became the archiepiscopal seat of Government of the whole English Church, and London became the seat of a subordinate bishop. While up till the present time there are not twelve bishoprics as Gregory proposed that there should be in the arch-diocese of York.

Clearly Pope Gregory, while sketching out his episcopal scheme with the best intentions, did not understand the England of the heathen English, and took for granted that not only would the conversion of the other English kingdoms be almost as rapid as that of Kent, but that,

when converted, London and York would be—as might have been the case in the British Church under Roman rule—their most suitable archiepiscopal centres.

The English Church, adapting herself to the circumstances of the newly converted English kingdoms, incidentally and spontaneously shaped her own episcopal system and organisation. The Church of England's Diocesan organisation is not therefore in any sense one of foreign formulation, or even of English preconceived, formal design. The very preaching of the Gospel and the founding of the Church herself in the several kingdoms, apart from Kent, arose out of circumstances over which neither Augustine nor Gregory had any control.

It was the relationships then existing between the Anglo-Saxon kings, and the inter-communications between their kingdoms that afforded such favourable facilities for the preaching of the Gospel throughout the whole of England, that led to the founding of the Church in the different kingdoms, and the fixing upon certain places as the seats of the first episcopal sees.

Thus, it was the relationships between Ethelbert and his nephew, Sabert, king of the East Saxons, that led to the founding of the Church in London; between Ethelbert and Redwald, that led to the making known of the Gospel of Christ to the East Anglian court; and between Eadbald, King of Kent, and Edwin, King of Northumbria, that led to the preaching of the Gospel in that great northern kingdom, the founding of the Church in its midst, and ultimately to the creation of the Archbishopric of York.

## "NOW BE FRIENDS!"

(See ILLUSTRATION, page 139.)

**N**OW be friends and happy playmates;  
Stop your snarling, shield your paw;  
End your silly, jealous dog hates—  
"Always friends" must be the law!

"I'm your mistress, and I mean it,  
And I'll have you both obey.  
Anger's wrong—I've often seen it  
Spoil the sunshine in the day!"

Mary's "law" might well be taken  
By three noisy boys I know!  
For my nerves are often shaken,  
When they let their tempers go!

SIR CLOUDESLEY SHOVEL.—"If ever you go round Westminster Abbey, and look at the tomb of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, who lived in the reign of Queen Anne, you will see a sculptured imitation of a shipwreck. Many of you know that he was returning home with his vessels from a very successful voyage indeed, when, in all the joy of conquest, his fleet was wrecked upon the Scilly Isles, and every soul on board three of the vessels perished, including Sir Cloudesley Shovel himself. History says that the reason of that loss was that the greater part of the crews of these magnificent vessels were in a state of brutal intoxication in the joy of their coming home."—DEAN FARRAR.





"NOW BE FRIENDS!" (see page 138).

From the original, specially painted for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by G. HILLYARD SWINSTEAD, R.B.A.



## THE HARVEST OF THE HIVES, AND WHAT WE CAN DO WITH IT.

BY THE REV. GERARD W. BANCKS, M.A.

Author of "A World Beneath the Waters," etc.

(Continued from page 69.)

### II.

**E**F everybody understood the valuable properties of honey, and how useful and wholesome a food it really is, it is quite certain that it would be much more generally used, and in many more different ways.

Sugar is one of the necessary constituents of our food, and in honey we have it in the best possible form.

Without butter the breakfast-table is not considered to be properly furnished. Pure honey contains that which is quite as necessary an article of food, and is far more wholesome; and yet how seldom, comparatively speaking, is it to be seen!

I gladly admit that this is less true now than some years back, for many people are beginning to find out what a good thing they have been neglecting. And so there is an annually increasing consumption of honey in this country. But if *everybody* could be taught the truth about it, there is no doubt that it would be found regularly in every household.

The time was when honey was the only sweetening agent in general use; but cane sugar has now almost completely taken its place. Cheaper it certainly is, but a very poor substitute; and that honey contains a number of valuable properties which it is impossible to replace, many people are beginning to understand, and so it seems possible

that this product of the busy bees' labours may once again come into general use.

But if the wholesome and beneficial qualities of honey are to be properly enjoyed, it is necessary that it be absolutely *PURE*; and so, let me here utter a word of warning. It is unfortunately a fact that large quantities of glucose, containing injurious acids, and other substitutes for pure honey, are constantly placed on the market. These, it need hardly be said, are the reverse of wholesome, and are besides the occasion of much unjust, but reasonable, prejudice against genuine honey.

Again, apart from the question of adulteration, there are wide differences of quality. Vast quantities of flavourless and unpalatable honey are every year imported into Great Britain from countries which do not produce pasturage calculated to impart the delicate and delicious flavours and aromas of that gathered in our own country. Let me, then, advise honey consumers to see that they get, not only *pure*, but *British* honey. Those who are familiar with that gathered from English clover, raspberry, Scotch heather, etc., will need no warning; but many there are who have yet to learn that there is honey *and* honey.

Now let us see what honey really is. A sweet liquid, as most people know, is secreted by flowering plants, which is called nectar. This, the honey-bee, by means of its long tongue, wonderfully and beautifully adapted for the purpose, is able to abstract from the nectary of the flower, and to convey it to the honey-sac. In this curious little bag, which is situated in the thorax, it undergoes a certain chemical change which turns it into honey.

If, later on, after it has been allowed to properly ripen in the cells of the honey-comb, we take some of this and analyse it, of what do we find that it consists?

Well, in the first place, about four-fifths of the whole is a saccharine substance formed of two kinds of sugar—grape, or invert sugar, as the dual compound is called, and which, unlike cane sugar, is in just the best possible form for assimilation. We have, besides, about twenty per cent. of water, and also small proportions of pollen, mineral matter, and certain essential oils. All these latter differing according to the source from which the nectar is gathered, and thus accounting for the diversity in quality, flavour, and aroma, of different kinds of honey.



It is thus very easy to understand *why* honey is such a wholesome and valuable food. We see that it contains one of the essential constituents of nutrition—sugar in the best possible form in which we can take it; in such a form, indeed, that it may safely be taken by those persons with whom cane sugar is found to disagree.

When we remember, too, that the nectar gathered from the flower may reasonably be expected to contain some of the essential virtues of the plant which produced it, and that there is also present a small quantity of pollen, and certain useful acids, we can easily understand the remarkable medicinal properties which it undoubtedly contains.

Not, only, then, as an adjunct to the breakfast-table would I advocate the use of honey. Many and various are the ways in which it may be employed.

In the first place, it can be used in cooking wherever sugar would be used, great improvement being often effected by its substitution, especially in fruit-pies, puddings, etc. A delicate and pleasant flavour is imparted to tea and coffee, if sweetened with it, and to home-made lemonade it is a very agreeable addition.

In the making of cakes there is a great advantage in the use of honey, for it has the effect of keeping them fresh and moist for a considerable time. I give here one recipe for a fairly rich cake which will keep good and moist for several months.

*Honey Cake.*—Beat one pound of butter to a cream; add four ounces of castor sugar. Mix a teaspoonful of baking powder to a pound of flour and add gradually to the butter and sugar, beating all the time. Add three-quarters of a pound of run honey. Take eight eggs and divide the yolks from the whites, beating each well. Add first the yolks, and then the whites to the other ingredients. The more this cake is beaten, the lighter and better it will be.

The following is a useful recipe:—

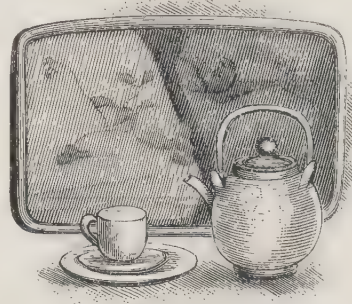
*Honey Sandwiches.*—Cut thin bread and butter and spread with honey. Sprinkle with oatmeal, baked till just brown. Press another slice of thin bread and butter on the top, and cut into fingers.

So far, I have not given particulars of the several ways in which honey may be used medicinally, for coughs, affections of the throat and chest, influenza, and other ailments—and there yet remain unnoticed some very important ways in which it may be employed; but these I shall hope, in a future article, to describe in detail.

## HOMELY COOKERY.

BY M. RAE, *Certificated Teacher of Cookery.*

### Scones.



ONE pound of flour,  $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ ; one table-spoonful of sugar, one tablespoonful of dripping, half a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, a quarter of a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt,  $\frac{1}{2}d.$ ; half a pint of milk,  $1d.$  Total,  $4d.$

Put the flour in a basin, rub in the dripping, as if making pastry. Add the sugar, salt, and cream of tartar. Put the soda

in a small basin; warm the milk, pour on to the soda, and, when well mixed, stir the milk into the flour, and mix to a smooth paste. Roll out an inch thick, cut into three-cornered pieces, and bake on a greased tin for half an hour. When half cooked, brush over with sweetened milk. While hot, place on a colander, or anything with holes in it, to let the steam escape.

## WHIT-SUNDAY.

"I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you for ever."—ST. JOHN xiv. 16.



PIRIT who at creation's dawn  
Didst brood upon the waters drear,  
And over Jordan's sacred stream  
On silver pinions hovered near

Come down with power this festal day,  
When we Thy gifts commemorate;  
With kindly beams of Heavenly Light  
Our darkened souls irradiate.

For cloven tongues we do not ask,  
Nor miracles of healing power,  
But grace sufficient for our need  
To bear the burden of the hour.

We praise Thee for that hidden power  
Which stemmed the surging tide of sin  
And wafted unto distant isles  
The truth by which we fight and win.

Like ships on summer seas becalmed,  
Waiting for wind to swell the sail,  
The restful shore we cannot reach  
If Thy constraining grace should fail.

O Holy Spirit, Lord of life,  
Whose love we celebrate to-day,  
True Comforter of saddened hearts,  
Sure Guide for pilgrims on their way,

Inspire our hearts with new-born zeal  
To work for God—till death shall still  
The vital throbbing of the pulse,  
The mightier movements of the will.

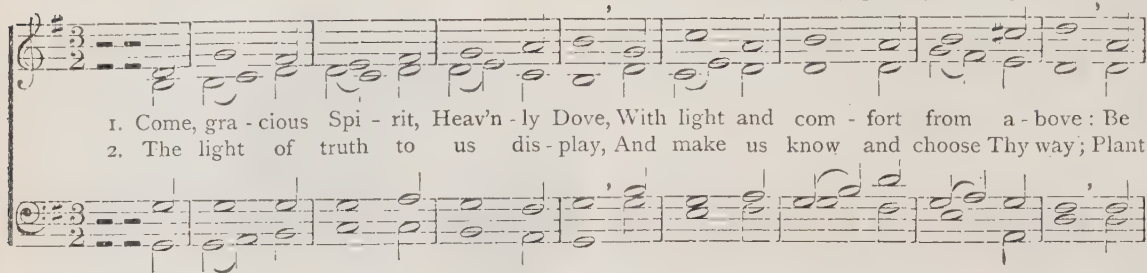
A. C. RICHINGS,

*Author of "The Church's Holy Year."*

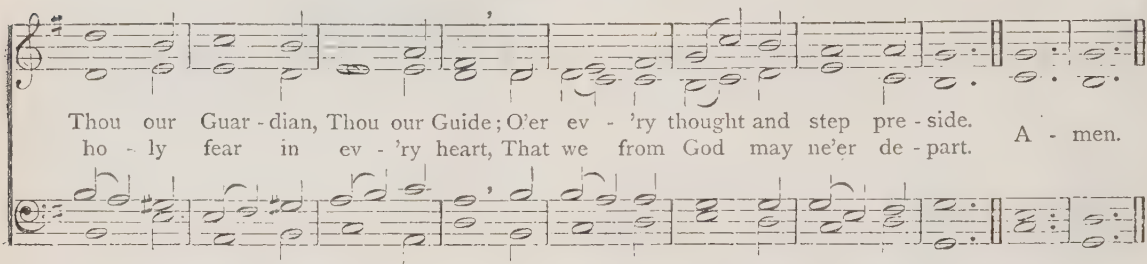
# Come, Gracious Spirit, Heavenly Dove.

Words by S. BROWNE.

Music by E. J. HOPKINS, Mus.Doc.  
(Organist of the Temple.)



1. Come, gra - cious Spi - rit, Heav'n - ly Dove, With light and com - fort from a - bove : Be  
2. The light of truth to us dis - play, And make us know and choose Thy way ; Plant



Thou our Guar - dian, Thou our Guide ; O'er ev - 'ry thought and step pre - side. A - men.  
ho - ly fear in ev - 'ry heart, That we from God may ne'er de - part.

3. Lead us to Christ, the living Way,  
Nor let us from His pastures stray ;  
Lead us to holiness, the road  
That we must take to dwell with God.

4. Lead us to Heaven, that we may share  
Fulness of joy for ever there ;  
Lead us to God, our final rest,  
To be with Him for ever blest. Amen.

## THE WISDOM OF GOD.

(For Trinity Sunday.)

**D**ARE we lift our thoughts to Thee  
Holy, Blessed Trinity,  
Dread in Thine Immensity,  
God, the Only-Wise ?

All the wisdom stored on earth  
Had from Thee its growth, its birth ;  
All its glory, all its worth,  
God, the Only-Wise.

'Tis through Thee the poet's dream  
Flashes out with golden gleam  
Down o'er Time's on-rushing stream,  
God, the Only-Wise.

Painters owe their powers to Thee ;  
Thine the Hand we do not see—  
Colour, form, and symmetry,  
God, the Only-Wise.

Thine the touch which Science brings  
To Thy own created things,  
Chaining force—the lightning's wings,  
God, the Only-Wise.

Oh, how little wise men know,  
E'en the cleverest below,  
When to Thee for light they go,  
God, the Only-Wise.

Yet we love to live and learn,  
More of Thee on earth discern,  
Finding Thee at every turn,  
God, the Only-Wise.

When we lay us down to die,  
Bid the clouds and darkness fly,  
Then, Omniscient One, be nigh ;  
God, the Only-Wise.

W. CHATTERTON DIX,

Author of "As with gladness, men of old," etc.





## MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

"Will You Help?"

**A**T the anniversary of the S.P.G. in Manchester, the Bishop of the Diocese, who presided, referred to the building-up of the Church in Australia, and the part which the Society had taken in it. Extending the force of what he knew in regard to Australia to the case of the Colonies generally, the Bishop said:—

"I do not think it should be necessary for me to stimulate your interest in such a Society as this. If you love your fellow-countrymen; if you desire to see the Englands on the other side of the sea showing the manly faith and the deep sense of duty that have made the strength of our own country; if you desire to prepare for your own children Christian homes when they have to swarm away from the native hive and join those strong young communities who are to repeat the piety and the greatness of England on more fertile soil and under more genial skies;—then you will help the S.P.G. to build new churches amongst the new nations with your money, your sympathy, and your prayers."

Ogboputalunaozo.

**I**N November 1893 a party of seven Missionaries, including Bishop and Mrs. Hill, nearly all died of fever soon after landing on the coast of West Africa. Only one of them, the Rev. C. E. Watney, lived to reach the Upper Niger. The natives called him Ogboputalunaozo ("The slave that was left when his master sold the rest"), counting it a favour that he was left to labour when all the others were removed. After hardly two years' labour, he also has been called away. So deadly is the climate. Yet men and women of God are needed to brave it, in order to tell of Jesus to the degraded millions who live there.

The Guru in the Gospels.

**A**T one of the May Meetings a Missionary told the following striking story. In his journeys he had come upon a man who had never seen a Missionary, but had read and believed in a copy of the Gospels. He turned from all heathen Gurus or teachers, and sought to obey the commands of the Teacher in the Gospels; and these he did in his own way. The Guru commanded those who believed on Him to be baptized. So day by day the Hindu went down to the tank, and looking up to Heaven, said, "I baptize myself in the Name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost," and then plunged into the water. Similarly he read the command, "This do in remembrance of Me," and so day by day he took a handful of rice and ate it with the words: "This I do in remembrance of Christ." Then he drank a little water, saying, "I drink this because Christ died for me." Of course the man erred; but how much better such error than the gross neglect of both sacraments which many so-called Christians show!

## OUR SUNDAY QUESTIONS.

BY THE REV. W. SUNDERLAND LEWIS, M.A.,  
*Vicar of St. Mary's, Hornsey Rise, N.; Author of "Festival Hymns," etc.*

### QUESTIONS ON THE BIBLE.

WHERE do we read in the Bible—

1. Of a battle in which 3000 soldiers were thought sufficient at first, and ten-times that number afterwards used;
2. Of a battle which hung fire for a week;
3. Of a victory from which the victor derived no spoil to speak of;
4. Of a victory from which the victor derived no honour to speak of;
5. Of another victory from which the victor would not accept any spoil;
6. Of a victory in which superhuman forces were vanquished and spoiled?

### QUESTIONS ON THE PRAYER-BOOK.

(*The Collects for the Epiphany, and the three Sundays which follow.*)

1. In what respects, according to the Collect and "Epistle" for the Epiphany, may the Apostle St. Paul be compared to the star spoken of in the "Gospel" for that day?
2. What may we gather as to the nature, spirit, and objects of Prayer, from the Collect for the First Sunday after the Epiphany?
3. Of what texts in 2 Thess. iii., Proverbs xvi., Job v., xxxiv., xxxv., Josh. x., Exodus xi., Romans viii., etc., etc., may we be reminded by the Collect for the Second Sunday after the Epiphany?
4. To what two special attributes of God are we taught to appeal, both in the Collect for the Second Sunday after the Epiphany and in that for the Third; and how are both these attributes illustrated in the "Gospel" for the latter-named Sunday?

### BURIED TRUTH.

In which passage of which of the Prophets do we read of conduct in some respects similar to that described in St. Mark xiv., 51, 52. And how may the earlier passage possibly help to throw light on the full significance of the latter?

## OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

### XVI. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My first is the poultry-keeper's joy.  
My second is always gone.  
My third is in your hand.  
My fourth makes cheerful.  
My fifth means consent.

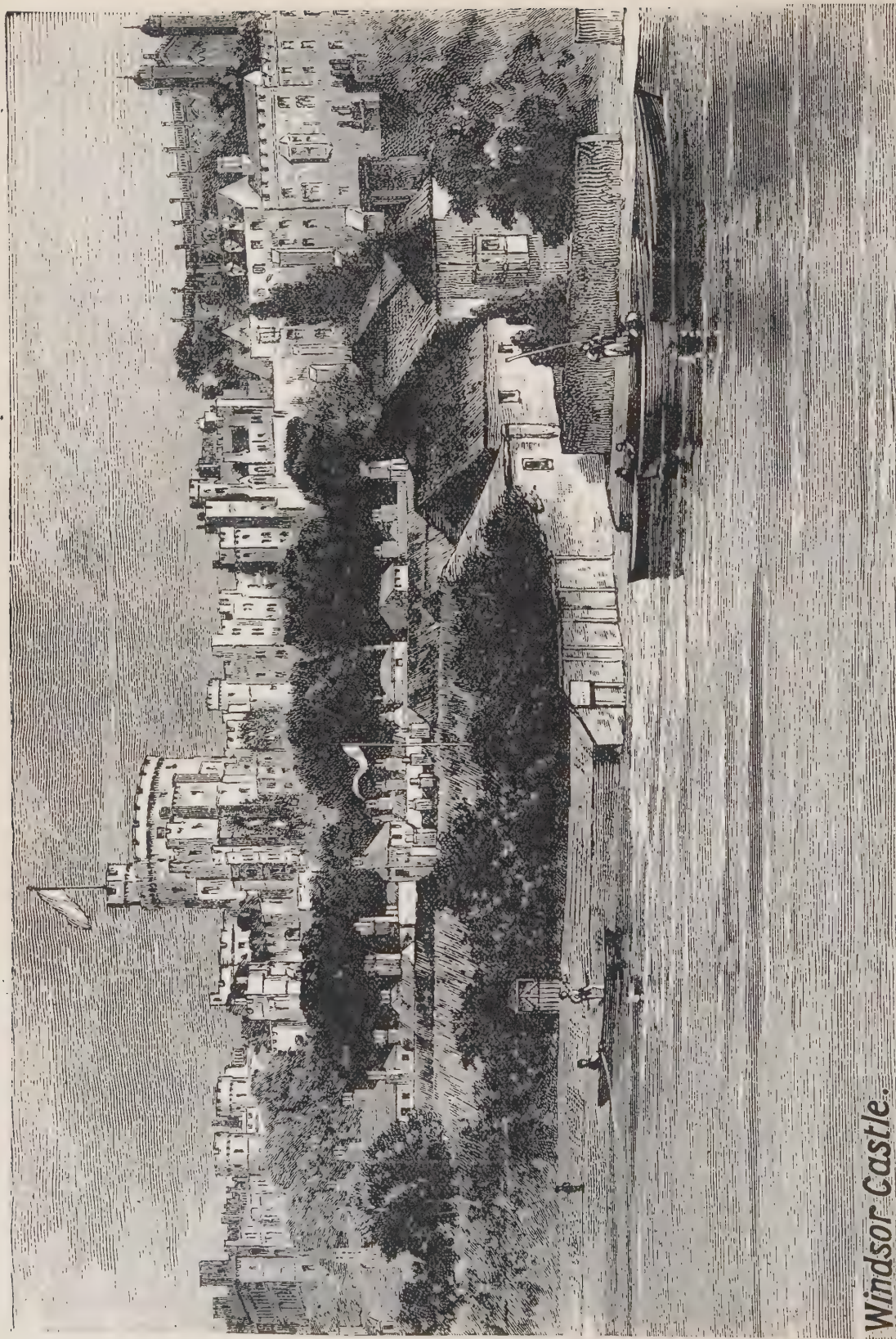
My Initials read downwards and my Finals read downwards are what we wish all our readers.

### XVII. RIDDLE.

Take a sharply pointed instrument in almost daily use.  
Take something even sharper still, and then, if you re no  
You'll guess a thing which giveth joy [goose,  
To every jolly British boy!

### XVIII. SQUARE WORDS.

1. An animal.
2. A girl's name.
3. An opening.



*Windsor Castle.*

*Specialty Drawn and Engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY.*







*Drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY*

[by PAUL HARDY.]

AN OLD JACK OF KINSALE (*see page 154*).





# OLD ROGER'S BIT OF PRIDE.

BY RUTH LAMB, Author of "The Real Owner of Swallowdale," etc.

## CHAPTER I.

### GLINDERSSES.

**G**LINDERS' COURT, or "Glinderses," as it was commonly called, was not an attractive locality to live in, but it was always filled to overflowing. It was

only a little bit of a place, bounded on two sides and one end by cottages. At the other end, which fronted the street, was a wide, arched entrance and over this, and running the full width of the court, was a single good-sized room, wherein dwelt the oldest inhabitant of Glinderses.

The court had once borne a more aristocratic name. Originally built by a Welshman, he had given it the title of Glendower's Court; but it was rarely called by it. Three syllables were not easily dealt with in those days and in such neighbourhoods. Tenants complained that they "couldn't tongue" that big word.

"It's too grand a name for such-like as uz," was a frequent remark. So the court was, by common consent, re-named "Glinders'."

The first owner saved money, and finding himself, like the name of the court, too big for the neighbourhood, sold his first venture in bricks and mortar, and retired to a safe distance from the spot where he had laid the foundation of his fortunes.

The new owner knew nothing of Glendower. His tenants called the property "Glinderses" and he supposed they ought to be better informed than himself, so took their version of its name.

After the fashion of new brooms, the fresh landlord resolved to make the court more attractive by painting the outside thereof, though he did not think it necessary to look within, or trouble himself about such trifles as drainage or internal cleansing. He put on a little extra rent per week, to repay his outlay, in the shape of cent. per cent. interest, and, as a finishing touch, caused the name and title of the spot

to be placed in large letters over the archway. So "Glinders' Court" it is to this day.

In the single room over the arch lived "Owd Roger" all alone. He had lived there longer than any other dweller thereabouts could remember. Each new comer to the court had found him there, and those who left and moved away—by moonlight or in open day, according to circumstances—had left him behind, any time for thirty years past. He was not such a very old man, though everybody called him so. He owned to being "nigh upon sixty."

To the children who swarmed on the doorsteps, or played within the limited enclosure, Roger seemed a very Methuselah.

What a vast, impenetrable space lies between childhood and threescore years! How can childish minds be expected to span it?

Owd Roger was spare and delicate-looking, despite the fact that his calling compelled him to brave all weathers. The expression of his face was kind and winning. His hair was thin and, like his all-round whiskers and short beard, almost white. He looked older than his age and his frame was just a little bent from carrying heavily-laden baskets year in, year out. He lived the quietest life imaginable, yet, in spite of his retiring ways, Owd Roger was well respected. Not a mother in the court but would have referred to him in a case of difficulty. Not a toddler born in Glinderses but would have run to him as he appeared under the archway, more especially if tears had to be wiped away, or some childish sorrow removed by sympathy.

There were endless traditions about Owd Roger's past. Some said he had lost a fortune, others that his wife had died a year after they were married. These last called Roger a "widow man," and suggested that as women were plentiful enough, he might easily have filled up the gap by making a second choice.

Others were positive that Roger had been crossed in love in his young days, and had revenged himself on the sex by hiding from everybody belonging to him in

Glinderses. Certain it was that Roger disdained all female aid and did everything for himself.

"Nobody ever crosses his door or sees inside his place," said one gossip.

This was some years ago.

"I have," said a second, in a tone of triumph.

"Did Owd Roger ax *you* in?" questioned a third.

"Not he. I've peeped through the keyhole lots o' times. He's out sellin' from mornin' to-night, you know. The place is as neat as a new pin, an' he has real tidy things in it—for a man. I often grudge that a man should have that room. It seems too much for him to have all to himself. It's a goodish size, and the window is big and looks on to the street. Glinderses is a confined place. Never a fresh thing, and not often a fresh face to see in it. I get sick o' looking at the same old bricks and mortar, and the same folks, with no change."

The speaker told the truth; but as she spent most of her time just within the archway if it rained, and just on the street side of it in favourable weather, she managed to vary the monotony she complained of. Her house and children might suffer through this self-indulgence, to say nothing of the husband. But conjugal differences were regarded as trifles in Glinderses, and hardly attracted notice.

It was a queer thing, but not a dweller in Glinderses knew whether Roger was the Christian or surname of its oldest inhabitant. Occasionally some extra civil neighbour would say, "Good-day, Mr. Rogers," and this would bring a smile and a cheery answer from the old man. He was not accustomed to be styled "Mr.," but it was pleasant all the same.

When Roger was ten years younger, the cottage next to his own became vacant, and to everybody's surprise it was taken by a real lady. Not the sort of lady that Glinderses had seen more than once before within its precincts—the sort that gives itself airs, bounces about, talks loudly, dresses in all the colours of the rainbow and most of them at the same time, and demands admiring homage by virtue of these qualifications.

The new tenant, next door to Owd Roger, gave herself no airs, but rather shrank from notice than otherwise. She wore black of the simplest kind; but the whole court agreed that it was stylish, though "awful plain made." It was suggestive of widowhood, though weeds had been discarded, if they had ever been worn.

Mrs. Holgate brought with her enough of decent furniture for the two rooms and the little kitchen, and, as a companion, a boy of four years old, by name, Richard.

From the very first Glinderses recognised that Mrs. Holgate was fashioned of finer stuff than themselves. She looked so dainty, and her voice was low, but clear and musical. Sorrow had left its traces on her pale face, but no one could help seeing that it was still

very lovely. She was quite young, "not into the thirties."

As Glinderses noticed how wide a gap separated them from the new-comer, they were inclined to resent the fact with more than usual unanimity. It was a tacit insult to them, collectively and individually, for this person to intrude on a select community like theirs.

"Why don't she go among her own sort?" asked one, as she took a pin out of her mouth to attach two portions of her skirt together.

The pin had nearly gone in the wrong direction, through the speaker's impatience. She should have waited to remove it before beginning to speak. But then, she was angry at the new tenant for having no "tears" in her gown, which needed a pin attachment. So she tried to economise time by airing her opinions whilst she pleated up her rags in readiness for the insertion of the pin.

"Glinderses is cheap," responded a neighbour. "Cheap and——"

Better leave the rest blank. The second speaker's opinion of her dwelling and its surroundings was scarcely expressed in language that bears repetition.

The sum and substance of it was that the court was unfit for habitation by decent people, and that hanging was much too good for its owner.

Much was said by other dwellers in Glinderses, and there was hardly a female voice uplifted in favour of the new resident.

Happily for herself, Mrs. Holgate only desired to live at peace with all humankind. Her gentleness disarmed hostility; her refined manners, which at first excited resentment, in time inspired awe and admiration. Glinderses became proud of her, and realised that the presence of a real lady within its boundaries conferred a sort of distinction on all its inhabitants.

"She never says an ill word of anybody."

"She don't like to listen to tales, though she's too perlit to say so."

"If she hears 'em she never passes 'em on."

Then, as Owd Roger said, "She's high larn'd. Her writin's just like print, it's that easy to read."

If it had not been, Roger would have been puzzled to make it out, for his education had not gone greatly beyond the first of the three R's, though he was a quick reckoner in a small way by dint of daily necessity, and "could write a bit, though he was out of practice."

The "lady of Glinderses," as she was subsequently called by common consent, was always willing to give her unlettered neighbours the benefit of her own attainments. She wrote letters for them, and no one could say that she repeated a word of their contents. Mothers asked her advice, and declared she did their children more good than the doctor did. Probably this was because, being on the spot, she taught them how to carry out his instructions, or suggested simple remedies, which rendered the doctor's aid unnecessary.



Still, Glinderses had one or two grievances against its lady. She must have been more than mortal to give no offence. If a person escapes being blamed for too much speaking, he is pretty sure to offend by saying too little.

Mrs. Holgate affronted her neighbours by telling nothing about herself. Leading questions were put and feelers thrown out, but her past remained a blank. Thus the one lady was the centre of the one mystery associated with Glinderses. After some time the neighbours gave up trying to pierce it, and consoled themselves after another fashion.

It was creditable to the court to have both a lady and a mystery belonging to it. Some courts were too commonplace. Everybody in them knew all about everybody else. Glinderses found pleasure in endless speculations as to Mrs. Holgate's history. There was comfort, too, in looking as if they knew and could say a great deal about her, if they chose.

A slow shake of the head, an expression of pity, a glance even, can be made eloquent of meaning.

One or two stoutly declared they'd "be sorry to hurt the lady's feelin's by talking of things she didn't want known *outside of Glinderses.*"

This made outsiders more curious and respectful at the same time. So no harm was done.

The child, Dick, grew apace in stature and in knowledge, for his mother devoted herself to his training, and did all that could be done amid such surroundings. Everybody wondered at the result of her care, Old Roger most of all.

"You've done miracles for the boy, ma'am," he would say. "May the Lord spare you till he grows into a fine man to pay you back again. What a grand thing it is to be a scholar! I should ha' been one myself, if I'd had a ghost of a chance. I had it in me to larn; but I were born a many years too soon. The young 'uns have it all their own way now. There's oceans o' larnin' waitin' for 'em to swallow as fast as they can take it in. Maybe I'd better say will, for willin'ness has a deal to do with it."

"My mother, blessin's on her mem'ry, was as good a soul as ever lived, and had sense out o' the common; but she didn't know her A B C, so it stands to reason she couldn't teach me. How I should ha' vally'd larning! But it's too late now. It's too late."

Thus spoke Owd Roger to little Dick Holgate, and as he finished, he would bid the lad do his best for his mother's sake, and not be like those lazy "raskills" that would run away from the sight of a book if they could.

By way of rendering his lectures more palatable, Roger would slip a rosy apple or luscious pear into Dick's willing hand, then pat the lad's curly head and trudge off with the basket, which was his companion from early morning till nightfall, all the year round. Only its contents varied with the seasons, and as the years passed, Roger's grey hair turned to white, and his



"HE KISSED IT REVERENTLY."

back became a little more bent, though he worked harder than ever.

It was not only Roger's gifts that made little Dick Holgate look to him as a friend, and listen to his good advice whilst munching the carefully selected apple or pear. The child regarded old Roger as his mother's special friend, as well as his own.

From the day that Mrs. Holgate and her four-year-old boy took up their abode in Glinderses, there had been what the court called "neighbourin'" between her and Roger. He was barely fifty then, and years and hard work had not yet affected his activity, though he might look older than his age.

Roger was the first to help the lady to get in and arrange her furniture. He it was who told her at what shops, within a reasonable distance, she would be best served. When the weather was bad, he would make her purchases for her, and leave them at her door as he returned home.

Each evening Roger called to ask if the lady had "anything in the way of a job for him." He left home too early to allow of a morning call.

"You see, ma'am, I'm bound to go out, wet or dry, cold or hot. It's just nothing for me to carry home any bits of things you want. Used to carryin' big loads, I never feel your little parcels at all. Trouble! Don't mention the word, if you please. Why, just think now

what it is for a lone man like me to have somebody I can be a bit of use to, at the same time as I'm pleasin' myself. I wish it wor not so easy to do all you want."

"I cannot bear for you to do my errands in such weather," Mrs. Holgate would say. "I am young and——"

"Indeed, then, you're right. You *are* young, and when the sun's shinin' down into the court and the sky's as blue as Dick's eyes, it *is* pleasant for you to take him by the hand and go for a walk, doin' your shoppin' by the way. But when it's rainin' by bucket-fuls, I'm the fittest to stand the weather, to say nothin' of the truth that I've got to do it, weather or no. I'm neither sugar nor salt, so I'll not melt, and I'm used to all sorts."

Mrs. Holgate had to give in, and Roger told the court in general that the lady was kind enough to give him bits o' jobs to do for her, and paid him well for his trouble.

The lady heard of this and remonstrated.

"I have never paid you. I never could. I am too poor. You have told them that I paid you to spare my pride, so that the people about might not think me mean enough to take your work for nothing. As if I had a right to be waited on and spared, at the cost of extra work to you!"

"And you have paid me in the best of coin. Would goold be half so bright as the shine in your eyes, or silver be worth namin' beside the sound of your voice when you speak? Never mention such trifles again."

"I have so much to thank you for, and——"

"Hush!" said the man, looking round as if afraid of being overheard. "We'll say no more. *We* know, and that's enough."

Roger clasped the hand which the lady placed in his, and then, strange as it might seem, he kissed it reverently, and hurried away with moistening eyes, whilst the tears fell fast from Mrs. Holgate's.

If curious eyes could have penetrated the thick curtains which shaded Mrs. Holgate's little window, they might have seen her busied in mending masculine under-garments and socks. When this work was done, she would ply her knitting needles, and other warm socks and vests would grow rapidly under her skilful fingers. An inspection of Roger's wardrobe would have shown where some of these articles went to; but as no one save little Dick Holgate was admitted to the room over the archway, Glinderses was no wiser.

Roger not only brought home articles that Mrs. Holgate commissioned him to buy, but he carried away many a parcel when he went cityward. Only he, beside herself, knew that they contained the fruits of much labour. But for the money thus earned by Mrs. Holgate, there would have been less shopping to do on her behalf when Roger was plodding homewards in the gloaming.

## CHAPTER II.

## THE COURT LOSES ITS LADY.



FOR six years things went on much in the same fashion in Glinderses, only that with time the court grew more dingy-looking. The thinly-spread coat of paint, which its second owner

had made a pre-

text for increasing the rents, was pretty well worn off. The large letters over the archway had partly disappeared, and passers-by would have found it difficult to spell out the name of the enclosure. There had been changes of tenants during the time, but still the lady stayed, and Old Roger occupied the archway chamber as before.

Dick Holgate had grown apace, and was as fine a lad of ten as could have been met in a long day's walk. He had been well trained and taught by his mother, and, despite the fact that he was kept aloof from most other boys living in and about the court, he made no enemies. The halo of gentility that surrounded Mrs. Holgate seemed to hover round her son also. What in other lads would have given deadly offence was passed over for her sake. Dick's sunny disposition and pleasant manners won him friends. He was always ready to do a kindness, but his mode of doing it was so different from the fashion of other lads. If he picked up an old woman's handkerchief he gave it to her with a bow fit for a prince. Such was his reputation for "manners" that he was held up as a model for all the rising generation of Glinderses.

While the boy was growing in strength and stature, pitying eyes were often turned upon his mother. She was growing thinner and paler except at odd times, when she had the prettiest colour on her cheeks, and her eyes were strangely bright. She coughed, too, and was seen to pause as if for breath, and press her hand to her side.

No parcels were sent away in Roger's basket now. The neighbours looked at their lady with anxious eyes, and cast pitying glances on Dick. They were ready to give of their best to her who had never been heard to say an ill word, and whose "lady ways" had done honour to Glinderses.



She kept up nearly to the last, and then a quiet-mannered, sweet-faced woman, in the dress of a district nurse, came to the court with Roger one evening, and took charge of Mrs. Holgate.

The nurse had no prolonged watch. She had to leave her patient in Dick's charge for a short time, and, during her absence, the mother made her last wishes known to her weeping boy.

"You'll try and remember what I say, dear child. Be honest and true, and do not forget what I have taught you. It has been a trouble to live in such a place as this—not for my sake so much, but I longed for better things for you. If I could but have done better for you myself! We have heard bad words all round us, but so far you have kept from uttering them."

"What shall I do?" cried Dick, interrupting his mother. Then he burst into a very passion of tears.

"Roger will tell you. I have written it all out for him. He will take care of you. I wish he would come. Give my love and kiss his dear, good face for me."

The quivering lips kissed the boy again and again. At this moment the nurse returned. Dick noticed that his mother's breath came strangely fast, and she murmured something about "your father, Dick," and "a beautiful home——"

Then a call came to which Dick's mother had to respond, leaving her sentence unfinished.

Dick was hustled from the room by firm, but not unkindly hands, and three days later all that remained of the lady of Glinders' Court left it for ever. Whatever might have been the story of her past, it was buried with her.

By virtue of a little document, prepared some few months before, Old Roger was empowered to dispose of the furniture and whatever would bring in money, to make all after arrangements, and to take entire guardianship of Dick. There was no one to dispute it, and the motherless and, for aught he knew, fatherless lad, became the ward and companion of Old Roger in the room over the archway of Glinderses.

But for this arrangement the lad, who could claim kindred with no one, would have been his own master at ten years old, with all the world before him. An awful, desolate world it would have seemed to him, but for the one humble friend. Yet lads no older than Dick Holgate had been sent out of Glinderses, with the knowledge of their parents, to pick up a living as best they could.

Old Roger was nearly beside himself with grief when, on his return home, he found that the lady of Glinderses was dead. The nurse was still in charge, and had managed, without giving offence, to keep away prying eyes and meddling hands. Roger's tears fell like rain as he looked at the face, lovely in life, but almost more beautiful in the solemn stillness of death.

When poor Dick sobbed out his mother's last message, and held up his head to give the kiss she had bidden

him bestow in her name, Roger clasped his arms round the lad and held him in a long, silent embrace.

"I've nobody now," wailed the lad. "No mother, nor brother, nor——"

"Yes, you've me, Dick. I'll do my best for you. It's a poor best, I know, but——"

"Shall I come and live with you?" asked the boy, stifling his sobs and looking in Roger's face.

"Aye, that you shall. I'll take you home with me now."

Dick placed his hand in Roger's in mute consent, then the pair left together the solemn presence of death. They could not descend the narrow stair hand in hand, so the boy went first, feeling something of the awe which is more than half fear and which oppresses childish minds at such times.

When just on the bottom step, Dick heard Roger say, "I've forgotten something. I'll be down directly."

The man turned back into the little chamber where all was so white, pure, and dainty, though within the precincts of Glinderses. Dropping on his knees he took into his own the thin, still hands that had so often busied themselves on his behalf. Holding one between his own palms, rough and browned by constant exposure, he made a solemn vow that, God helping him, he would guard and care for the boy she had entrusted to him. With reverent touch he kissed the cold lips and brow, replaced the covering, and went softly downstairs.

Roger took the boy to his own room that night, and, after Mrs. Holgate's funeral, he made special arrangements for his comfort.

The small bed in which Dick had slept was moved into the room over the archway, and everything that was likely to be of use to the lad was preserved. It cost much planning and shifting to and fro of Roger's household goods, but space was found for all, and the room looked all the more comfortable for the additions.

Dick and Roger were alone on the evening after Mrs. Holgate's funeral, and the lad had been sitting sad and silent for some time. Roger's own nature was so tender and sensitive that he could understand the feelings of his new charge, and, beyond giving Dick's hand a kindly pressure, he did nothing to interrupt his thoughts.

Dick was the first to speak.

"May I call you grandad?" he asked, with quivering lips. "It would seem like having somebody belonging to me, if I might."

"Bless you, lad, yes, and welcome. Of course you may. It will seem like having somebody belonging to me when I hear you say it. I shall be proud to be called 'grandad,' specially by your mother's son. Only we must take care that no one gets thinking I'm your real grandad. The neighbours here in Glinderses wouldn't, of course. But outside people might, because they would not know that your mother was a real lady."

"What would it matter?" said Dick. "I haven't a real grandad, have I?"

"Because it would be a sort o' letting down of a lady like your mother was, to make believe I was her father," replied Roger, ignoring the second part of Dick's question.

"Mother wouldn't have felt so. She always said you were one of the best and kindest men in the world, and a real gentleman. Better than most of the people that had lots of money, and grand houses, and carriages. She said she felt it an honour and pleasure to sew or knit or do anything for one that was so good."

"Did she really, now?" said Roger, his wrinkled face all aglow with happiness. "Well, now, that was nice of her. All the same, it doesn't alter things. I'll be your real grandad in loving you, and takin' care of you, and you shall call me so, you know. *But you must be proud for your mother*, specially now she's gone. Always remember that she was the lady of Glinderses and lived up to such. She mightn't have much money——"

"She had hardly any," cried Dick. "I used to wish I was bigger, or that she would let me go for an errand boy."

"You weren't old enough or strong enough. What you could 'ha' earned wouldn't 'ha' paid extra shoe leather. Besides, you had to learn lessons, and your mother taught you so that you can do more and better than the boys in the Board Schools even. Now, I tell you, you must be proud for the sake of your mother, that kept herself a lady in spite of living in Glinderses and bein' poor. Keep the station she made for you. Don't join with the lads in anything she told you to keep clear of. Mind, Dick, you're not goin' to shame her mem'ry by growin' down'ards to anybody. No, not even to Grandad Roger."

This was just another and very homely way of saying to Dick "*Noblesse oblige*."\* Perhaps Old Roger's manner of putting it was not less easy to understand; and he did not know the two words which would have summed up his lecture to Dick.

There was something extremely touching in Roger's anxiety to keep the boy from letting himself grow downwards to the low level of society in Glinderses. He was resolved that no effort should be wantin' on his own part to prevent such a possibility.

In spite of Roger's words Dick was despondent. He was willing, but doubtful of his power, to live up to the standard placed before him by his mother.

"I shall forget what she taught me," he said, with a sigh that was almost a sob. It was hard to keep back such signs of sorrow, though Dick strove hard to play the man for Roger's sake.

"No, you'll not. You must go to school. Larnin's cheap. Bless the lad, what does he think he is to do all the day through, while I'm out sellin'?"

"Mother said you were poor, like her, and she couldn't afford to send me to school."

\* "Rank imposes obligation."

"What need, when she could teach you beautiful? As to being poor, don't you know mother was in a club, and sometimes money comes in other ways to them that are left after people are dead? Besides, some things were sold, accordin' to her wish, and they fetched money. Never you fear. Besides, again, your grandad isn't goin' to retire from business. Just think what it will be to have some one else to work for. I shall not be saying to myself, 'This is for *my* dinner, and this is to pay *my* rent. It will be *our* dinner and *our* rent; *your* shoes and *my* shoes, when a new pair has to be got for us. Remember, there's only one rent to pay for *us*, same as there was for *me*. How much better supper 'll taste when we sit down to eat it together! Why, Dick, now I think of all the cheerfulness your comin' 'll bring to my little place, I feel fair ashamed o' myself, I'm getting so much the best o' the bargain."

Dick was willing to be convinced, if possible, but he shook his head doubtfully.

Roger saw the boy's lips parting, but again he began to speak and stopped what was coming.

"I see now, you young rogue, you think you have the best of it. I'm not goin' to give in to you, though. Any-way, it's a nice thing, a real pleasure that we're both so satisfied with our own side of the bargain. I know I'm right, and bein' as I'm so much older, it wouldn't be like your mother's son to go contradictin' me. To-morrow you'll begin school. I've seen the master and made all right. You'll have a trifle of coppers to get something to eat in the dinner-time, and we'll have supper together comfortable."

There was no gainsaying Old Roger. Was he not the lad's guardian, named as such by Mrs. Holgate? Who was Dick to oppose him whom she had called one of the best and kindest men in the world and a real gentleman?

In the stillness of the night, when the only sound in the room over the archway was the regular breathing of a tired lad as he lay sleeping on his own bed, Roger, unable to sleep, was holding a committee of ways and means in the interests of both. He knew to a penny what money he had. Not how much, but how little.

"What a mercy it was that I thought of puttin' her in the club when she first came to the court! If I hadn't, how should we have managed everything decent? There was a trifle over, and what the sticks we sold fetched, makes something to start housekeepin' for two, but not enough to go on with for long. I must work a bit harder, an' maybe I'll manage to eat a bit less. As one gets old one hasn't quite the same appetite. A growin' boy must have his fill, come what may. If I can only hold on till he's fourteen or fifteen I'll be content."

Having talked the matter over with himself, as Roger would have expressed it, he put it out of mind for the present, and soon fell asleep. It was time indeed for him



to rest. At half-past four he must be up and away to the wholesale market to lay in his stock-in-trade for the day.

The habit of many years enabled him to wake almost to the minute, and as a rule he slept soundly after his long day's work. But the sorrow and cares incidental to Mrs. Holgate's illness and death, and the new responsibilities which had devolved upon him by his

that he is a boy, for I couldn't have cared for a girl, and there might ha' been trouble. I must have told, if Dick had been a girl. Well, he isn't, so that's all right and straightforward for me. Ah! if I was a real gentleman as *she* called me, with means accordin', how well I would ha' done by her when she was here! What I would do for the lad now!"



"THEY UNDERSTOOD EACH OTHER!"

position as Dick's guardian, had sorely disturbed his rest. However, needs must when there is no choice. Roger turned out at the usual time after a night spent mostly in planning how to make a very little money go a long way.

He moved softly about the room for fear of awaking the boy, though he could not help pausing to glance at Dick as he lay in a profound sleep. "He's like his mother, very like her, for a boy. What a mercy it is

Then a droll look passed over Roger's face, and he further thought, "If I could only make myself believe that I was one for to-day, wouldn't I stop at home just for the sake of a rest? I mostly feel fresh enough at the start, but this mornin' I'm tired to begin with."

Roger might well be tired after such a wakeful night, but he did not on that account loiter over his preparations. He dressed quickly, not forgetting the morning wash, or failing in any act needful to insure his turning

out with the beautifully clean appearance which always distinguished him.

He took no proper breakfast, but munched a few mouthfuls of dry bread, so as not to go out fasting. His breakfast would be taken at a coffee-stall near the market, after he had made his purchases, and just before starting on his round.

Dick had received minute instructions respecting his meals and the ordering of his day. Needless to say, Old Roger had provided far more liberally for the lad than for his own comfort.

Though Dick had been differently trained from other lads brought up in Glinderses, he could use his hands as deftly as any boy of his age. He had been his mother's faithful, loving helper, and was wonderfully clever in household matters. His small hands had, for the last two years, made the fire in the morning and helped to prepare the breakfast. Of late, he had not only prepared the meal, but had taken it upstairs to his mother. His willing feet had run to and fro in her service, and under her careful training he had learned to do well and neatly whatever he undertook.

If Roger had his nightly cogitations, Dick was not behind in thinking and planning for his new guardian's comfort when he awoke to find himself alone. Roger reaped the fruit of the boy's forethought and industry when he returned home, feeling more weary than usual. So many things had been done which heretofore had awaited his own doing, before he could take the supper and rest he so sorely needed.

On the evening of this first day of Dick's full residence in the archway room, Roger found his little home in perfect order, and the table spread with everything but the eatables, which he was bringing in his basket.

Roger was accustomed to great neatness and cleanliness, but never had his table looked so inviting. To its ordinary utensils Dick had added certain little matters that had been his mother's, and, though the sight of them brought tears to the lad's eyes, he felt that by dedicating them to Roger's service he was using them as she would have wished him to do.

The man understood the boy's motive and was deeply touched.

"You like to see things as your mother used to have them," he said.

"It was not for myself, grandad."

"I knew that, lad. But supper will taste better both for you and me."

Roger looked at Dick as he spoke. They understood each other.

(To be continued.)

THREE GREAT PHYSICIANS.—A celebrated doctor, being surrounded in his last moments by many of his fellow physicians who deplore his loss, said to them, "Gentlemen, I leave behind me three great physicians." Each man, thinking himself to be one of the three, pressed him to name them; upon which he replied, "Cleanliness, Exercise, and Temperance."



## AN OLD JACK OF KINSALE.

(See ILLUSTRATION, page 146.)

BY REV. FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A.,  
*Rector of St. John's, Limerick; Author of "Sent back by the Angels."*

I'VE neither chick nor wife :  
I'm fourscore and three :  
All my rough life

I've followed the sea—  
At ten half a sailor,  
At twelve up and away  
Cruising in a whaler  
Around Baffin's Bay.

I've sail'd a yacht for a lord  
All spick and span ;  
French cook aboard,  
And yourself a lady's man.  
I've drifted anywhere  
On a berg steeple-height ;  
Me and an old bear  
Chumming most polite.  
I've seen the blue packers  
Ring round and shut—  
Mountains of ice for crackers,  
And the ship for the nut.

In eighteen 'forty-four,  
With the barque *Mary Jane*  
I took a lee-shore  
On the north coast of Spain ;  
And we roll'd at the waves' sporting  
A cable's length from the town,  
With girls and boys courting  
While she shuffled down.



In November 'fifty-seven,  
 One of the foremost hands,  
 I was nearly blown to Heaven  
 In the troopship\* *Sarah Sands* :  
 For the flames were snaking and reaching  
 To where the powder was stored ;  
 But there wasn't much screeching  
 With Captain Castle aboard.

Ten mortal days  
 We look'd to see a puff,  
 And go and blow our ways  
 Like a pinch of black snuff.  
 But the captain held us together—  
 Sorrow a man shirk'd—  
 We fought the fire and the weather,  
 And kept the pumps work'd.

For, beating back the flame,  
 And steaming for our port,  
 On a gale came,  
 And took us sharp and short :  
 Struck us very vicious  
 (Our port quarter gone),  
 But we anchored at Mauritius  
 November twenty-one.

Three trips I made,  
 Very calm and cool,  
 Running the blockade  
 In a brig of Liverpool ;  
 Crawling up the coast,  
 Painted smock-white,  
 Like the *Flying Dutchman's* ghost,  
 Never a pipe alight.  
 The fourth time we slapp'd in,  
 Minding ne'er a pip ;  
 And, faith, they nick'd the captain,  
 And took the poor ship.

In the *Parrot*, coasting smack,  
 I was wreck'd off Spurn Head :  
 Along o' Yellow Jack †  
 I was twice left for dead.  
 I suffer'd sore disaster  
 On the brig *Richard Lee*—  
 Abraham Davis, master—  
 In the fall of 'seventy-three.

Driven south o' the Horn,  
 Nosing for the ice ;  
 Neither night nor morn,  
 But dark you could slice ;  
 Every stitch she shook out  
 Jagg'd with ice and spear'd,  
 And every cry of the look-out  
 Clotting in his beard :—

Sudden came a rip,  
 And a roar, and a squeal :  
 Over lay the ship,  
 Baring half her keel.  
 Back she roll'd to the smother,  
 Groaning sore and loud,  
 And, behold ! myself and another  
 Were shook from the shroud.

Caking into ice,  
 Praying all I knew,  
 I struck a spar twice,  
 And at last I brought it to.  
 Then I shouted pretty strong  
 To my mate, Andrew Brown ;  
 But he pipes back, "So-long,"  
 And I hears him gurgle down.

How they pull'd me in  
 The good Lord knows !  
 Pot-black my skin,  
 So cruel was I froz'd.  
 Two fingers I lost,  
 Dropping most forlorn,  
 Eaten by the frost,  
 South of Cape Horn.

Fourscore and three !  
 I'm an old man and ripe :  
 But no drink for me,  
 And easy on the pipe.  
 So I meet the world merry,  
 With my joke and my tale,  
 Working of the ferry  
 Back at Kinsale.

And this is an old man's lore,  
 Which I give without fee :—  
 You hear of God ashore ;  
 You meet Him at sea.  
 And storm or even keel  
 Makes little odds ;  
 You want two hands at the wheel,  
 And one of the two—God's.

---

TESTIMONIES TO THE BIBLE.—The English Bible was one of the four books which always lay on Byron's table. Blackstone advised students in law to study the Bible. He said, "There is nothing like it for the development of mind and character." Macaulay said, "The English Bible—a book which, if everything else in the language should perish, would alone suffice to show the whole extent of its beauty and power." On his death-bed, Sir Walter Scott said, "There is but one book—the Bible." Thomas Carlyle said, "There never was any other book like the Bible, and there never will be such another." Daniel Webster, the American statesman, said, "From the time that, at my mother's feet, or on my father's knee, I first learned to lisp verses from the sacred writings, they have been my daily study and vigilant contemplation, and if there is anything in my style and thought to be commended, the credit is due to my kind parents in instilling into my mind an early love of the Scriptures."

\* Not strictly a troopship, but conveying troops on this occasion.

† Yellow fever.

## THE COMING OF AUGUSTINE.

BY THE REV. THOMAS MOORE, M.A.,

Rector of St. Michael Paternoster Royal, and St. Martin Vintry, College Hill, with All-Hallows-the-Great-and-Less, Thames Street; Author of "The Englishman's Brief," etc.

## VII.—AUGUSTINE AND THE WELSH BISHOPS.



AFTER Augustine was made Bishop, in a letter to Pope Gregory, he asked him, "How ought I to deal with the Bishops of Gaul and Britain?"

Concerning the Bishops in Gaul, or France, Gregory told Augustine that he had no jurisdiction over them, but as to

the Bishops in Britian—presumably those of the British Church in Wales, as well as the future Bishops of the English Church—Gregory informed Augustine that they were all committed to his oversight and placed under his authority.

Gregory assumed too much in attempting thus to dispose of the obedience and submission of the British Bishops, who had never been subject to the Bishop of Rome, as Augustine found to his cost in trying to enforce his authority over them.

The story of Augustine's unsuccessful efforts to bring the Welsh Bishops under his archiepiscopal jurisdiction is interesting.

Ethelbert in all probability helped to arrange the proposed meeting between Augustine and the Welsh Bishops, and also facilitated Augustine's long and tedious journey to the appointed place of their interview. This place seems to have been under an oak-tree in the neighbourhood of Chepstow.

Whether the subjects to be discussed at the interview were agreed upon before it took place we are not told.

It is certain, however, that the Welsh Bishops met Augustine with certain feelings of suspicion that his object was to establish his episcopal rule over them.

When they met, as we are told, Augustine sought to persuade them to join him in his efforts to convert the heathen English and to live in Catholic ecclesiastical peace with himself; which meant, no doubt, that he required them to abandon their form of the priestly tonsure, and their time of keeping Easter—points wherein they differed from the Church of Rome, and all churches in communion with her—and henceforth to conform to Roman ecclesiastical uses.

The British Bishops did not see this, and proposed that the discussion of the subject should be adjourned to a

subsequent conference when a larger number of Bishops might be present.

The second conference with Augustine was attended by seven Bishops and a number of learned men from the famous British monastery of Bangor Isoed. But being somewhat unsettled in their minds as to what answer to make to Augustine's request that they should submit themselves to his jurisdiction and conform to the Canterbury uses, they had recourse to the counsel of a religious hermit, famed, no doubt, for his supposed wisdom.

"If Augustine be a man of God," said the hermit, "follow him."

"But how shall we find out whether he is so?" asked the Bishops.

"Our Lord," said the hermit, "spoke of Himself as meek and lowly in heart. If Augustine shows that temper you may believe that he has learned of Christ and taken up His yoke and is offering it to you."

"Whereby shall we discover of what spirit Augustine is?" asked the Bishops.

"Manage," said the hermit, "that he shall be at the meeting-place before you. If, when you approach him, he rises to meet you, be sure that he is the servant of Christ, and listen to him obediently. If he does not rise up, but treats you as inferiors, do not submit to his assumptions."

Unfortunately, as it is said, Augustine received the Welsh Bishops sitting, which he probably thought well to do as expressive of his dignity as an Archbishop, but most likely did so in a manner wanting in tact and courtesy.

This the Welsh Bishops naturally resented, especially as they had been forewarned. They charged Augustine with pride, and resisted all his proposals for their conformity to the Canterbury uses, and their co-operation with him in his attempts to convert the English.

Thus, through a haughty and assumptive spirit on the part of Augustine, and hasty temper and resentment on the part of the Welsh Bishops, was lost a grand opportunity for the early organic and corporate union of the newly-founded Church of the English with what remained of the ancient Church of the British people.

## St. James's Day

(July 25th).

"LORD, give us grace, and give us love,  
Like him to leave behind  
Earth's cares and joys, and look above  
With true and earnest mind.

"So shall we learn to drink Thy cup,  
So meek and firm be found,  
When Thou shalt come to take us up  
Where Thine elect are crown'd."

C. F. ALEXANDER.

## OUR NATURAL HISTORY PRIZE.

In the January number we offered a Special Prize of Half a Guinea's worth of Books for the best Essay on "Some Useful English Insects." Over three hundred papers have been sent in, and the Rev. Theodore Wood, F.E.S., has awarded the prize to Emily Sturgess, of 27, Barton Street, Birkenhead. She is a domestic servant, aged eighteen, and her paper does her much credit.





ST. AUGUSTINE'S WELL.

*From a photograph specially taken for THE CHURCH MONTHLY.*

## EBBSFLEET AND ST. AUGUSTINE.

BY M. PAYNE SMITH.

**H**ALF way between Minster and Ramsgate, in the Isle of Thanet, the traveller on the South-Eastern Railway may chance to notice a tall stone cross standing at the corner of a field, not far from a grove of gnarled old elms. An inquiry of his fellow-passengers will probably elicit the vague information that "Somebody landed there"; but it is quite a chance whether any one will know that the "somebody" was St. Augustine, and that the cross marks the beginning of the Church of England, as at present existing.

The scenery has changed since 597. Then, though the chalk cliffs of Ramsgate made a white line at one side as they still do, Pegwell Bay was all water, and the estuary of the Stour, and the wide tidal channel called the Wantsnm, which made Thanet a real island, was not silted up, but was the usual waterway for ships bound to London, which thus avoided the dangerous North Foreland. Now the greater part of the estuary has become solid land, and grassy fields stretch down to the shallow and ever-receding sea.

Augustine brought Christianity to the English, but not to Britain, as the ruins of several Roman churches prove. St. Martin's at Canterbury, and St. Mary's in Dover Castle, both date back to Roman time, and there was very probably some kind of a chapel at Richborough. But the wild Saxons worshipped Odin and Thor, and as they conquered the country drove the British Christians farther and farther west, till

they found a resting-place in the mountains of Wales, or sailed across St. George's Channel to find refuge in Ireland.

Hengist and Horsa are supposed to have landed in Thanet, very possibly at Ebbsfleet, which would be the most obvious landing-place for any one entering the bay. There are no cliffs here, but gently rising ground, and Richborough Castle on the mainland is in full view, so that strange arrivals would be safe from surprise. If the Saxon chiefs brought the race which was to rule England and conquer half the world, the Italian monk brought learning, civilisation, and Christianity, the forces that were to strengthen the wild iron of the Saxon invaders, and to turn it into the polished steel of the modern world.

The story of St. Gregory and the English slave-boys, "not Angles, but angels," is known to every one, but it was not till ten years after that scene in the Roman slave-market, that the way was opened for St. Augustine's coming, and even then he shrank from the dangerous journey and from the wild warriors of England, and twice implored Gregory to let him return. But Gregory stood firm, and bade Augustine go forward trusting in God, and win the new country to the Church.

Richborough had been the Roman fort and garrison town, and was probably still the usual landing-place, as it protected the Roman road to Canterbury; but Augustine preferred a safe position on the Island of Thanet, until he knew how the Kentish king would

receive him. But the king was willing to give the monks their opportunity. Ethelbert had married a French Christian princess, who had probably smoothed the way for the missionaries; and though he feared to meet Augustine under a roof, lest enchantments should trouble him, he was willing enough to have an interview with him in the open air. According to Dean Stanley, the meeting between Augustine and Ethelbert took place in Thanet, possibly near Ebbsfleet, though more probably under an oak which grew in the centre of the island. Here the monk, speaking through an interpreter, explained his mission to the king, who gave him permission to teach and preach, and make converts if he could. It is likely that it was Queen Bertha's influence which made her husband so ready to listen to Christianity, and after that interview the way was clear for the missionaries. They were allowed to go to Canterbury, where lodgings were provided for them, and where the tiny church of St. Martin outside the walls served them for a place of worship. Before very long the king was converted and baptized, and before the year was out, his example was followed by some ten thousand of his warriors.

Ebbsfleet was only a halting-place, and the story soon moves on to more populous places; but the rock on which St. Augustine first set foot was long preserved and venerated. But while Canterbury was the seat of the archbishopric, and while the two great monasteries of Christ Church, and St. Peter and St. Paul, generally known as St. Augustine's, were growing grander and better every year, the landing-place was so nearly forgotten that the rock was called St. Mildred's Rock, after a popular royal saint. A little chapel was built over it, and it became a place for pilgrimage, and retained its later name till the end of last century. By that time the chapel had disappeared, and the place was marked by a very old tree; but it remained for our generation to raise a lasting monument on the spot, which must be of deep interest to every English Churchman.

A tall Iona cross, with figures in relief, was erected in 1884. On the side facing the sea are medallions of the Virgin and Child standing on a curiously twisted serpent, of the

Crucifixion and Transfiguration, as well as various figures of saints and angels. On the other side are more single figures, some apostles, others the local saints, and the two sides are decorated in the same style.

The inscription is as follows:—

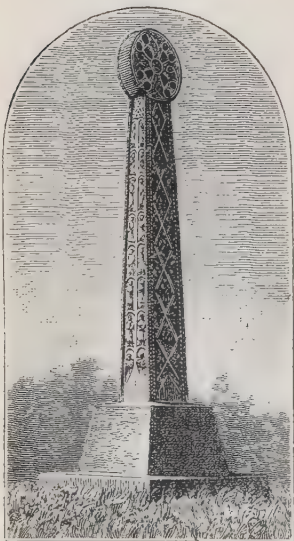
AUGUSTINUS  
AD RUTUPINA LITTORA IN INSULA THANETI  
POST TOT TERRAE MARISQUE LABORES  
TANDEM ADVECTUS  
HOC IN LOCO, CUM ETHELBERTO REGE CONGRESSUS  
PRIMAM APUD NOSTRATES CONCIONEM HABUIT  
ET FIDEM CHRISTIANUM  
QUAE PER TOTUM ANGLIAM MIRA CELERITATE DIFFUSAM EST  
FELICITER INAUGURAVIT  
AD. DXCVI.

Curiously enough, the date is wrong, as Augustine landed in 597, not 596. Close to the cross is a grove of old elm- and ash-trees, not very large, for the situation clearly does not suit them; and a quarter of a mile away rises a spring still known as St. Augustine's Well.

The missionary to the Saxons is not forgotten, for we question a labourer who comes by while we are photographing the cross, and he gives us a lot of information.

"St. Augustine landed there," he tells us, "for the sea used to come a deal higher up. A good many people come to see the cross, which now belongs to the Big Church" (the Kentish name for Canterbury Cathedral).

Then he points out a piece of wooden paling, which he says was put up by the new owners, and directs us to St. Augustine's Well. "Though it ain't a well, but a spring in a dyke, and rare good water too. Pity it ain't made more use on." He tells us that there are no ruins nearer than Richborough, which makes an end of our hopes of finding some remains of the pilgrimage chapel. No, there is nothing! The fields are smooth, and we stroll across to the dyke, which is choked with flags and rushes, except near the spring, which is deep and clear. There is a dipping-board, and a footpath towards a couple of cottages, whose inhabitants evidently use the well. Half a dozen fly-catchers take short flights from the palings, and the meadow is gay with yellow bed-straw and pink rest-harrow. Far away we catch a glimpse of Sandwich, but around us are only a few sheep and the tall hedges which divide the fields. For memorials of the first English archbishop you must go to Canterbury and look at the splendid cathedral. Here a cross and a spring in lonely fields remind us of the timid monk who took his life in his hand to win the Saxon warriors to the "White Christ."



CROSS AT EBBSFLEET, ERECTED  
TO COMMEMORATE THE  
LANDING OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

A tall Iona cross, with figures in relief, was erected in 1884. On the side facing the sea are medallions of the Virgin and Child standing on a curiously twisted serpent, of the

THE JOY OF HELPING THE POOR.—Not long before Earl Shaftesbury's death Miss Cobbe had an interview with him, and they talked about the poor of London. The noble Philanthropist said, "When I feel age creeping on me, and know I must soon die, I hope it is not too late to say it, but I cannot bear to leave the world with all the misery in it."





CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

## REPRESENTATIVE CHURCHMEN.

### V.—THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

**T**HE RIGHT HON. AND MOST REV. FREDERICK TEMPLE, D.D., Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, is a son of an officer of the Army, and was born on November 30th, 1821. He received his early training at Tiverton Grammar School, and afterwards proceeded to Oxford, where he became Scholar of Balliol College, and took his degree of B.A. as a Double First Class in 1842. He was elected a Fellow and Mathematical Tutor of his College, and was ordained in 1846. Two years later he became Principal of Kneller Hall Training College, Twickenham, which he resigned in 1855. He was next one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, and in 1858 succeeded Dr. Goulburn as Head Master of Rugby.

He was very popular at Rugby; and it has been said that "he achieved a reputation as a teacher unrivalled since the days of Dr. Arnold, and almost challenging competition with his."

In 1869 Dr. Temple was appointed Bishop of Exeter, and for sixteen years he laboured with great earnestness and fidelity in the West Country, where his name will always be remembered with affection.

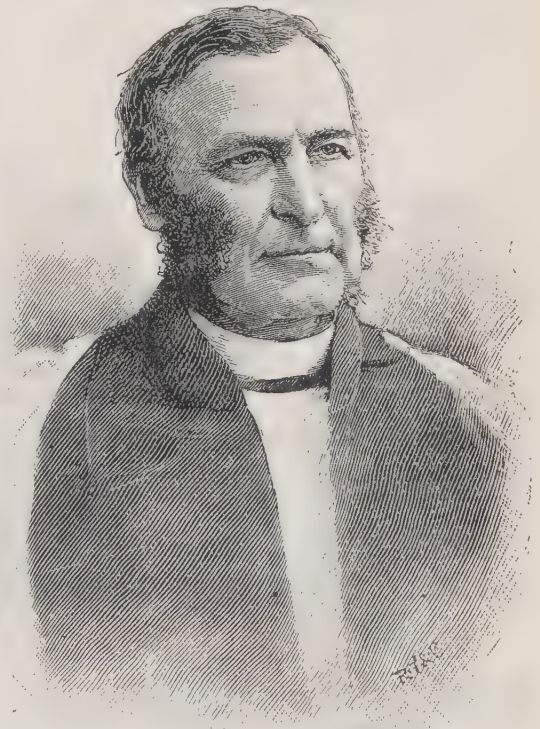
Upon the death of Bishop Jackson, in 1885, Dr. Temple was called to London, where his work was unceasing. It will be in the recollection of our readers that upon the lamented death of Archbishop Benson, Dr. Temple was promoted to the See of Canterbury, and that his appointment to the Primacy was received with general approbation.

Among his writings may be named *Sermons preached at Rugby*; and *The Relations between Religion and Science*, being the Bampton Lectures for 1884.

The Archbishop will preside at the Pan-Anglican Conference this month. It is expected that the attendance of bishops will be larger than on any previous

occasion. The meetings of the Conference will be held in the Great Hall of the Church House, Westminster, and there will be services in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral. A visit will be made to Ebbsfleet, in commemoration of the landing of St. Augustine thirteen hundred years ago, and there will be some imposing services in Canterbury Cathedral. The Bishop of Bath and Wells has given a special invitation to the Bishops to visit Glastonbury, and the concluding service will be held in St. Paul's Cathedral on the August bank holiday. The subjects to be discussed by the Conference cover a very wide field, and include "The Organisation of the Anglican Communion"; "The Relation of Religious Communities within the Church to the Episcopate"; "Critical Study of Holy Scripture"; "Foreign Missions"; "Reformation Movements on the Continent of Europe and Elsewhere"; "Church Unity in its relation—(a) to the Churches of the East; (b) to the Latin Communion; (c) to other Christian bodies"; "International Arbitration"; "The Office of the Church with Respect to Industrial problems"; "The Book of Common Prayer"; "Duties of the Church to the Colonies"; "Degrees in Divinity."

Our readers are earnestly invited to pray that the Divine blessing may rest upon all who shall take part in these most important gatherings.



From a photograph by

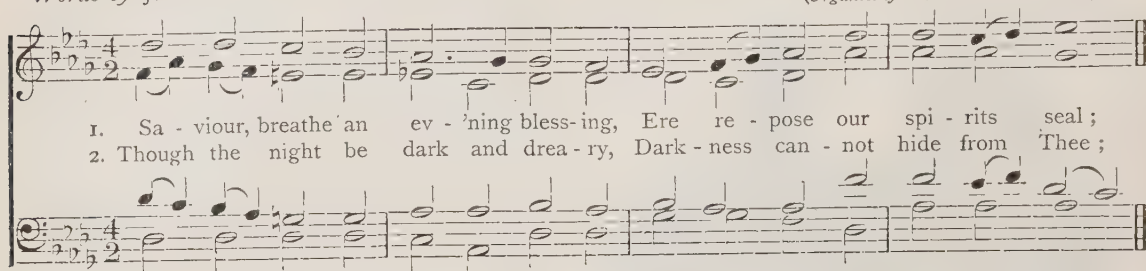
[THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC CO.]

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

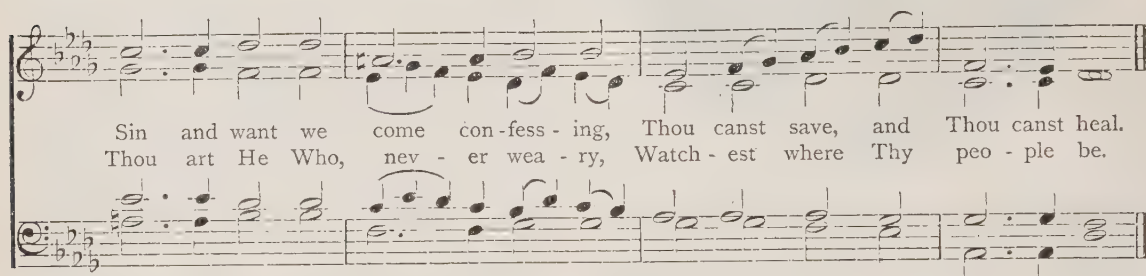
# Saviour, Breathe an Evening Blessing.

Words by JAMES EDMESTON.

Music by HERBERT C. MORRIS.  
(Organist of St. David's Cathedral.)



1. Sa - viour, breathe an ev - 'ning bless - ing, Ere re - pose our spi - rits seal;  
2. Though the night be dark and drea - ry, Dark - ness can - not hide from Thee;



Sin and want we come con - fess - ing, Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.  
Thou art He Who, nev - er wea - ry, Watch - est where Thy peo - ple be.

3. Though destruction walk around us,  
Though the arrow past us fly,  
Angel-guards from Thee surround us,  
We are safe if Thou art nigh.
4. Should swift death this night o'ertake us,  
And our couch become our tomb,  
May the morn in Heaven awake us,  
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

5. Father, to Thy holy keeping  
Humbly we ourselves resign;  
Saviour, Who hast slept our sleeping,  
Make our slumbers pure as Thine.
6. Blessèd Spirit, brooding o'er us,  
Chase the darkness of our night,  
Till the perfect day before us  
Breaks in everlasting light.

## MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

### A Village Apostle.

**K**EDAR NATH BISWAS worked in a sugar manufactory in Jessore Zillah. He became a Christian seventeen years ago; so real and true a believer that his European employer and his Hindu neighbours had nothing but good to say of him. He preached so earnestly to the heathen in his master's employ that the latter had to offer him the choice of not preaching during working hours or being dismissed; and Kedar chose to be dismissed. He used to take his boys every Sunday to a village five miles off to hold service for two Christian families who were without a pastor. Besides this, he preached in bazaars and villages for miles round his home. His boys had good voices, so he trained them to go with him and sing native *bhajans* to attract the people. When he was dismissed from his work, Kedar went away to Calcutta to seek for employment. He caught fever and dysentery, and came back only to die. If all Indian Christians were like him, the conversion of India would not be far off. Nay, if all English Christians were like him, the whole life of England would be transfigured.

### Devils in Everything.

**T**HE late Bishop Caldwell, in one of his letters, speaking of his experience of Indian heathenism, says, "Every bodily ailment which does not immediately yield to medicine is supposed to be a possession of the devil. The fever produced by the bite of a rat is found difficult to cure, and the native doctor tells the names of the five devils that resist

the force of his art. An infant cries in the night, and a devil is said to be in it. An ill-built house falls down, and a devil receives the blame. Bullocks take fright at night, and a devil is said to have scared them. I know a hamlet containing only nine houses, where thirteen devils are worshipped."

Truly did St. Paul write (1 Cor. x. 20), "The things which the Gentiles sacrifice, they sacrifice to devils, and not to God." Can we, to men so benighted, the lamp of life deny?

### Surnames with Meanings.

**T**HE Moravian missionaries on the bleak, desolate coast of Labrador have been persuading their Eskimo converts to take surnames, for distinction. One young man chose for his surname a word meaning "green." His reason was a very beautiful one,—“As in spring the fresh green of the trees bursts forth from the buds, so is it my desire that a new life, wholly devoted to the Lord, should spring forth out of my former life of sin.” Another chose the name of a little bird, because, he said, he not only loved to hear its singing, but wished to be as happy, as free from care, and as trustful of God, as that little bird was.

### A Boy Witness for Christ.

**A** HINDU boy at the school at Bethberiya, young and delicately built, was thrashed till he fell down exhausted by his elder brother, because he refused to bow down before the image of the goddess Kali. "That boy's bright, happy face," writes the Rev. A. Le Feuvre, "and his hunger after the things concerning his Saviour, showed what the grace of God could do in spite of awful obstacles."

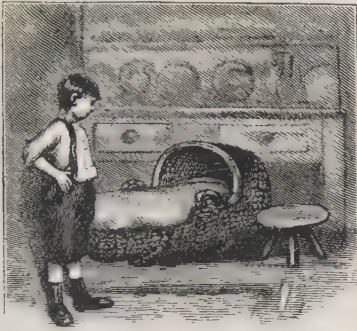


## THE LITTLE WORKER.

EMPERANCE STORY "FOUNDED ON FACT."

BY MRS. B. REED.

## CHAPTER I.



"WELL, Mrs. O'Flanagan, and how has the world been treating you?" said the cheery voice of the Rector, as he opened the cottage door onewet afternoon, and having deposited his hat and big stick on

the floor, seated himself comfortably in a chair by the fire.

"Well, sir, I can't say as things be goin' on as well as I could wish, for James 'ave been on the drink terrible this week, and I don't know how to get the rent-money together by Monday, unless 'e brings me 'ome 'is money to-night; and if 'e do, it won't be much, wi' not goin' to work all last Monday."

So saying, Mrs. O'Flanagan stirred the fire, gave the cradle a rock, and sat down opposite her visitor, her hands rolled in her apron, beneath which the fingers could be seen nervously twisting, as if she had hard work to maintain her self-control.

The cottage was scrupulously clean, and the reflection of the flames danced on the bright steel fender, and gave a cosy appearance to a plainly furnished room, while the three months old baby in the cradle bore witness to a mother's loving care, the more tenderly cherished that its puny, wasted features, and abnormally large head, gave indications of a none too prolonged stay in this vale of tears.

Mrs. O'Flanagan was a tall, spare, hard-featured woman, conscientious and earnest in the performance of duty, but perhaps wanting in the tact and gentleness of manner which often wield so powerful an influence in preventing a man from seeking his pleasure at the public-house, even though the attractions of the clean, cosy kitchen at home may fail to do so. She had had many trials, poor thing—trials bitter enough to test the faith and love of the most earnest Christian—for her children, one by one, had faded away before her eyes; only a delicate, soft-eyed boy of eleven or twelve being left, besides the little girl lately come to cheer the mother's heart, and at the same time to fill her with anxious forebodings lest the little sunbeam should soon pass away, leaving the dark clouds of sorrow heavier than before.

James O'Flanagan seemed to be drifting farther and farther from his wife's influence, and the little home,

once so bright and happy, became gradually impoverished, as Mrs. O'Flanagan pawned one after another of her dearly-prized possessions to meet the rent, or pay the bill at the corner shop.

The Rector of St. Faith's, having heard from his lay-reader how badly things were going with the family, took counsel with himself as to the best means of improving matters, and called, in the course of his afternoon's round of visits, to have a friendly chat with the heavily-burdened woman, who, he hoped, would open her heart to him.

"I am sorry, Mrs. O'Flanagan," he continued, "to hear that your husband is drinking; how long has this been going on?"

"Well, sir, he've been unsteady, off and on, for this last three months, ever sin' baby war born, and nobody about to make him comfortable. I did 'ope as 'ow 'e'd take an interest in baby, and I thought it 'ud 'a kep' 'im straight, but he've been getting worse and worse, and this week he've been dreadful, using such language as I 'ad to keep Georgie out of his way," sobbed the poor woman, fairly broken down, and rocking to and fro, with her face buried in her apron.

"Dear, dear, this is very sad!" returned the Rector sympathetically. "I must see what I can do for you. Which is his favourite public-house?"

"He goes mostly to the 'Cat and Fiddle,' and he'll surely go there to-night, as soon as ever he's done his tea, and very like wi'out giving me his money, and I hav'n't a sixpence in the house, and Georgie's feet are on the ground, and I daren't let him catch cold, for I've had him in bed too often already."

The Rector pondered for a minute or two, and then suddenly lifted his head, with the air of a man who has taken a desperate resolve, saying,—

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Mrs. O'Flanagan. I'll go to the 'Cat and Fiddle' to-night about seven o'clock, try to get your husband out, and take him home with me for a serious talk. And—who knows?—by God's blessing I may induce him to sign the pledge. I thought something must be wrong here, for I have missed you from the mothers' meeting for some weeks past, and others said they had seen you out shopping, looking very pale and sad; so I thought I would look round and see what could be done for you."

"Oh, sir, I would be grateful to you all my life if you could get my husband to sign the pledge, for there's not a better husband in all the town, nor a happier home, when he's steady and sober, and he do like Georgie to read to him o' nights out o' them beautiful books he's got at Sunday-school."

"Well, well, I'll do my best, God helping me, and don't you forget where to take your troubles, for there's One above able and willing to show us the way out of all our difficulties, if we will but ask His help."

So saying, the Rector took his leave and departed on further errands of mercy; for he gave himself up heart and soul to his people—toilers for bread amid squalid

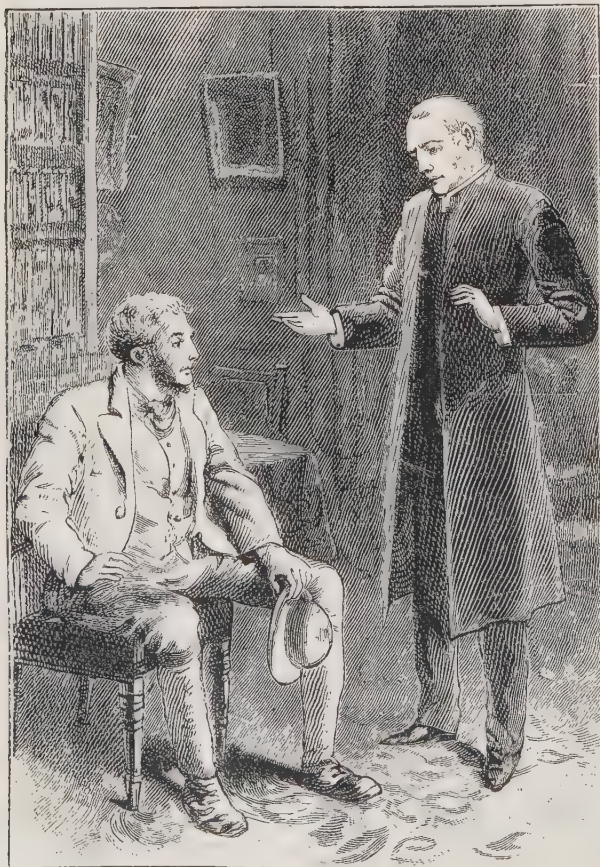
surroundings, and often in unsavoury occupations—and many a sick-bed was brightened by his genial manner and sympathetic voice; while the wanderers from the fold were lovingly urged to accept the gracious promises of the Father, and the travellers through the Valley of the Shadow of Death were soothed by prayer and the holy offices of the Church.

True to his promise, the Rector made for the "Cat and Fiddle," and walked into the tap-room, where, after looking round on the group of men seated on the benches, he went up to James O'Flanagan—who was the centre of an animated group of sportsmen, discussing the latest football—and said, laying his hand on the man's shoulder, "Look here, my man, I've some very important business to talk over with you, and I've been at some trouble to find you, so just step outside, that's a good fellow."

O'Flanagan, slightly surprised, rose without a word, and followed the Rector into the street, then, turning to him, inquired,—

"Well, Parson, and what d'ye want wi' me?"

"I want you to come along and see what comfortable chairs I've got in my study, to be sure," returned the parson, smiling and clapping his companion on the back.



"'THOU ART THE MAN!'"

The rectory was not many yards away, and once seated opposite a cosy fire, the Rector opened the attack.

"There is a poor woman I am interested in," said he, "who has been in her day a cook earning good wages. She married, and settled down very comfortably, her husband being a good workman in regular employ. But she had great trials in losing her children, one after another—some in the cradle, others when grown old enough to prattle and laugh, and even to do little jobs about the house. Perhaps she failed to take this bitter sorrow as from a loving Father's hand; but, at any rate, her temper became soured, sharp words passed frequently between herself and her husband, and he took to spending his evenings out, though there was always a comfortable meal and a bright fireside awaiting him at home. Things went from bad to worse; the husband spent more and more of his wages in drink; the family were compelled to move into a poorer street; their neat, substantial furniture disappeared bit by bit. To-day the poor woman is in the greatest distress; her baby is ill, and she doesn't know where to look for the rent, neither has she any further credit at the shop. Now, what do you think of the husband?"

"Think of him," returned O'Flanagan impetuously, "why, I think he's a boozy brute, that's what I think!"

"Thou art the man!" said the Rector impressively, pointing with his finger at O'Flanagan, who quailed before his stern and searching gaze, and began to shift uneasily on his chair. "Suppose you were to die to-night," continued his companion, "don't you think God would hold you responsible for that wretched home and the poor woman crying by the sick child's cradle? I'll tell you what it is, O'Flanagan, you must *knock off* liquor. *Nothing* else will save you! Sign the pledge, my man, and let us kneel down and pray that God may give you strength to keep it."

So the two men knelt down together, the Rector offering up an earnest prayer for God's grace to strengthen His servant in the many temptations he would have to undergo if he proved faithful to his promise; after which the pledge-book was brought out, and James O'Flanagan left the study that night fully resolved to be a better husband and father, and to keep out of the way of his old haunts and his old companions: with what result we shall see in our next chapter.

(To be continued.)

CREDITORS have better memories than debtors.  
Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee.  
When the well is dry, they know the worth of water.  
If you would have your business done, go; if not, send.  
What maintains one vice would bring up two children.  
Drive thy business, let that not drive thee.  
Sloth makes all things difficult, industry all easy.



## THE VISION OF CHRIST AND ITS RESULTS.\*

BY THE LORD BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN.

"Sir, we would see Jesus."—ST. JOHN xii. 21.



THE briefest allusion to the circumstances under which these words were spoken in the olden time must, on the present occasion, suffice. Our Lord, then, had just made one of those noted entries into the Holy City, which so marked the last week of His

life on earth, when an incident occurred full of the deepest interest for ourselves. Struck by all that they had seen and heard, a little band of Greeks—proselytes, I suppose, to the Jewish faith—repair to Philip and request him to procure for them an interview with the Saviour. Philip consults with Andrew, and together they go and lay the matter before our Lord. The request at once seems full of significance to His prophetic mind. He immediately discerns in the seeking of these strangers to see Him a first-fruit of the ingathering of the great Gentile harvest, and interprets the event on this wise: "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me."

We see, then, how this incident led our Lord to contemplate the arising of a like desire, in the Gentile world, to see Him, on a far more wide-spread scale; and I want, therefore, first to point out certain reasons why we, who have heard of Jesus far more fully than these Greeks, should cultivate their desire and adopt their language as our own. First of all, then, I would say, we should desire to see Jesus, because, while it is certainly appointed unto all men once to die, no man is really ready to die till he has seen the Saviour of the world. No matter what else we may have seen, in life, let us recollect that, after life, we must see the Son of God, on His judgment-seat; and no words can adequately express the supreme importance of seeing Him on the throne of grace ere at length we meet Him on the throne of judgment. Let me recall an inspired and familiar saying to your

minds. You will remember how it was revealed to a certain man, in the days of our Lord, that he should not see death till he had seen the Lord's Christ; and how, when this vision was, at length, vouchsafed to him, he exclaimed, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." Depend upon it, if you and I are to die in peace, it will only be on like terms. Only, then, let us see and deal with Christ as He graciously invites us to meet Him now, and we shall find the grave robbed of its terrors, and death of its sting. A second reason why we should seek to see Jesus is because a view of Him, as He is, heals, quickens, and strengthens our souls. Take an illustration. At a certain period in the history of God's ancient people, their sins so provoked Him that He sent fiery serpents amongst them, whose bite was certain death; and I want you to reflect on the significance of the appointed mode of cure. "Make thee a fiery serpent," said the Lord to Moses, "and set it upon a pole: and it shall come to pass, that every one that is bitten, when he looketh upon it, shall live." I need hardly remind you how our Lord Himself interprets this event: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Oh, friends, if to see the brazen serpent brought life and healing to the fevered frames of these dying Israelites, most assuredly to see Jesus will do the same for us. As the well-known hymn puts it: "There is life for a look at the Crucified One"; and as the Saviour Himself says: "Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." Add to this the thought of seeing Jesus, as He is at present engaged, pleading, at God's right hand, the cause of all who come to God by Him, and I ask, will not the vision fill us with that joy of which it is just as true now as in the days gone by, "In the joy of the Lord is your strength"? Notice, thirdly, that seeing Jesus also transforms our souls, and moulds them into conformity to His image. There are few things more important for the Christian student than a careful study of the great laws which prevail in the spiritual world; and one of these, to the effect I now mention, is constantly stated by the sacred writers. Listen to the language of St. Paul: "We all, with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." There is another reference

\* Sermon preached on Douglas Head, Isle of Man, August 16th, 1896.

to the same law on the part of St. John : " Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him ; for we shall see Him as He is." But, turning from these statements of the general law, we may well notice one or two striking illustrations. Look at the effect produced on the first Christian martyr when he saw the heavens opened and Jesus standing at the right hand of God. Did it not at once mould him to his Master's spirit of prayer for the forgiveness of his enemies ? Look again at the result on Moses, after tarrying with the Lord on Sinai. Did not his countenance shine in the reflected glory ? And all observation goes to show that it is the same now. The more we see of Christ the more we grow like Him, and the more we abide in His presence the more will men take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus and have learned of Him. Once more : we should seek this vision because seeing Jesus leads us to take lowly views of ourselves and exalted views of His goodness and His grace. See how we may gather this from the pages of Scripture. I recollect how, at the close of that remarkable story—the story of Job—the patriarch exclaims, " I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes." But what was it that led him to this frame of mind ? He tells us, in the preceding verse : " I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth Thee." It was just the same with Isaiah : " Woe is me," he cries, " for I am undone, because I am a man of unclean lips." How did he know this ? He proceeds to explain : " for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts." But if, on the one hand, a vision of the Lord produces such a humbling effect, on the other it cannot but intensify our sense of His goodness to beings so unworthy as ourselves. Not only does it induce the poor and contrite spirit, to which God promises to look, but as, in the light of the rays of the Sun of Righteousness, we see ourselves as we really are, and see Christ also, in His perfect beauty, we can but marvel that He should make us promises which so satisfy all the aspirations of our souls. What shall we say when we find that, though hewn from the rough quarry of sinful human nature, the Almighty proposes to adopt us into His family and make us His children—and if children then heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ Jesus ? What shall we say when we find the Saviour Himself telling us, " This is the will of Him that sent Me, that every

one which seeth the Son and believeth on Him may have everlasting life ; and I will raise him up at the last day " ? I don't know what we shall say, but I do know what we ought to say : " Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy Name." Here is indeed a fulfilment of the highest desires and aspirations of our nature. Here is bread whereof if a man eat he shall nevermore hunger, and water whereof if he drink he shall nevermore thirst. The wealth, honour, pleasure, of this world, as experience teaches us, fail to satisfy ; but with such hopes assured to us, we ought to be able to say, " As for me, I will behold Thy face in righteousness ; and I shall be satisfied when I awake after Thy likeness." Such, then, are some chief reasons why we should cultivate the desire of the little band of Greeks who said to Philip, " Sir, we would see Jesus."

(To be continued.)

## OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

### XIX.—LETTER PUZZLES.

The first of twenty-six ;  
The first in England ;  
Never anybody but myself ;  
Without a beginning or end ;  
Never anybody but you ;  
Five all together, and five quite apart,  
Of lessons in grammar nearly always the start.

### XX.—CONUNDRUMS.

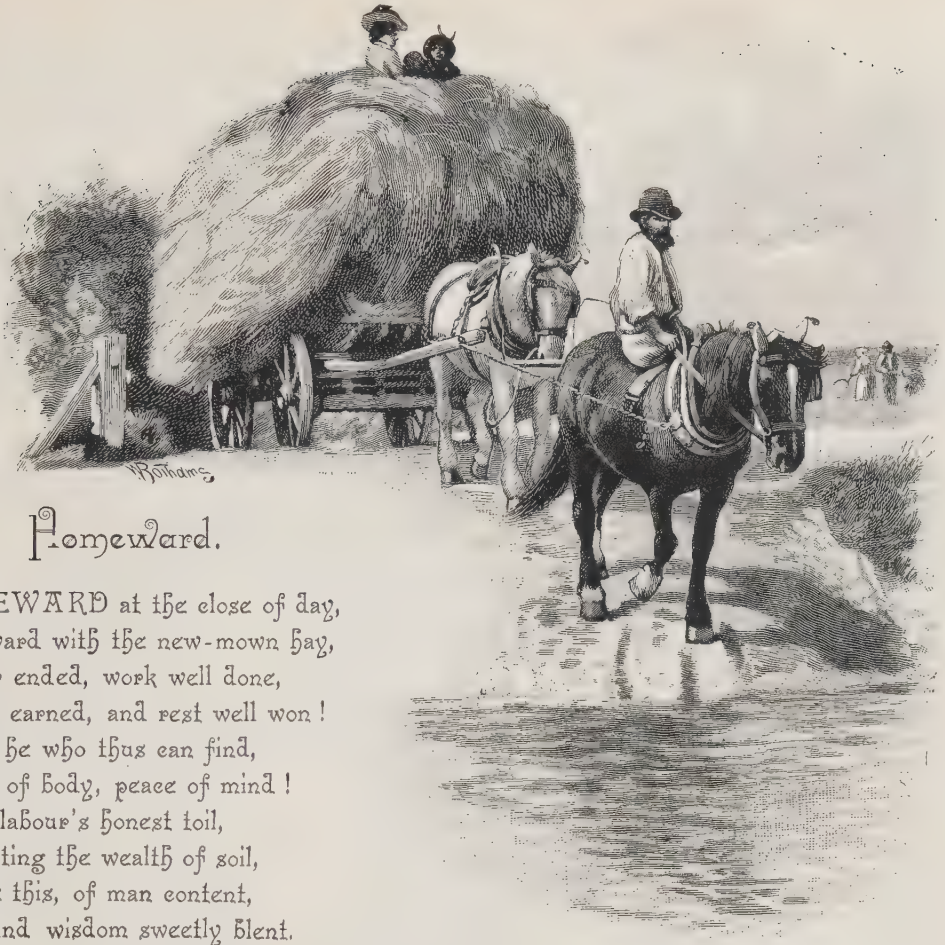
Why is the longest day like a fairy tale ?  
Why ought boots and shoes never to wear out ?  
Why are butchers like huntsmen ?

### XXI.—ENIGMA.

I'm always wet ; yet I often make folk dry ;  
I'm very deep, yet often rise up high ;  
I'm life to millions, great and small ;  
I'm often death, for help men vainly call ;  
The rich and poor, the lowly and the great,  
Are carried on my breast in pride and state ;  
Restless in storm and sunshine, day and night,  
And yet in any mood a glorious sight.

\* \* \* We repeat our offer of Twelve Volumes, each published at Half-a-Guinea, for the twelve competitors who send the best answers to the Questions inserted in July to December inclusive, and Twelve Volumes, published at Five Shillings, for the twelve competitors who send the best answers to the Puzzles. Competitors must be under sixteen years of age, and all replies must be sent in on or before the first day of the month following publication. The answers must be attested by a Clergyman or Sunday School Teacher. Competitors will please address their replies thus :—" Sunday Questions," or " Puzzles," MR. FREDK. SHERLOCK, " CHURCH MONTHLY " OFFICE, 30 & 31, NEW BRIDGE STREET, LONDON, E.C.  
For the " Buried Truths " a special Prize of a Half-Guinea Volume is offered, but these papers need not be attested, and the Competition is open to all our Readers, irrespective of age.





## Homeward.

HOMEWARD at the close of day,  
Homeward with the new-mown hay,  
Labour ended, work well done,  
Wages earned, and rest well won !  
Happy he who thus can find,  
Health of body, peace of mind !  
Lowly labour's honest toil,  
Harvesting the wealth of soil,  
Picture this, of man content,  
Work and wisdom sweetly blent.

## THE SEMI-DETACHED.

(A LAY OF THE SUBURBS.)

I.

**W**HILST some can lay claim to a family seat,  
I only can boast a "suburban retreat";  
Our lot is wide-severed from fashion's light  
train,—

We seldom intrude on its favoured domain:  
My muse would fain sing the romance that is matched  
With a commonplace lot in a "Semi-detached."

II.

It was here that we lighted, when courtship was done,  
And Nellie and I, and our fortunes, were one;  
Year in and year out, for these twice twenty years,  
We've shared all our pleasures, our hopes, and our fears;  
And what if the carpets be faded, or patched,  
The love never fades in our "Semi-detached" !

V.

How little we care for the world's busy race,  
Its fumings for wealth, or its struggles for place;  
Do life's duty bravely, and then, when you die,  
Leave a villa on earth for a mansion on high;  
While voices long hushed, from their prisons unlatched,  
Will still echo round the old "Semi-detached."

III.

The brow has grown furrowed, and silvered the hair,  
Since first our young castles we builded in air;  
Our lives have been chequered with sunshine and shade,  
With hopes of life's spring-time in autumn decayed;  
But the home is the home, be it gabled or thatched,  
In the court, or the cot, or the "Semi-detached."

IV.

There are bright, sunny patches on life's little scene,  
That shed a soft haze on the troubles between;  
But we have not forgot, in the years that have fled,  
The memories sweet that encircle the dead,  
Nor when, by death's fingers, our loved ones were  
snatched,  
How the tears trickled fast in our "Semi-detached."

CAMERON CHURCHILL, M.A., *Vicar of Crockham Hill.*

## "JACKO!"

(SEE ILLUSTRATION, page 167.)



AFTER work comes play. George and Fanny worked so hard at their lessons that they were allowed a whole week's holiday, and their mother took them down to Hastings. Oh what a change it was from smoky London! Oh how they delighted to ramble about the old castle, which was once the home of William the Conqueror! How pleasant it was to walk along the cliffs to Fairlight Glen! and what happy talks they had with the coastguardsmen by the way! Best of all, they used to go down to the fishing quarter of the town, in the afternoon, when the boats came in, and have such a happy time with the fishermen resting after their hard morning's work. It was here that they made the acquaintance of "Jacko." Who was "Jacko"? Well, he was only a monkey, but they called him the captain of the *Phyllis*.

He used to scamper up and down the deck, and play the most laughable pranks. It was most comical to see the sedate way in which he would sit on the fisherman's knee and gravely put out his paw to shake hands with Fanny. But he never could be got to be even decently civil with George. "Jacko" seemed to have taken a great dislike to George's straw hat. Fanny always wore a sailor's cap, and I suppose that, as a consequence, "Jacko" looked upon her as one of the crew. Day after day he would do his best to make a grab at George's straw hat, but George generally managed to dodge "Jacko," and to duck his head just in time to avoid the monkey's grip. On the last day of the holidays, however, when Fanny and George went to say good-bye to their friends on the *Phyllis*, clever "Jacko" carried out a smart plot which he had evidently well thought out. He perched on the fisherman's knee as usual; at the word of command he stretched out his paw and gravely shook hands with Fanny. Then he stood on his hind legs and uttered a most odd little scream, and pointed across to the town, which strange action made George and Fanny turn round to see what was the matter. With a rush "Jacko" grabbed the hat, and tore along the deck and up the mast with his precious treasure. Gaining the giddy height, he examined the hat in the most inquisitive fashion. He tried it on, and of course found it many sizes too big. The sailors called to him to come down, but all in vain. There he stuck, evidently well pleased at having secured so wonderful a prize as George's straw hat. Then Peter, the fisherman, picked up a few pebbles from the beach and began to throw them at "Jacko." "Jacko" was at his wits' end for something to throw back, and as Peter steadily kept up the attack, "Jacko," in sheer desperation, threw down the hat at his enemy; and so George regained his headgear once more, and went home to think over the wonderful plot which "Jacko" had contrived for getting hold of that straw hat.

## SUNDAY QUESTIONS.

BY THE REV. W. SUNDERLAND LEWIS, M.A..

*Vicar of St. Mary's, Hornsey Rise, N.; Author of "Festival Hymns," etc.*

## QUESTIONS ON THE BIBLE.

What instances of well-doing after ill-doing of an exactly opposite kind may be found—

1. In one of the parables of our Lord;
2. In the story of the Acts of the Apostles;
3. In the Gospel of St. Luke;
4. In the Second Book of Chronicles;
5. In the Book of Job;
6. In the Book of Genesis?

## QUESTIONS ON THE PRAYER-BOOK.

*(The Collects for the fourth, fifth, and sixth Sundays after Epiphany.)*

1. How may the Collect for the Fourth Sunday after the Epiphany be illustrated by the earlier part of the Gospel for that day?
2. How may the "tares" and the "wheat" spoken of in the Gospel for the Fifth Sunday after the Epiphany be distinguished from each other according to the teaching of the Gospel for that day?

3. How do both the Collect and the Epistle for the Sixth Sunday after the Epiphany carry our thoughts back to the Feast of the Epiphany itself?

4. How do the Collect, Epistle, and Gospel for the same Sunday carry us forward to a still further manifestation of the Saviour?

## BURIED TRUTH.

A teacher in Asia who taught many in Asia very much most important yet incomplete truth with much boldness and power; a teacher from Africa who also taught in Asia with much boldness very much the same truth; two teachers in Asia who helped this teacher afterwards to teach in Europe much completer truth with striking profit in one direction, and power in another; and one other teacher, both in Europe and Asia, who was not inferior in any respect to any of these—are all mentioned by name in six consecutive yet partly divided verses of Scripture. Find the verses, justify the statements, and explain the "divide" in question.





Drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY]

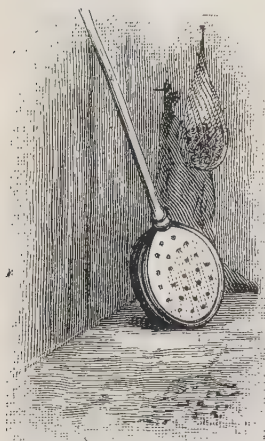
[by W. H. GROOME,

"JACKO!" (see page 166).

## HEALTH AT HOME.

BY SIR BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON,  
M.D., F.R.S.

(Continued from page 101.)



I now want to say a word about beds, and bedding, and bedrooms. It is a point of the greatest importance in a healthy home to let every person in the house have a separate bed. It is a most unhealthy practice for two persons of any age to sleep in the same bed. Every person requires some different condition from every one else in order to secure perfectly good repose. Take

children as an example. One child requires more bedclothes than another, or a different kind of bed, or a different position, before sound sleep can be secured; and this can only be obtained by giving a separate bed to each child. Then, again, when two children sleep together, they are subject to the breath of each other, and if both be quite natural it is bad; but if one be unnatural it is bad, and if both be unnatural it is very bad.

A great experiment has been tried on this question, with the most striking results. At the schools at Anerley every scholar has his or her own bed, and the wise authorities there—who have improved the health of the children under their charge until the mortality is reduced to three in the thousand annually—tell me that few things have contributed so much to the grand results they have achieved as this one practice of having a separate bed for every child. It is important to have always a well-made bed, and everybody should learn to make a bed. A very soft or a very hard bed is a bad bed. The bed should be sufficiently soft to allow all the parts of the body to feel equal pressure, and yet be not so soft as to envelope the body. The clothes should be laid on lightly, not be closely tucked in, and, moreover, they should be light as well as warm. Dense blankets and coverlets are always unwholesome. Every portion of the bed-clothes should be spread out every day for a short time to the air. I do not object to light bed-curtains at the head of

the bed; they keep off draught; they keep the light from the face of the sleeper, and they neither prevent the entrance of air nor light.

I must add one word about bedrooms. It should always be remembered that the bedroom is the apartment in which one-third, at least, of the whole life is passed; and this remembrance should suggest that the bedroom ought to be the room on which most care for health should be bestowed. The rule that is followed is, with few exceptions, the reverse of this. The sitting-room and the drawing-room are made subjects of the greatest attention; but the bedroom may be small, close, at the back of the house, at the front of the house, anywhere, if it be but convenient to get at. It is often half a lumber-room, a place in which things which have to be concealed—old boots and shoes, old clothes, old boxes—are put away. Its walls, covered with several layers of paper, may be furnished with pegs, on which to suspend a wardrobe of garments, and it is constantly decorated, for snugness' sake, with heavy curtains and blinds at the windows, and carpets all over the floor. These errors are unpardonable, and health at home is impossible where they are committed. The bedroom should be so planned that never less than four hundred cubic feet of space should be given to each occupant, however good the ventilation may be. The walls should be coloured with distemper or with paint, that, like the silicate paint, can be washed three or four times a year. The windows should have nothing more than a blind and a half-muslin curtain. The floors should have carpets only round the beds, without valances from the beds. The furniture should be as simple and scanty as possible; the chairs free of all stuffings or covers that can hold dust. Of all things, again, the room should be kept clear of vestments that are not in use. From time to time a fire should be made in every bedroom, that a free current of atmospheric air may sweep through it from open doors and windows. I need not say that the floors should be kept scrupulously clean; but I would recommend dry scrubbing as by far the best for this purpose.

(To be continued.)

A COMMON MISTAKE.—“Every day I am more sure of the mistake made by good people universally in trying to pull fallen people up, instead of keeping the yet safe ones from tumbling after them; and always spending their pains on the worst instead of the best material.”—JOHN RUSKIN.







IN THE HARVEST FIELD.

(Specially drawn for "The Church Monthly" by A. J. JOHNSON.)





## A HARVEST HYMN.

BY THE REV. I. P. PRESCOTT, M.A.

**H**EAR us, O Lord! in this our changeful time!  
Grant us Thy plenteous mercy, as of old  
When Thou for Israel, in far-distant clime,  
Did'st pour rich blessings on Thy favour'd fold!

Already hast Thou lent a gracious ear  
To pray'r by many offered at Thy shrine:  
And now again we come, in love and fear,  
To render thanks for gifts we know are thine!

Thou Who sun's rays upon the golden corn,  
And luscious fruits abundantly hast giv'n:  
Accept the willing tribute from us borne  
In strains ascending to the gates of heav'n!

Poor as the tuneful anthem which we raise,  
Let it Thine honour and Thy might proclaim!  
Take this as homage of our grateful praise,  
While we thus laud Thy ever-glorious Name!

When by Tiberias sea the sower stray'd,  
Casting the grain on Galilean shore,  
There in Thy all-wise teaching was display'd  
How to prepare for Harvest evermore!

Harvest! when Angels shall the Reapers be—  
Harvest! where souls the precious garner'd wheat:  
Harvest! forerunner of eternity—  
Harvest! where gather'd—all in Christ may meet!



## THE VISION OF CHRIST AND ITS RESULTS.

BY THE LORD BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN.

*(Continued from page 164.)*



**N**OW turn to the inquiry, Is this desire capable of fulfilment; and if so, how, and in what ways? There is one thing which I think all professing Christians will admit, and that is, that it is capable of fulfilment hereafter. Many a definite promise on the subject might be quoted here, and surely it is of the very essence of Christianity to hope to be with Christ in the brighter world, and to behold His glory. But that is not the point I wish to elicit. What I ask is this: Is it capable of fulfilment in our present state? And to this inquiry I don't hesitate to reply with an emphatic "Yes." How else can you interpret those words of Christ, "He that hath My commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth Me; and he that loveth

Me shall be loved of My Father, and I will love him, and will manifest Myself to him"? Look again at those words of St. Paul, "O foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you that ye should not obey the truth, before whose eyes Jesus Christ hath been evidently set forth, crucified among

you?" But I will not content myself with proof-texts. I want to put the matter also thus. It has been the testimony of Christian souls in all ages that, with the eye of faith, though not yet with the eye of sense, they have seen the Saviour, and that He has attracted them to Himself, as the pole attracts the needle, and as the sunflower is attracted by the sun; that their view of Him has produced in themselves the results of which we have been thinking; and that they have found peace, not because they have fathomed the great Redemption, but because they have seen and trusted the great Redeemer. I tell you, then, on the authority of Scripture, and I tell you on the testimony of the best and holiest in the world's history, that this desire is capable of fulfilment in our present state.

But now come in the last place to the all-important question, *How, and in what ways?* Well, in replying to this question, do let me press on you very solemnly that the fulfilment of this desire is a matter of deep personal responsibility. "The soul of the sluggard," says the wise man, "desireth, but hath nothing." It is only the soul of the diligent that is made fat. I invite you, then, to ask yourselves, what honest efforts are you making to remove the veils which obscure the Saviour; and, if you have caught a glimpse of Him, what endeavours to abide in His light? Ah, my brother, remember this: whatever efforts you are either making or failing to make, you have an arch-enemy whose chief object, as regards you, is to hide the Saviour from your view. Some persons think that when the devil tempts men, he only tempts them to what are called the gross and glaring sins; but if only they would reflect on the force of that word "glaring," they would come to a better understanding of the matter of which I speak. A thing which glares is a thing which blinds, and I read, "The god of this world hath blinded the eyes of them that believe not, lest the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them." Oh, what a flood of light does this passage throw on the subject we are now considering! It teaches us that the devil—knowing well that when the light of the Gospel, revealing Christ, illumines the heart of man, it also quickens, heals, reconciles, and purifies it—never ceases to try to blind and dazzle with the blaze and glare and frivolity of things temporal (and you must judge for yourselves, in this age of pleasure-seeking, what blinds you), lest the figure of that

Divine Person Whom these Greeks desired to see should, as it were, be photographed on our hearts, and our hearts renewed in the image of Him Who made them. I tell you, then, that the fulfilment of this desire is for each of us a matter of solemn personal responsibility. If we refuse to make an effort to free ourselves from these blinding influences, we cannot blame God if a view of Jesus be not vouchsafed to us, and if, in consequence, we form misconceptions as to what He really is. Resist the devil, and he will flee from you. Draw nigh to God in sincerity and earnestness, and He will draw nigh to you. "Then shall ye seek Me and find Me, when ye shall search for Me with all your heart."

It would be easy to enlarge on this subject, but I would now close by emphasizing the thought that no man ever yet saw the Saviour, so as to secure a blessing from Him, even in the days of His flesh, without an effort. When the three wise men came from the East to visit Him, they undertook a long, toilsome, and costly journey to fulfil their desire. When the friends of the sick of the palsy desired to bring him under the Saviour's notice, they forced their way through a dense crowd and uncovered the roof where He was ere they could accomplish their purpose. When Zacchæus desired to see Him pass, he climbed into a sycamore-tree to attain his end. And these things are parables for all time. We cannot see Jesus any more than they, unless we are prepared to make an effort. If we will not deny ourselves; if we decline to break through the habits of neglect which keep us from private prayer, the study of the Word, the House of God and His holy Table;—let us lay it to heart to-day that we shall die without the vision, even though we profess to desire it; for we can only look for the Saviour to reveal Himself in appointed ways. Pray, then, that you may have the will to make the effort, and that God would work with you when you have the will. Don't put the matter off till you come to die. To see the Saviour, as I have tried to explain the matter to you, must be the chief object of your lives, and then will it be your comfort and your stay in the hour of death. You know full well both how and where He reveals Himself:—

"Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,  
Be Thou for ever near;  
Teach me to search the Sacred Word,  
And see my Saviour there."





## THE LITTLE WORKER.

A TEMPERANCE STORY "FOUNDED ON FACT."

BY MRS. B. REED.

### CHAPTER II.

**S**IX months had passed away since the events in our last chapter: passed monotonously and rapidly enough in that busy manufacturing city, where the parson was as busy as the artisan, with the numerous organisations of his large parish.

Little had been heard by him of the O'Flanagan household, except that Mrs. O'Flanagan had been more regular at the mothers' meetings, looking, when she came, brighter and more spick-and-span than of old; and her husband had been induced to join the men's Bible-class, which met in a class-room on Sunday afternoons, and was attended by men of all ages, from eighteen to sixty. One day, however, in the spring, the mission woman reported that Mrs. O'Flanagan's baby was very ill, and not expected to recover—a fact which resulted in the name being put down on the Rector's visiting list for that afternoon. When he entered the cottage, Mrs. O'Flanagan burst into tears, and it was some time before she could recover herself.

"Oh, sir," she said, when able to speak, "I shall be grateful to you as long as I live for what you have done for us. All through baby's illness I've been able to get what the doctor ordered for her, without the least bit o' trouble, and James brings home his wages every Friday night as reg'lar as clockwork. And would you believe it, sir? he's that fond o' baby, as he'll hardly be out of her sight when he's home?"

"Last Saturday afternoon, being as how I'd been out o' bed two nights, he said he'd mind the child and give her the medicine. And it wur eleven o'clock on Sunday morning afore I woked up, an' then, when I

ran into the kitchen to look at baby, he was sat by her side as if he'd never stirred. And now the doctor says she can't get better he's taking on terrible. *I've* knowed all along as the angel wur never meant for this world—I've watched her sin' she wur born—but he've never took so much notice of any of the other little 'uns as of this, and he's well-nigh heart-broken!"

Poor Mrs. O'Flanagan grew calmer as the Rector tried to console her; and indeed, it was only too plain that the little bud would soon be transplanted to the Heavenly Garden, there to bloom in the light of His Presence, Who said, "Their angels do always behold the face of My Father which is in Heaven."

She had few friends, not being of a very sociable temperament, and, consequently, there were not many neighbours to make inquiries after the sick child or offer to share the nursing. Besides, the O'Flanagans had lately moved into a better street, and the snowy muslin curtains and carpeted floor bore witness to the altered circumstances of the family since the husband had become steady and had regularly brought home his wages.

For the next few days the Rector called regularly, sometimes in his visits encountering the mission woman, who took a turn occasionally in sitting up at night.

But the little face grew more pinched, the limbs more emaciated, and one evening the Rector found both father and mother kneeling by the body of their child, just closing its eyes in the last, long sleep. The father was heart-broken—more so than the mother; for this child had endeared itself to him for the simple reason that he had cared for and tended it more than any of the others, and he had not been compelled months before to face, as the mother had, the great improbability of the child's living to grow up.

"Well," he said, breaking the sad silence, "God helping me, I'll never touch another drop of liquor as long as I live, and I'll lead a better life, so as to have a chance o' seein' the little 'un again some day."

Who could say that little life was lived in vain? Surely, through God's love and mercy, those baby hands had power to draw the rough, sin-stained man from the depths of misery and moral degradation, and to guide him into the "narrow way, which leadeth unto life," and the sight of the innocent child's suffering had led him to a knowledge of our Heavenly Father, and an earnest resolve to live as becomes His servant. So the weakest of us can be made instruments in His Hands, and not even the youngest child but has his "daily task of love and praise, that he may do for Jesus' sake"—his allotted work for the spread of Christ's Gospel of light and love, that in the fulness of time shall clear away all the dark clouds of sin and sorrow that now hang over His children. "For out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."

THE END.



## THE COMING OF AUGUSTINE.

BY THE REV. THOMAS MOORE, M.A.

*Rector of St Michael Paternoster Royal, and St. Martin Vintry, College Hill, with All-Hallows-the-Great-and-Less, Thames Street; Author of "The Englishman's Brief," etc.*

### VIII.—AUGUSTINE AND CHURCH ENDOWMENTS.

**T**O Augustine, as the first Bishop of the English Church, belongs the honour of laying the substantial and firm foundations of her endowments. These endowments, in the early days of the Church's history, consisted of lands and buildings as well as of various gifts of money, and various movable articles of considerable value, made by the laity for the services of the sanctuary, and for the use of the Bishops and Clergy.

The first endowment received by Augustine and his companions from King Ethelbert, on behalf of the Church, was a house for their temporary residence, situated within the royal city of Canterbury. The second endowment was the gift of the church of St. Martin, which—having been a ruined British Christian sanctuary—had, some years before Augustine's coming to England, been restored and refitted for the Christian worship of Queen Bertha by her then heathen husband King Ethelbert. Later on the king gave to Augustine, as his permanent episcopal residence, his own royal palace in Canterbury, from which he, with his Court and attendants, retired, and took up a residence at Reculvers, near the sea.

Further, Augustine received from King Ethelbert a desecrated sanctuary of the British Church, situated near to the Palace, which had for some time been defiled by its use for pagan worship. This building, when cleansed, restored, and made fit for Christian uses, Augustine dedicated to the "Name of the Holy Saviour, Jesus Christ our Lord." This was the beginning of Christ Church, Canterbury, the mother Cathedral Church, not only of the kingdom of Kent, but of the whole Church of England.

After this Augustine planned the entirely new structure of the Monastery which, when erected, was dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul, and which subsequently was known as St. Augustine's Monastery. Other buildings, of which we have no record, were no doubt gradually acquired or erected, which considerably added to the Church's endowments, all of which constituted a new kind of property, given and held upon trust for the new Church of the English people.

After the acquisition of those various buildings for Church purposes from King Ethelbert, came the Church's acquisition of endowments in landed estates. Ethelbert gave the first of such estates, and his liberality in this respect was largely imitated by various Christian land-owners, who held their lands under him. It must not be assumed, however, that endowments of landed estates thus given to the Church, were at first of much, if any, intrinsic value. On the contrary, they were, for the most part, uncultivated and wild tracts of forest, heath, or swamp land, and it was only when the Church, by her skilled labour, cleared the forest, cultivated the heath, drained the swamp, and made these barren lands productive, that they became valuable.

Augustine was also the means—through Ethelbert—of founding and endowing the Bishoprics and Cathedrals of London and Rochester.

Augustine and Ethelbert, in Kent, thus set an example and established precedents for the Bishops and Kings of the other Anglo-Saxon kingdoms to make provision for the permanent endowment of the Churches founded and organised within their several Kingdoms and Dioceses.

These examples and precedents in providing endowments for the Church were in due time followed by Bishop Paulinus and King Edwin in the Kingdom of Northumbria, by King Sigebert and Bishop Felix, in East Anglia; by Bishop Birinus and King Cyneigils, in Wessex; by King Wulfhere and Bishop Trumhere, in Mercia; and King Ethelwalch and Bishop Wilfrid, in Sussex.

But, large and valuable as the endowments of the English Church in time became, they had their beginnings with Augustine and King Ethelbert in the royal city of Canterbury.

### St. Bartholomew (August 24th).

IN the roll of Thine Apostles

One there stands, Bartholomew,  
He for whom to-day we offer,  
Year by year, our praises due;  
How he toil'd for Thee and suffer'd  
None on earth can now record;  
All his saintly life is hidden  
In the knowledge of his LORD.

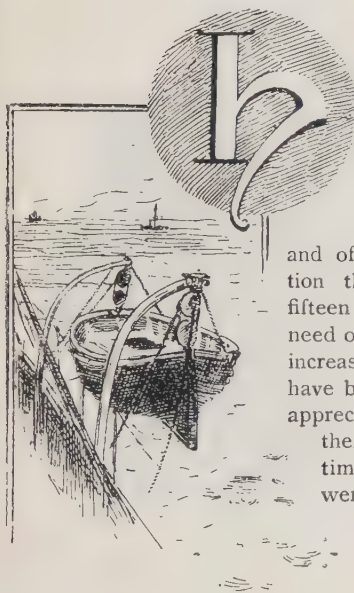
JOHN ELLERTON.

How to WORK.—Once Dean Stanley was walking with the great writer Thomas Carlyle in St. James's Park, and Carlyle had spoken of people in general as "mostly fools." The Dean asked in his gentle way, "Well, Mr. Carlyle, such being the state of things, what would you advise an English clergyman like me to do?" Carlyle broke out into one of his stormy laughs, and at last stopping he said, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."



## HOLIDAYS.

BY THE REV. FREDERICK VAUGHAN,

*Curate of St. Augustine's, Fulham, S. W.*

HOLIDAYS! What a world of delight, springing from memory or from hope, this one word opens! It is a word of much greater significance and of far wider application than it was some fifteen years ago. The need of holidays has been increasingly felt, and we have been learning how to appreciate and how to use them. There was a time when holidays were for boys and girls coming home from school at the end of each "Half."

Such holidays have multiplied, of course, since schools adopted "terms," after the example of the Universities. But it is of their elders we are thinking now, who in these hurrying days need times of relaxation and change, and of a kindly and happy "carelessness."

The writer once knew a medical man who was busily occupied with the duties of his profession without a holiday for thirty years! But times have changed. The demands of life are greater far than they were: and we need wisdom to prevent the delicate and complicated mechanism of heart and brain and nerve and muscle from running down before its time. There are things besides business, and books besides day-books and ledgers, and other interests than those for which men must at present stoop and toil and grind, other battles than the fight to keep one's footing in the crowd and to prevent one's being thrust utterly to the wall. There are such things as beauty, joy, affection, emotion, aspiration. There is such a thing as *character*, which is not to be formed by ever bending at the labouring oar, with never a thought of nature in fields and woods and gardens, or by the sea-shore. The glorious summer, "the wind-swept corn," the blue waves—all have their messages of health, and not least for man's higher nature.

A holiday comes *after* work. The idle man, and the mere pleasure-seeker, can never really enjoy a holiday. It is after work, honestly and thoroughly done, that a holiday may be enjoyed. And though work may have been hard, and even strenuous, nature's recuperative

powers are truly wonderful. Surely He who adapted this human frame, so "fearfully and wonderfully made," to the universe in which He has placed it, wills that it should sometimes have its holiday! It was partly, though by no means entirely, because the Apostles had been working hard—and even then "there were many coming and going and they had no leisure so much as to eat"—that the compassionate Lord said, "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place and rest awhile." Therefore, amid the anxieties, excitements, distractions, and exhaustions, of these latter days of the nineteenth century we may look for a blessing upon a holiday honestly earned and rightly used. And all the happier will such a holiday be if some thought has been bestowed upon the holidays of others.

A holiday comes *before* work. There is a future as well as a past. Rest is recreation. With body, soul, and spirit braced and refreshed and strengthened, we are to return to our accustomed tasks, or to new tasks, and to endeavour to make our work the very best that we have ever done; and this it will be if done as all work should be done,—to the glory of God.

The word "holiday" means "holy day"; so it is a word full of meaning. It reminds us of the link between the Church and the holiday, and that happiness and holiness have a very real connection. When our Lord addressed the Twelve with a call to rest, He said, not "Go" but, "Come"; and He went with them. Happy indeed that life which, whether in its work or its leisure, is spent in companionship with Him!

## HEALTH AT HOME.

BY SIR BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON,  
M.D., F.R.S.*(Continued from page 168.)*

SIR B. W. RICHARDSON.

TO secure health at home some simple provision should be made by which the body of every person who lives at home may be subjected to the bath. This wholesome process is frequently neglected, from the excuse that there is no convenience for a bath. The excuse is more plausible than real. A formal bath is not at all necessary. A shallow tub, or shallow metal

bath; in which the bather can stand in front of the wash-hand basin; a good sponge, a piece of soap, two gallons of water, and a good, large towel, are quite sufficient for every purpose of health. To stand in the shallow bath, and from the wash-hand basin to sponge the body rapidly over from head to foot, and afterwards to dry quickly, is everything that is wanted if it be carried out daily; and this may be so easily done, after a little practice, that it becomes no more trouble than the washing of the face, neck, and hands, which so many people are content to consider a perfected ablution. In winter time the water should be tepid; in summer cold: and once a week there should be dissolved in the two gallons of water a quarter of a pound of fresh washing soda.

In order to secure health at home it is necessary to maintain, as far as can be, an equal temperature in the different rooms—a temperature of 60° Fahr. is nearest to the best—a free access of air without draughts, and, above all things, an air that is dry. Washing days at home amongst the poor are the days of most danger to the young. In the damp atmosphere, colds, sore throats, and croup, find easy development, and in a house persistently damp from any cause, consumption of the lungs is induced as if under an experiment devised for the express purpose of production.

From the more strict of our Jewish fellow-subjects I take my last lesson for "Health at Home." 'Their system of complete household cleansing once a year; the cleansing of every article, great and small, of every wall and floor and door and lintel, and the removal and destruction of all organic refuse, however minute;—is a practice which, above all others, has so saved this wise and discerning people from the scourges of the great plagues, while all around have been stricken and destroyed, that a marvellous preservation has more than once been accounted to what was a mere natural sequence—a natural necessity. Health at home calls for this salubrious physical cleansing in every domestic centre and circle, once a year at least.

[We are indebted to the kindness of the National Temperance League for the portrait of Sir Benjamin W. Richardson.—EDITOR.]

"THOU WHOSE ALMIGHTY WORD."—*In our March Number we published an exquisite musical setting of this beautiful hymn by Professor Bridge, the organist of Westminster Abbey. We much regret that by an inadvertence the words were attributed to Ray Palmer, instead of to the late Rev. John Marriott.*



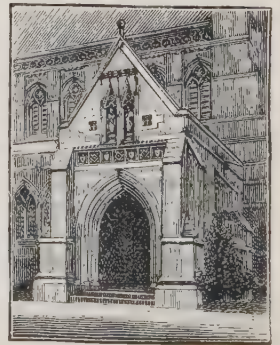
*From a photograph specially taken for "The Church Monthly," by MESSRS. ROBINSON & THOMPSON, Liverpool.*

## REPRESENTATIVE CHURCHMEN.

### VI.—ARCHDEACON DIGGLE.

**T**HE Ven. John William Diggle, M.A., Canon Residentiary of Carlisle, and Archdeacon of Westmoreland, is the elder son of W. Diggle, Esq., and was born at Astley, Lancashire, on March 2nd, 1847. His early education was received at Astley Grammar School and Manchester Grammar School respectively. He graduated at Merton College, Oxford, in 1870, and was a Scholar of his college. He obtained a First Class in the Honour School of Law and Modern History, and it may be mentioned as a matter of interest that in the second class of the same list were the late Lord Randolph Churchill and the Rt. Hon. A. Acland, M.P., Minister of Education in the last Government.

Mr. Diggle was ordained by Bishop Fraser to the Curacy of Whalley Range in 1871. His varied appointments have included the following: Lecturer in Roman Law and Modern History at Merton College, 1870-71; Curate of Whalley Range, 1871-72; Curate of All Saints', Liverpool, 1872-74; Curate-in-charge of St. John the Evangelist, Walton-on-the-



THE CHURCH PORCH.



Hill, 1874-75; Vicar of St. Matthew with St. James, Mossley Hill, 1875-1897; President of the Liverpool Council of Education and Rural Dean of Childwall, 1882; Hon. Canon of Liverpool, 1889; Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Carlisle, 1892; Proctor in Convocation for the Archdeaconry of Warrington by the unanimous vote of his clerical brethren in 1895; and Chaplain to the High Sheriff of Lancashire in 1896. At the close of last year Canon Diggle was appointed a Canon Residentiary of Carlisle and Archdeacon of Westmoreland. It will thus be seen that the greater part of Archdeacon Diggle's ministerial career has been spent at Mossley Hill, a suburban parish on the borders of Liverpool, the residents comprising many of the merchant princes and cultured classes. The church is one of the most handsome in the diocese, and cost upwards of £25,000. We reproduce the illustrations which we published a few years ago when a descriptive account appeared in our series of Parish Churches.

Archdeacon Diggle is widely known both as a preacher and an author. His sermons are marked with much freshness and originality of treatment, and many of his deliverances upon public events have attracted wide attention. The friendship which existed between Bishop Fraser and the Archdeacon was of the closest kind, and his life of the Bishop, published under the title of "Bishop Fraser's Lancashire Life," attained a very wide circulation. Among Archdeacon Diggle's other works may be named "Godliness and Manliness," 1886; "True Religion," 1887; "Sermons for Daily Life," 1891; "Religious Doubt," 1895; and he is the editor of Bishop Fraser's "University and Village Sermons," 2 vols.

We may add that Archdeacon Diggle has been succeeded at Mossley Hill by the Rev. George Harford-Battersby, M.A., formerly Rector of Middle Claydon, Bucks, under whose effective ministrations the various parochial activities are certain to be well maintained.



THE CHOIR AND NAVE.



MOSSLEY HILL CHURCH.

## HOW A PLANT IS MADE.

BY MERCY E. ROWE.



HERE is a very common and widespread idea in the minds of many people that to learn about plants or, in other words, to study the great science of Botany, must necessarily mean the patient acquisition of hundreds of long Latin names, to which they can attach but little meaning. To a certain extent this may be true, for as in order to distinguish the different families composing a town or village, their names, both Christian and surname, must be learnt, so, in order to recognise and class different plants, they must also be known

by distinct terms which to the learned imply different degrees of relationship; but on the other hand, a general knowledge of plant life may be gained with but little reference to long names or to terms difficult to be understood by the many.

In the first place, there are perhaps some who have hardly realised the extent and scope of plant life; who have never thought of the great forest tree of the tropics as belonging to the same vegetable kingdom as the blue mould which they find on their old boots, or the tiny green specks to be seen floating in a tub of water! And yet all these three contrasts belong to one division of the world of nature; all live according to the same laws, and, roughly speaking, are all to be classed under the name of *plants*. Surely this idea of the world of plants at once arouses curiosity to know a little about how these plants are made, and how it is they grow, flower, seed, and finally, if the seed be planted, grow again. But then it may be said at once that green mould does not flower, neither does the green water-weed of our ponds; and that brings us to see that, though all are plants, yet there are two great divisions of the plant kingdom: (1) *flowering plants*, which produce seed; (2) *non-flowering plants*, which do not bear seed, and which reproduce themselves in other ways.

Now, it is the flowering plants which attract the

attention of most people, and indeed they are the most perfect and beautiful part of the vegetable kingdom, so it is naturally to them that we first turn our attention. Supposing, then, that we select any ordinary plant—a sunflower, a primrose, a rose-tree, or bean—we shall first of all notice that in each case the plant may be said to consist of five different members; the root, the stem, the leaf, the flower, and the seed. But before considering any of these plant-members in detail, we must first of all ascertain what is the nature of a plant's substance. We talk of the flesh of animals when we mean to denote the substance which, roughly speaking, makes up the animal body; and it is the flesh of the plant considered in the same way which we now want to consider.

In order to see for ourselves how the flesh of a plant is built up, it would be necessary to take a very small slice of a stem, leaf, or root, and examine it carefully with a strong magnifying glass or microscope. We should then see a small surface which looks like a piece of a honeycomb with an indistinct-looking white substance filling the cells in those parts of the plant which are not green, and a bright green substance if we happened to have selected the outside of either the stem or leaf. The whole of the main flesh of a plant is indeed made up of small variously shaped hollow sacs, the thickness of the covering varying according to circumstances. Each of these sacs, or bladders, is called a cell, and the whole plant is made up of cells of one shape and thickness or another. Each cell is filled with a curious half-liquid substance closely resembling white of egg before it is cooked, and in this jelly-like mass lies the actual life of the plant; that is to say, that if the wall of a cell should be injured and die, yet the jelly-like substance would still live, and would by degrees form a new covering for its protection. This living substance is known as *protoplasm*, and wherever it is present we find the ordinary changes of growth, movement, and reproduction—which we consider the signs of life—taking place. And this wonderful substance is present in the cells which compose every part of all living plants, whether they be above the ground or underneath it, whether they be green, coloured with different hues, or colourless like the pith of an elder-tree. It has been ascertained exactly what chemical substances are contained in protoplasm; yet if all these substances in their right proportions be mixed by man and placed under circumstances favourable to producing life, they will remain dead, and will exhibit no symptoms of movement or growth. So that we are led to see in this seemingly simple compound the most truly marvellous signs of that great force of the One Creator at Whose word order sprang out of chaos; for if

“dimly seen

In these, Thy lowest works; yet these declare  
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power Divine.”





WINGFIELD MANOR.

## A HOLIDAY RAMBLE.

BY THE REV. EGBERT HACKING, M.A.,  
*Vicar of Cromford.*

**T**HE tendency to get as far away from home as possible for our holidays has grown fast in the past decade. This wish has been met by cheap railway and steamboat facilities, and Paris, Switzerland, the Rhine, Norway, and other places still farther afield can now be planned for at a wonderfully small cost. The clergy, often at infinite trouble, have been working of late to secure cheap facilities for foreign tours, and their success, testified to by many a youths' or men's guild in many a busy town parish, has been remarkable, measured either from a pleasure or pecuniary standpoint.

This is all very well, but a country parson craves permission to put in a plea in your pages for rural England as, after all, the first and, as such, the best field for summer rambles for both pleasure and health. There are beautiful districts easily accessible to many of our large towns which are but little known to the dwellers therein. Take Derbyshire as a case in point; some of its best scenery is within thirty miles of the city of Manchester and a dozen miles of Sheffield, while it is most easy of access from any place between Derby and London; and yet whoever hears of parties of youths or men from parish clubs from any of these towns making a walking or bicycling tour through its lovely dales? Solitary individuals or parties of two or three

may rush through, or thousands may come on a "day trip"; but this is not "doing" the country in the way some of our English youths have been "doing" the Continent under the guidance of their clergy in recent years.

"England for the English" may have a meaning where holidays are under consideration in this and in coming years. A travelled lady, resident all her life within two miles of St. Paul's, one day discussing with the writer a coming ordination there which she wished to see was obliged to confess she had never been inside Wren's masterpiece. And many a travelled Englishman knows far more to-day about the beauties of Norway than he does of those of his own sea-girt isle.

Supposing some of your readers have a disposition to see something of the Midlands, or of Derbyshire in particular, "What would be best worth seeing?" would naturally be a first question. I will answer that question, in part, at any rate. The best-known districts of Derbyshire are those round Chatsworth and Haddon, and Isaac Walton's happy valley, Dovedale. These have been much illustrated, and deservedly. There is another district worth mentioning, that lying between Ambergate and Bakewell, a part of the valley of the Derwent, with the hill district within a few miles on either side. Ambergate is a junction on the Midland Railway, and forms an admirable starting point for the district I am thinking of for any holiday-makers hailing from the south or from the Yorkshire or Nottinghamshire towns. It takes its name from a small stream, the Amber, which here finds its way into the Derwent. A county which contains Haddon hardly needs to record another picturesque ruin. Haddon is, of its kind, easily chief either for Derbyshire or other county, but the ruins of Wingfield Manor, within a few miles of Ambergate, come easily second for Derbyshire. The building is on a well-wooded hillside overlooking the Amber, and has many "bits" very taking from the amateur photographer's point of view. The historian and archæologist would find its records, in document and stone, of interest, telling as they do a varied tale from the reign of Henry VI., and including a story and a scene of Mary Queen of Scots' imprisonment, and the usual one of Cromwell's rough treatment, and many another.

From Wingfield we should return to the Derwent Valley by Crich, where an extensive view of the country may be had from the "Stand," as the huge, ugly tower which tops Crich Hill is called, and which is over a thousand feet above sea-level. From Crich, by a short half-hour's walk, a house of some interest may be seen—viz., Lea Hurst, the home for many years of Florence Nightingale, and in and from which she received and accepted her mission of mercy to the wounded in the Crimea. The house is not in itself of any great beauty, but it is well placed and commands from its terrace and its park beautiful views of the Derwent Valley. From Lea Hurst we descend to the river either to



Whatstandwell Bridge, or, walking on the opposite bank, to Cromford. At either place the needed hostelry will be found. Taking the former way we shall there have an excellent cyclist road from Whatstandwell to Matlock Bath, passing through Cromford. The river with

"Here and there a lusty trout,  
And here and there a grayling"

will be our companion and the cause of pleasure all the way. A *détour*, giving fine views, might be made from Whatstandwell over the hill to Wirksworth, a market town of some size, and containing a fine church.

The tourist would need to determine his route before leaving Whatstandwell, as the Wirksworth road leaves the main road immediately after crossing the Whatstandwell Bridge. The next bridge over the river is at Cromford. Here the bridge, the ivy-clad church,

and the river, more closed in now by rock and hill, make many a pretty picture. The church itself, beautifully situated, was founded by Sir Richard Arkwright, whose remains rest beneath it. The bridge has pointed arches on one side and rounded ones on the other; the illustration available hardly does justice to the neighbourhood. The valley now narrows, and Matlock Bath, which is reached in less than half an hour's walk, is found to consist

of a long winding street of shops, with residences dotted on the steep hillside above, reached by Clo-





velly-like roads. Here is one view of the High Tor at Matlock, a specimen view of very many equally beautiful in the immediate neighbourhood. Matlock Bath has a population of 1600, and contains good hotels and plenty of lodging accommodation. The tourist would be wise to explore from Matlock, by walking over the hill, the village of Bonsall, and thence a richly varied wooded walk called the Via Gellia; and, for the best view of the Matlock neighbourhood from the south, the Black Rocks which over-top Cromford.

Returning to Matlock Bath and following the river again we soon reach Matlock Bridge, famous for its great hydro-



pathic establishments; and crossing the river here we are soon nearing Rowsley and its famous Peacock Inn, and the roads to Chatsworth and Haddon. But here we are in the neighbourhood of the well-known and very frequently described, which we must desert for a peep at two of the most lovely dales in Derbyshire, which are not so frequently visited. They are reached after leaving Rowsley on the Bakewell road by turning to the left just after crossing the River Wye. The dales in question are called Middleton and Lathkil, and they are reached after leaving Alport—a tiny village some two miles from the bridge last mentioned. The Lathkil dale gradually becomes narrower and wooded from top to bottom, and for nearly a mile presents picture after picture restful to eye and most refreshing to the minds of weary toilers from busy towns. Middleton Dale is scarcely less beautiful, but



is more open. Beautiful Youlgreave Church literally looks down upon these sweet valleys, a fit guardian of these other temples not made with hands, in which the heart must needs be dull which is not uplifted to God that He has made the world so fair. A short and interesting way back to railway and river would be through Over Haddon to Bakewell.

This is but a specimen ramble. If fashion in holidays, which has run so much of late to far-off lands, changes speedily (as fashions sometimes do), and comes back again, with open eyes, to English beauty, holiday-makers will have little cause for regret.

Our illustrations have been specially engraved by Messrs. R. Taylor & Co., from highly artistic photographs, kindly placed at our disposal by Messrs. Richard Keene, Limited, Derby.

### SUNDAY QUESTIONS.

BY THE REV. SUNDERLAND LEWIS, M.A.  
*Vicar of St. Mary's, Hornsey Rise; Author of "Festival Hymns," etc.*

#### QUESTIONS ON THE BIBLE.

Where do we read in Holy Scripture—

1. Of two answers to prayer in immediate succession?
2. Of something like proof of at least as many in the case of a far from perfect servant of God?
3. Of five answers to prayer in immediate succession?
4. Of a grave rebuke and a gracious answer to prayer within a few verses of each other?
5. Of an answer to prayer when a battle seemed imminent?
6. Of an answer to prayer on the field of battle itself?

#### QUESTIONS ON THE PRAYER-BOOK.

(*The Collects for Septuagesima, Sexagesima, and Quinquagesima Sundays.*)

1. With what prayer in the Communion Service may both the spirit and language of the Collect for Septuagesima Sunday be compared?
2. What special encouragement in asking for forgiveness is pointed to in the same Collect? See Prov. xix., 1 Kings viii., Psalm cxxx., 2 Cor. iii.
3. What two things are necessary on our part, according to the Collect for Sexagesima Sunday, if we would obtain God's help in our weakness? See 2 Chron. xvi.
4. What vital truth about charity is implied in the Collect for Quinquagesima Sunday, which naturally follows from the last thing said of it in the Epistle for the day?

#### BURIED TRUTH.

A certain much-prized article of commerce (see 1 Kings x.), at once an evidence of civic dignity and military importance, which was well known in old days in many kingdoms of earth, and not wholly unknown in a figurative sense in connection with the Kingdom of Heaven, is spoken of in the Bible in very various ways in regard to the question of number. While we read often of one, for example, we read once of four; once of eight times four; and once of a thousand times that amount. Also, in one place, of one hundred; and, in other places, of three, six, seven, nine, ten, twelve, fourteen, and two hundred times that number. Find the texts which prove these statements.



### OLD ROGER'S BIT OF PRIDE.

BY RUTH LAMB,

*Author of "The Real Owner of Swallowdale," etc.*

#### CHAPTER III.

##### LIFE IN THE ARCHWAY CHAMBER.

"**H**AVE had a good day, an extry good day," said Roger, when he and Dick were at supper. "I'm pretty tired; I mostly am at this time, but a light basket helps to make a light heart. And a light heart is easier to carry than a heavy basket, and makes one forget tiredness, doesn't it, now?"

Dick agreed most heartily. Supper tasted better than common.

"It seems to me the good day was sent on purpose. I don't know as I ever wanted one more than I did this mornin'. But I didn't look for it. I've expected good luck many a time, and things have gone that *contrary*, that, as I've trudged home with half my stuff unsold, I've made up my mind never to expect a real good day again. Then maybe next day I've sold out ever so soon, and might ha' done better if I'd bought more stock to start with."

"I dare say you were afraid of having it left on your hands, grandad."

"That was it. Fruit and flowers spoil soon. There's no stock you may lose more by, if you're not careful, specially in hot, close weather. There's roses, for instance. Nothing prettier in the trade."

"Mother did love roses, grandad. When you had one left over at night, and brought it to her, she took such care of it and made it last ever so long."

"Ay, she might, by cutting the stalk a bit and changin' water; but one can't take that care out o' doors, with a basket. One has to show the flowers, and showin' them on a hot day means loss. You see I do my vegetable trade first thing. I have a lot of reg'lar customers, and they must have their green-stuff in good time for dinner. I have a barrow for these heavy things, but I never bring it here. It's left at a place near the market."

"When I've done that part, I take my basket and



some lightish fruit, accordin' to the season, and sellin' these keeps me going right on, till I start comin' homeward."

"How tired you must be, grandad! You are on your feet all the day through."

"Well, I'm not beyond ownin' that I've had about enough when I unlock my door of an evenin', and then I've had to begin straightenin' up before I could get my supper. To-night, you've made a holiday for me, and here we are. I'm sitting just like a gentleman, and bein' waited on as such. You're bent on spoilin' your old grandad, Dick, I see you are."

How the man's homely face was lighted with gladness as he spoke! How it beamed with love for the lad who, but for him, would have been homeless! What cared Roger for the knowledge that still harder work and greater self-denial were before him? Had he not some one to love? Was not his chamber a new place to him—no longer lonely and silent, but glorified by the presence of youth and echoing the sound of another voice besides his own?

Roger had been used to hold many communings with himself. He made quite a practice of talking things over in his mind—question and answer coming from the same, outwardly, mute source; but this was an unsatisfactory habit to a man who loved his kind, and whose nature craved for companionship and sympathy. Poverty and other circumstances had compelled him to live in a poor neighbourhood, and he had been thankful to feel that, in his one room over the archway of Glinderses, he was allowed to dwell in peace. He had so won the good-will of dwellers in the court, that they respected Owd Roger's fancy for keeping himself to himself from the moment the door of his dwelling closed behind him.

Mrs. Holgate broke the spell to some extent. Roger was free to enter her cottage and hold converse with her, and Glinderses had been satisfied with his explanation as to the cause of his visits.

"I do all her errands. It stands to reason a lady like she is can't go out all weathers."

This was natural enough, and as Mrs. Holgate never went to the archway room, and Roger treated her with profound respect, the neighbours looked upon him as a mere servant, in comparison.

"She's had servants to wait upon her. Anybody can tell that, though she's wonderful natty and clever with her fingers."

"Dessay she's took cookery lessons and such like. It's all the fashion among fine ladies now," had been the comments of a couple of gossips, in days gone by.

Ah, well! It was all over and Roger sorely missed his lady. He would have missed her far more but for having Dick. Was not the boy part and parcel of her that was gone? Her trust, solemnly committed to his charge as her best friend; the only one indeed on whom she could rely with confidence? What mattered

it that Roger must work doubly hard that the boy might be fed, clothed, and taught? It was such a joy to see that bright, young face in his home.

This was the better side of things; but as Roger trudged homeward he had said to himself, "If I only have health, I shall manage. Anyway, Dick shall never hear a grumble from me."

Sitting at table that first evening, Roger was quite talkative.

"You'd hardly believe how strange it is for me to be talking inside this room," he said.

"But it's nicer, grandad, isn't it? Though I daresay you are sometimes too tired to talk," replied Dick.

"I do a lot of thinkin', though. To-day, my mind was all on about roses and how there seemed to be a rose that would match any sort of a face. I met a great, red-cheeked woman, and I said to myself, 'There goes a full-blown cabbage rose.' Then a pretty girl came along with colour enough, but of a different sort. 'That,' says I, 'is like one of them delikit pink monthlies, that grow outside cottage windows in the country.' There was blush roses walkin' about, too, with just the softest bit of tinge on the middle of their cheeks, but the very white of their faces had a warm-like colour. Then p'r'aps I saw a girl with no pink at all, but a face a'most like cream, and then I said to myself, 'She's a bit like a Glory.'"

"Mother called those pale sweet roses 'Gloire de Dijon,'" said Dick, rather proud of his knowledge.

"Ay, that's the right name for them, and you tongue it very nicely, but the rose-sellers always call them 'Glories.' It's English, and easy to say. I never bother about foreign names, for fear of makin' mistakes. Better stick to what one knows than bungle over what one doesn't."

Dick assented, and, falling in with Roger's fashion, he said, "Mother liked Glories best of all, I think. You often brought her one, and always a beauty."

"It was curious how often I had just one Glory left over, and it was lucky your mother happened to like that sort, for I hate to waste a rose, and it would have been lost here."

Dick remembered how his mother used to say, "I am sure Roger hides the prettiest rose of all so that no one may choose it, and then brings it to me."

How the words came to his mind now! It seemed to the boy that he was only just beginning to know what a friend Old Roger had been to his mother.

The talk turned from the subject of Glories to Dick's first experience of school life.

"It would all be new to you. How did you get on, and what did the teacher say to you, Dick?" asked Roger.

"I got on pretty well, and the head master said I had been well taught, so far. I am to be in a class with older boys, but——"

Dick paused and looked troubled.

"What's amiss, Dick?"

"It's the books. The master said I must take the money for these to-morrow."

"To be sure, to be sure you must," replied Roger cheerfully; "you can't larn without books."

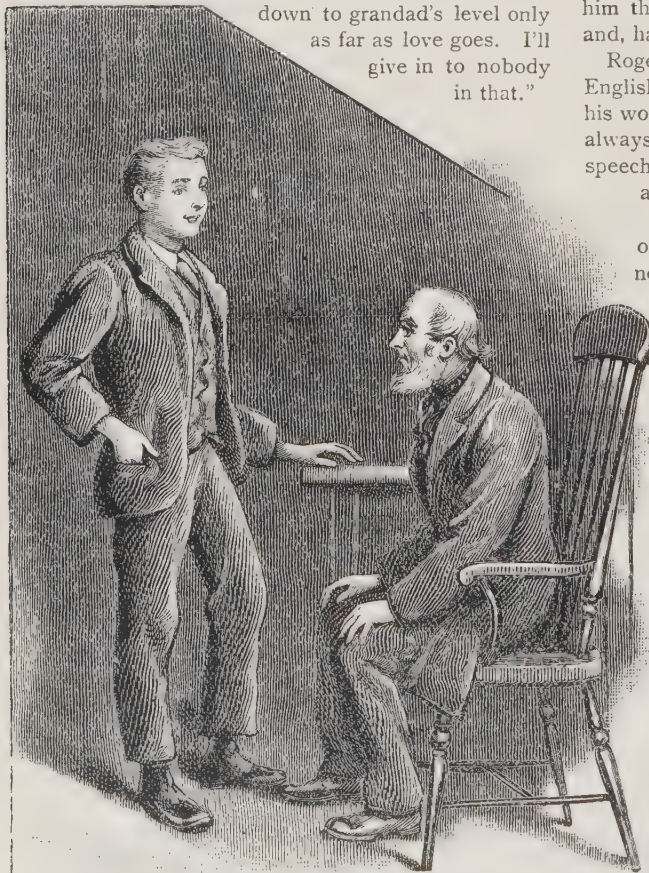
"I thought what mother taught me from would do, but they are wrong. I must have the same sorts as the others have."

"Of course. I'll get the money ready for you to-night. Books are just the tools for larnin', same as every trade requires," said Roger, "though kinds differ."

Dick had felt unhappy at the idea of this unlooked-for expense, but when his guardian counted out the money with an air of satisfaction, taking care the while to show that there was more where that came from, the lad's uneasiness vanished.

"I'll do my best to get on and be a credit to you, grandad," he said.

"To be sure you will. Don't I know that? Besides, it won't need much larnin' to make you a credit to Grandad Roger. But never forget that you have to be a credit to her that's gone, and to live up to what she taught you. You must come down to grandad's level only as far as love goes. I'll give in to nobody in that."



"I'M ONLY JUST TALLER  
THAN YOU."

That night again Dick slept the sleep of healthy boyhood.

Again Old Roger lay awake talking things over with himself. The books, or rather the cost of them, weighed heavily on his mind.

"I'd never counted on having to buy them. Just like my ignorance. I thought what she had taught the lad out of must be good enough for anybody. I've always known that I was very short of larnin', but every day shows me that I'm a lot worse than ever I thought myself. I might have had sense to guess that fashions change in books like other things, but I'm as ignorant about them as a baby."

Three years passed over Dick Holgate's head, and the close of the third found him and Roger still occupying the archway room in Glinders' Court.

The lad had grown apace in the time, and was both tall and strong for his age. His progress at school had been a series of triumphs, so Roger thought, and his pride in the boy was beyond expression.

Dick had worked hard. Roger had kept reminding him that he was bound to be a credit to his mother, and, happily, Dick did not forget his first lessons.

Roger might express himself in worse than doubtful English. He might miss out h's at the beginning of his words, and rarely sound a final g, but Dick's were always in their places. He kept the refinement of speech which his mother taught him, and this fact was a source of unfailing delight to Roger.

"I'm no pattern for you, Dick, in book larnin' or in my talk. How should I be, when I had no chances in my young days? But you've got just the turn of the tongue your mother had, and I'm proud you haven't lost it through being with me. How big you are, to be sure! I'm havin' to look up to you, all ways. Your head's above mine already. I never grew to a great size, for I come of a short-built family."

"I'm only just taller than you, grandad," said Dick.

"You're only thirteen and I'm sixty odd; but, of course, one doesn't go on growin' all one's life. Not upwards, anyway, though the men of my family were inclined to spread width-ways. I don't know how it is, but boys and girls do surely grow taller than they used to do," replied Roger.

Dick laughed at grandad for pretending to look up far beyond his own real height, though no doubt the boy was taller than most lads of his age.

Grandad laughed too; but Dick did not notice that a sigh followed, as Roger turned away.

"It's grand to see him so big and strong; but how shall I get him the clothes he's wantin'? There's inches of wrist below the



cuff of his jacket sleeve, and more length still of ankle below the hem of his trousers. If only clothes would grow on a lad's back like fur grows on a cat's, for instance, what a convenience it would be! The beasts never grow out of their top coats, or what would become of the creatures? My lad can't go much longer without new things. I shall have to give in at last."

What the giving in meant only Roger knew. Certainly he did not intend to yield to an oft-expressed wish of Dick's, for he had stoutly refused that very day.

The lad had been uneasy for some time past at the thought of living upon Roger's earnings. He was far too quick-witted to imagine that the little store of money, which grandad spoke of after his mother's death, could have lasted till now. Again and again he had begged to be allowed to try for a place of some kind. Boys brought up beneath the shadow of Glinderses went early out into the world. Some were "doing for themselves" who were a couple of years younger than himself. Tongues were not wanting to ask what this lad meant by letting the old man slave for him. Or they blamed Roger for "eddicatin'" that boy above his station, when there was nothing and nobody to back him up in aiming at being a gentleman. His mother might have been a lady. Nobody said as she wasn't, but if she could come to Glinderses and speak her mind, she would never hold with Dick being brought up like a gentleman and doing nothing when he had been so long at school and was able to work.

Dick knew how his position was discussed in the court, and was troubled at the thought of it. He was willing to work, yet what could he do if Roger insisted on keeping him at school, and said he had promised certain things to Mrs. Holgate?

"You'll not go against your grandad, Dick. You couldn't without going against your mother's last wishes. A little more patience, and then——"

"Then what, grandad?"

"You shall know at the right time, Dick. You may trust me."

Who could withstand the patient, pleading look on grandad's kind face? Not Dick, though his heart ached as he noted it.

Roger was indeed as much changed in appearance by the passage of three years as Dick himself was, only in a less satisfactory way. Whilst the boy had been growing in strength and stature, Roger seemed to have aged fully ten years in three. If it had been the fashion for the men of his family "to grow width-ways," as he expressed it, he must have been the exception. His threadbare coat hung quite loosely about him, and it was shiny at the shoulders. His hair was thin, and what was left of it was snowy white. The old springy step was gone. His back was more bent, and, as he wended his way homeward, he dragged himself wearily on, as if he had hardly strength to finish his journey.

Still, Roger never complained. There was the old

look of love on his face the moment he saw Dick, and out would come words of glad thankfulness that he had the boy to greet him on the threshold. "What a mercy it is I have you, Dick! What should I do but for you helpin' me? Here's everything ready to my hand. I've only to wash and tidy myself a bit, and then I can drop into my chair and eat my supper with no more trouble than as if I'd a houseful o' servants. Not half so much, for that matter, for people that have servants are mostly grumblin' at 'em."

"You never grumble at me, grandad," said Dick.

"How could I, when you've just made as much difference in my life as there is between sunshine and darkness? Oh, lad, you could never guess how often your old grandad has thanked God that he has known no loneliness for years and years past. Your mother brought the first brightness; then, when she was called, she left me you."

Never a word about the struggles Dick's coming had entailed, or of the harder work, the scantier meals, the reckoning how a penny could be saved, or an extra one earned—all for the boy's sake.

No; the brave old man had fought his hourly battle in silence, speaking to none, complaining to none, seeking help from none. Only as he trudged from market to street, from door to door, in the brief intervals between the bargaining with housewives and selling, or leaving a threshold with his basket unlightened, the unuttered prayer would go from his heart to God, "Lord, help me to keep my promise to *her*. Help me to provide for Dick, and not to mind a pinch now and then, to finish the work that has been given me to do, as my Master was able to say He had finished His."

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### ROGER MAKES A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.



It was early July. The weather was hot and close. Not a leaf stirred. Dogs — that mostly chose a sunnyspot to bask in — sought the shade and lay inert, with lolling tongues and panting sides, unwilling to stir. It was the duty of their owners to feed them, and they were fortunate in this. Human toilers, who

know not the bliss of having a day's food beforehand, must work to earn it if strength for the morrow's labour is to be maintained.

Old Roger was an example of this class. He had never felt so unfit to go forth to his daily task. He was weak, and he had no appetite. The bread was like ashes in his mouth, as he vainly tried to swallow the morsel he was accustomed to take before leaving home in the early morning.

"I must leave the eating till breakfast time," he thought. "Maybe I'll relish a bit when I've been out in the air for a while. I must start, or I shall not have courage to go at all."

Dick awoke as Roger was thus thinking, and he lay for a few moments, watching his feeble movements. Then he sprang out of bed, and said, "Grandad, you must let me go with you to-day, to learn the business. To-morrow I shall be able to go instead of you, whilst you rest."

Dick was in earnest; yet it cost him no little effort to think of tramping behind a barrow, when he had hoped to turn his schooling to better account.

Roger seemed to gain new vigour at the sound of Dick's voice.

"You must think little of your grandad's business if you fancy it can be all learned off in a day. It mayn't look much to be selling the things that make up my stock, but I can tell you it takes years of experience to know what to choose and what to leave, so as you mayn't lose, instead of makin' an honest livin' by it. Why, I've got to know the likin's of every customer I've made. Those that buy from your grandad wouldn't look at a boy like you, though you're a hundred times as clever in book larnin'. This is my line, and 'practice makes perfect,' as the sayin' is. You can't master a business in a day."

Dick urged and entreated. He would push the barrow, he would carry the basket, he would keep in the background—do anything and in any way that grandad told him, if only he might help. All in vain.

"You have never gone against me yet, Dick; you'll not begin now, when I'm comin' to the end."

"End of what, grandad?" asked Dick, a strange fear taking possession of him.

"My work, Dick. It's likely I'll be retirin' from business and havin' another home, in a while. I'm seein' a gentleman soon, p'raps to-day. I expect he'll make things easy for me if he can, for the sake of—old times."

Putting on a brisker air and smiling cheerfully, Roger took up his basket and sallied forth, leaving Dick far from satisfied, but, perforce, obedient.

As to Roger, breakfast was as distasteful to him as the dry bread had been, though he forced himself to swallow a few morsels and his coffee. He made his purchases, but the barrow seemed twice its usual weight, and his steps were slower than common. He was late on his round: even old customers grumbled a little, and some newer ones had made their purchases before he came, and told him if he couldn't be in time he must not expect them to wait.

"It's the great heat that's told on me this mornin'. I'm not so young and strong as you are, and age tells in weather like this," replied Roger.

"That's true, but my man's dinner must be ready to the minute, whether it's a hot day or a cold one."

The speaker closed the door quickly, and Roger retreated.

He had a bad day all through. He failed to clear out his morning stock, and in the afternoon his flowers drooped and soon lost their freshness. They were principally roses, and he had, besides, a few baskets of strawberries and some cherries. They were not very heavy to carry, but in Roger's present condition his large basket might have been filled with lead. He could not push his wares as usual, and his afternoon sales were even less satisfactory than those of the morning.

Unable to go on without a rest, Roger made his way to a little park, in which he could find a seat and a shelter from the hot sun.

It was only a little enclosure to be dignified by the name of park. It had indeed been private property—a sort of retreat for the dwellers in what had been a fashionable suburb, something like a London square, only on a larger scale.

Town had made rapid strides in that direction. Dwellers in the handsome houses had gone farther countryward. Houses which had been inhabited by merchant princes and manufacturers were now used for business purposes, or by professional men who stayed amidst their clients and patients. The owner of "The Green," as it had been called, would not build upon it, but realising what a boon it would be for tired wayfarers to be able to step into it straight from the busy street, he gave it to the city to be an open space for ever.

The municipal authorities took it in hand and made the best of it. They placed seats, they erected shelters from the rain, they planted and watered, they palisaded the miniature ponds and installed ducks there, so that the children might feed them without risk to themselves. They even erected a band-stand, and on certain evenings through the summer the children's feet pattered to the music, the parents looked on smilingly, and the place was filled with a happy crowd until dusk.

Into the little park went Roger on that hot afternoon; but he looked in vain for a sheltered seat. Not one was at liberty. Old men sat there, drowsily nodding, their hands clasped over their sticks. Little nurses had wheeled their charges beneath the friendly roofs which spread like huge umbrellas and gave shelter without excluding the air. They extended far beyond the seats, which radiated from the centre, but were partitioned into quadrants by the high, comfortable backs which nearly reached the roof, and made each division private from the rest.

Roger looked wistfully at each compartment, but all



were full, so he had to content himself with a place on an iron garden seat outside. It was less restful, for the back was lower. He had never felt so utterly weary. He knew that the contents of his basket would become less saleable every minute, but nothing seemed to matter just then. He must rest. That was the most pressing necessity, and though the sun's rays blazed hotly on his pinched face, he was past caring for this or any other discomfort.

With one arm through the handle of his basket, which he had placed by his side, Roger sank into a profound sleep. His wares proved attractive to the children who passed him from time to time, and some paused to peep into the basket and wonder if it would be possible to snatch a handful of cherries without awakening the sleeper. But the would-be pilferers were kept in check by the grown-up passers-by. Flowers and fruit might suffer from the effects of heat, but Roger's stock remained intact.

The old man slept on, unconscious of a change in the aspect of the sky and of the gathering clouds above head. For some time past a neighbour had shared the seat—a girl, apparently about four-and-twenty years old. She had been attracted by the sight of Roger's sleeping figure and the extreme pallor of his face. At first, she thought he was ill and unconscious, but a closer observation convinced her that he was really asleep. There was, however, something in his attitude which made her uneasy; something which suggested exhaustion from overwork and heat together. She began to ask herself whether this old man's sleep would end in a restful awakening, or if he might need some help which she could render.

The girl was no unknown figure in that little city park. It was one of her pleasures to turn aside from the hot pavement into its enclosure, to watch and make friends with the children who were in charge of other little ones only a degree less than themselves. She would watch by a "pram" which held a pair of sleeping babies whilst the small nurses had a caper round, or



"I SHALL PAY THE PROPER PRICE."

stood to admire the fountains, or fed the ducks with provisions carried for their use in her satchel. She knew most of the faces that frequented the park, but this sleeping man was a

stranger. She had never seen his face before. As she gazed at it she was strangely attracted, but could not have told wherein the attraction lay.

Meanwhile, the clouds became darker, and a few drops of rain fell. The girl felt that she must go if she would escape a wetting, but she could not leave that old sleeper with thin, white hair to run the risk she wished to avoid.

At the moment Roger stirred a little, and, noticing this, the girl gently touched his shoulder. He opened his eyes, stared vacantly round, then asked, "Where am I?"

"You are in 'The Green,'" she replied, using the old familiar name. "You have been asleep a long time. I think we are going to have rain, and it would be a pity for you to get wet."

"So you waked me. That was kind, now," said Old Roger, his wan face lighting up with the smile that children found so winning.

"I am glad you are not vexed at my rousing you ;

I am sure you were very tired, for you slept so long and so soundly. I often come to this place, but I never saw you here before."

"I often pass it, but I go straight on home when my work's done; only to-day I had to rest. It's a long time to keep on the go from half-past four in the morning till evening. Sometimes I finish sooner. To-day I haven't finished at all, and I sha'n't do. It was so hot I had to give in."

Roger looked sorrowfully down at the contents of his basket. They meant a dead loss to him, and he had needed a good day so very badly.

The girl, with her quick sympathies, read the meaning of that look and of the sigh that followed it.

"Perhaps I can relieve you of some of your stock," she said. "Come to this nearest shelter till the shower is over, and I can look at your fruit and flowers."

The shelters were nearly empty, for the first scattered drops of rain had sent the occupants homeward.

Old Roger and the girl reached one just in time to escape a sudden downpour. She turned as if to examine the fruit, though she had previously made up her mind to buy the whole of it.

"What is the price?" she asked.

"The strawberries were sixpence a basket, and the cherries the same a pound in the mornin', but I'll say fourpence now, miss."

"You will lose by them at fourpence, I'm afraid."

"Yes, but they're not worth more now, to buy."

"I should not like to take them at fourpence. They would taste sour if I knew that you were partly paying for them," said the girl, with a smile. "Besides, I am going to share them with some children who seldom taste strawberries, and they will not be too particular."

"They're good, miss, just as good as ever, only they won't keep their fresh looks till mornin'. We'll say fivepence a basket, to satisfy your conscience. It isn't often that buyers are troubled with that sort o' thing."

"No, I shall pay the proper price and take the cherries, too. You have some strong paper and string. Let us make them into a parcel."

"I could carry them home for you, miss, if it isn't very far. The parcel will be big and clumsy."

"Not heavy, though, and I shall take a tram at the gate. This one basket will not fit in. I am thirsty. Are not you, this hot evening? We will eat these strawberries, and then I can carry the rest comfortably."

Roger could hardly believe his ears. That a lady, young, pretty, well dressed and with money enough, he could see, should say, "*We* will eat these strawberries," as if the two of them were friends, quite passed his comprehension. It was seldom he could afford to taste his own wares, but if ever he had longed to do so, it was now. He began to excuse himself all the same, but the girl would take no nay.

"They will do us both good," she said; and Roger, not quite sure if this pleasant experience were not a dream after all, found himself eating the best of the

strawberries which were pressed upon him by the pretty young lady. How good they were! How their delicious moisture relieved his parched tongue! He was faint for want of food, but had no appetite. The strawberries needed none, but as he ate them he revived, and almost felt that supper would not be spread in vain when he got back to Glinderses.

The strawberries were soon eaten, and then the girl glanced at the roses.

Roger saw the look and laid his hand over them. "You mustn't think of payin' for such flowers, miss," he said. "I wouldn't cheat you by takin' money for what won't last."

"I think they would revive in water. The green leaves tell that they have not been so very long cut."

"They were cut early this mornin', and there's many a flower that would perk up again, as you say, and never know it had been hawked about in a basket the day through; but not a rose. You see that bluish shade on the edges of the red and pink ones; that shows that they'll never come to again. Instead of lastin' for days, they'll begin to drop almost directly. I'll pick the best for you, if you'll be so kind as to take them for yourself."

"No; I will buy them at cost price, anyway," said the girl. "I shall never miss the trifle and you will be just saved from loss."

"Indeed, that means a great deal to me, but it goes against the grain for me to take what these roses aren't worth to anybody. If I take it, I'll look on it as a present; for somehow, though I've a bit o' pride in me yet, I'm not above receiving that much from you, Miss, though I've never done the like before."

There was something so pathetic in Roger's upturned face—for he had to look up to the tall girl who now stood beside him—that she was greatly impressed.

"Thank you very much," she replied, with a smile that was like sunshine to the old man. "Now I want you to try and understand that I have a right to do more than this. Are we not children, both of us, of Him Whom we call 'Our Father'? I have a sort of feeling that you want what I can do for you, and that you have no right to deny me the privilege of helping you."

The girl was hardly prepared for what followed. Roger hid his face in his hands, and she saw the tears streaming through his fingers, and heard sobs which in his weary, worn-out condition he could not suppress.

With a look of tenderest pity on her sweet young face the girl urged the old man to rest a little longer; for he had risen from his seat and, with a gesture of farewell, was about to resume his homeward journey. She laid her hand on his arm with a detaining pressure, and Roger, who felt that his tottering limbs would as yet hardly bear his weight, dropped down on the seat again, and turned his head away in the vain effort to conceal the emotion he was powerless to control.

The girl's sympathy was not of the fussy order which



must show itself in torrents of words or incessant motion. She waited quietly until Roger's hands were withdrawn and his handkerchief had been restored to his pocket. She did not even speak until, in a shame-faced fashion, he began to excuse himself for what he called his "break-down."

"Indeed, Miss," he said, "I feel ashamed of myself. Here am I, an old man, givin' way just like a two-year-old that has lost sight of his mother for a moment. I humbly beg your pardon for puttin' you out by my foolishness. But I'm not so young as I was—you can see that for yourself—and things that wouldn't have touched me once are strong enough to knock me over entirely nowadays. Still, I don't think I ever made such a real baby of myself in my life. Anyway, not before a young lady like you, and a stranger, too. You'll please forgive me."

"There is nothing to forgive. I have felt so sorry for you, ever since I saw you sitting outside, fast asleep, and looking so pale and tired," replied the girl.

"That was just what did it—the tiredness, I mean. I go out every mornin' of my life soon after four, and I'm on the move, with very little rest, for a many hours, let the weather be what it may. I've got used to standin' the cold, but just lately the heat has taken all the life out of me. Cold makes one hungry, but this awful, close weather takes your appetite. Without proper food your strength goes. It stands to reason it should be so."

"You should have a rest. Flesh and blood cannot go on and on like a watch that is wound up, or a mere machine of any kind. Both watch and machine need to stop for repairs sometimes."

"That's true, miss, and those that own the watches and machines have to pay for the putting to rights of them. It's different with an old man like me. *I've got to work.*"

(To be continued.)

## OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

### XXII. BURIED NAMES OF ANIMALS.

1. I abhor set speeches.
2. As I eat I germinate.
3. When well I onward march.
4. Stand not upon the order of going, but go at once.
5. The emu leaps and runs.
6. Conscience makes cowards of us all.

### XXIII. ANAGRAMS.

1. A victor I.
2. Press me.
3. File sow Prance.

### XXIV. BEHEADINGS.

1. I am the glory of the summer's day. Curtail me and I am the source of light and heat; behead me and I am still beautiful: take one half of me and I am part of the leg.
2. Whole I am a male often at sea. Cut me in two and one half of me is feminine and the other half is masculine: ut off half of my second half and I again become feminine.

## PRACTICAL HINTS FOR COTTAGERS ON POULTRY-KEEPING.

BY THE REV. THOMAS W. STURGES., B.A.,

*Vicar of Marston, Northwich.*



**P**OULTRY-KEEPING is one of the most delightful of hobbies. Its interests are as varied as the seasons of the year. Many thousands of life's labourers find great relief from their daily toil in attending to the wants of their feathered friends at home. And even when they are cooped up in the tiny premises of a back-yard in the town, they may be kept in perfect health and be a source, not only of pleasure, but of

profit, if they are well looked after.

### CHOICE OF BREED OR VARIETY.

In deciding upon the kind of fowl to keep, one must be very much influenced by one's surroundings. White or light-plumaged birds do not look well in a smoke-begrimed district, and fowl which require abundant liberty, like *Hamburgh* or *Game*, will not do well if cooped in a tiny back-yard. The following kinds will do well anywhere, in town or country, at liberty or in confined runs. *Leghorns*, of which white, brown, and buff, are the chief varieties. These are exceedingly hardy fowl, and good winter layers of white eggs. I have frequently known them to lay over two hundred eggs per annum. *Minorcas* and *Andalusians* do well in confinement, especially the former. Both are layers of the largest white egg we have, and lay very freely from early spring to late autumn, but, unless they have good shelter from cold winds, do not lay well in winter. These three breeds, like other layers of white eggs, are non-sitters. As a rule, fowl which lay brown or tinted eggs are sitters. Good winter layers are better table fowl than the before-named. *Langshans*, especially the old-fashioned short-legged type, are good table fowl and winter layers of brown eggs. The *Orpington*, which differs chiefly in having clean instead of feathered legs, is perhaps better, both as layer and for table. Two other popular and useful varieties are the

Wyandotte, gold, silver, white, and buff; and the Plymouth Rock, including the barred, white, and buff. Personally I think nothing prettier than a flock of pure-bred birds of the same variety running together, and certainly they are more economical than the ordinary barn-door mongrel. But there are certain first crosses between two pure breeds which are exceptionally hardy and useful. For the egg-basket the Minorca—Langshan, Minorca—Orpington, or Leghorn—Plymouth Rock, cannot be excelled.

#### TABLE FOWL.

Two of the best pure breeds for table fowl are the Game of various kinds, and the Dorking, and, probably the best of all, the Indian Game—Dorking cross. I believe, however, that most cottagers will find egg-production much more profitable than rearing table fowl, unless they have facilities for raising large quantities of early chickens for the London market, or have an exceptionally good connection. It must be remembered that the best table fowl are very poor layers, and are usually very large eaters, and to raise them to a mature age and then sell for four or five shillings a couple, doesn't pay.

#### PROFIT ON EGG-PRODUCTION.

If the cottager keeps fowl mainly with the object of supplying the egg-market, and only sends to the table the surplus cockerels and pullets, and such of the young

hens as are no longer required for laying, he ought, with careful management, to make each hen or pullet kept for laying yield a profit of from five to seven shillings and sixpence a year. How to get the eggs to market is too long a subject for discussion here. The amount of profit to be realised depends greatly upon the proportion of eggs laid from September to February, when eggs are scarce. However carelessly fowl are managed they will lay some eggs during the spring and summer months. With due care and attention, and a right choice of breed, a fowl should lay almost a half of the total number during the colder half of the year, when one egg is often worth as much as two or three in March and April. The laying qualities of fowl vary greatly. Some persons find their flock average only eighty or ninety eggs a bird per annum, while others, especially those who keep Hamburgs and Leghorns, find the average considerably over two hundred. A good annual average might be considered one hundred and fifty, and a fair average price for eggs ten for a shilling, varying from five or six in the winter to fourteen or sixteen in the spring. Thus if the due proportion are laid in the winter, a hen should produce fifteen shillings'-worth of eggs in a year. And, when once fairly started, the cost of maintenance, in food, repairs, and occasional losses, should not exceed five shillings per bird. The cost of

maintenance varies from many causes, such as free or confined range, wholesale or retail purchase of food, carefulness in feeding, etc., and also upon the breed kept. As a rule, the larger and heavier breeds are the greater eaters and cost much more to keep than the lighter and egg-producing Leghorn and Minorca.

I know that some persons do not obtain such good results as the average here indicated, but, on the other hand, some do better, as I have myself; and unless each bird kept yields a profit of at least five shillings a year, there is either bad management or a set of exceptionally trying and adverse circumstances: and where all things are favourable, the higher average of seven-and-sixpence can easily be surpassed. In this estimate I am not calculating either rent or cost of labour, as I am not considering the case of the poultry farmer, but that of the cottager, who has a little spare land for which he has nothing extra to pay and whose labour is a relaxation and a delight.

(To be continued.)



FEEDING TIME.





(Specially drawn for "The Church Monthly" by W. H. GROOME.)

## "LET'S HOPE IT WASN'T TRUE."

WAS it a dream of Master Jack's,  
Or was it really true?  
Was it a dream of Master Jack's?  
I think it was; don't you?

"Shake hands, sir," said the Lobster  
With patronising smile;  
"Why, Jack dear, since I met you  
It seems a dreary while."

"A year ago, Sir Lobster—  
A year ago to-day.  
We've just come down from London  
A summer month to stay."

He gave his little finger  
For Mr. Lob. to shake,  
The kindly Lobster shook it  
In a way that made it ache.

Oh, was it a dream of Master Jack's?  
I think it was; don't you?  
'Twas rather hard on Master Jack  
If such a thing was true.

JOHN LEA.

# Lord of the Harvest.

Words by J. H. GURNEY.

Music by the REV. F. PEEL, B.Mus.,  
(Vicar of Heslington, York.)

*cres.*

1. Lord of the har - vest, Thee we hail; Thine an - cient pro - mise doth not fail; The  
2. If spring doth wake the song of mirth; If sum - mer warms the fruit - ful earth; When

*cres.*

vary - ing sea - sons haste their round, With good - ness all our years are crown'd;  
win - ter sweeps the nak - ed plain, Or au - tumn yields its ri - pen'd grain,

*f* *ff*

UNISON. HARMONY.

Our thanks we pay This ho - ly day: O let our hearts in tune be found.  
Still do we sing To Thee, our King; Thro' all their chan - ges Thou dost reign.

3. But chiefly, when Thy liberal hand  
Scatters new plenty o'er the land,  
When sounds of music fill the air,  
As homeward all their treasures bear;  
We too will raise  
Our hymn of praise,  
For we Thy common bounties share.

4. Lord of the harvest, all is Thine:  
The rains that fall, the suns that shine,  
The seed once hidden in the ground,  
The skill that makes our fruits abound:  
New every year  
Thy gifts appear;  
New praises from our lips shall sound.

## MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

### Rajah or Christian—A Choice.

**S**IR CHARLES ELLIOTT, speaking at a great S.P.G. meeting, told of a little independent kingdom in the Khasia Hills. The heir had become a Christian in his youth, converted by the Welsh missionaries who have occupied that district, and had married a Christian wife. When the chief died, the people came to the heir and said, "We like you very much, but we cannot possibly allow you to be chief so long as you are a Christian. There are sacrifices to be performed to the tribal gods and the local gods, who will certainly send plague among us, and kill our children and destroy our crops if they are not propitiated; and you cannot perform those sacrifices. Give up your Christianity and we will take you back with open arms." But he refused. He gave up his kingdom for Christ. Which of us would do the like?

### "The Whites are ruining my Indians!"

**S**UCH is the sad exclamation of the heroic Bishop Bompas, of Selkirk, British Alaska. The Indians who had been won over to Christ by the self-denying labours of himself and his fellow-Missionaries were contaminated by the arrival of hordes of godless miners. A similar cry might be truly raised in many a Mission field. It bears a twofold moral. If the heathen are to meet with vicious and degraded white men, all the more reason for sending out the messengers of the Gospel to counteract their influence; if white settlers need the Gospel so much, means should be taken to send it to them. The Colonial and Continental Church Society, and the venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, both labour for this purpose.







THE DANCING BEAR (*page 196*).

*Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by W. CORBOULD.*





## A HARVEST LESSON.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF DERBY.

"Thou visitest the earth, and blessest it."—Psalm lxxv. 9. (*Prayer-Book Version.*)



HE Visitation of God! How different a meaning do we generally apply to these words from that in which it is used in this Psalm! Some man drops down dead suddenly; a coroner's inquest is summoned, and the verdict of the jury is, "Died by the visitation of God." Or our thoughts go naturally, this year, to our great Indian Empire, visited by the double scourge of famine and pestilence; hundreds dying of a fearful plague, and hundreds of starvation—and that in many cases not because there was no relief to be had, but because the poor souls had not the strength to crawl where it might be got, but preferred to lie still and die. We speak of it all as the Visitation of God; and surely this year the Harvest Thanksgiving services in England should come home to us with a meaning doubly real, as we compare the general condition of our own land with that of India, and we should more than ever open our hearts to every cry of suffering.

To us the Visitation of God means a terror, scourge, calamity. But the Jew had a truer view—to his eye God was always visiting, quite as often in blessing as in punishment. True, He visited to punish—the Jew was not likely to forget how, in the very centre of the Moral Law God describes Himself as visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children; or again, how Jeremiah, after describing the wickedness of the nobles, and indeed, of all the people in Jerusalem, represents God as saying, "Shall not I visit for these things,

and shall not My soul be avenged on such a nation as this?" But this, after all, is only one side of the picture: God is more often spoken of as visiting to bless; the psalmist's prayer of hope is, "O visit me with Thy salvation," or, at another time, he expresses his wonder at God's goodness, so far above what man has any right to expect—"What is man, that Thou visitest him, or the Son of man that Thou so regardest him?" Or yet once again, when the wonder of the Incarnation begins to burst upon his dazzled mind, the old priest Zacharias can find no better words to clothe his inspired thoughts than these: "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for He hath *visited* and redeemed His people." And so, too, in the text—the Lord is always visiting the earth to bless it; His care is ever over their land. Had He not chosen it out to be especially His own? Had He not fenced it in securely? Was it not a land of fountains, and streams, flowing with milk and honey? Read Moses' description in Deut. xi. 11: "The land, whither ye go to possess it, is a land . . . which the Lord thy God careth for; the eyes of the Lord thy God are always upon it, from the beginning of the year even unto the end of the year."

Would it not be a good thing for us, my friends, if we were to get out of the habit of taking such a one-sided view of God's visitations? Let us ask ourselves why it is that we have got into the way of talking thus—for language is a sign of

thought, and the probability is that if our language is one-sided, our thoughts of God are one-sided too. The danger is, as Charles Kingsley was never tired of pointing out, that in times of prosperity we think about ourselves, and only turn our thoughts to God when adversity comes. We have plenty of food provided for us day after day ; we have got or earned the money to buy it ; we cannot imagine ourselves without it ; and so (though we are ready to allow, if asked, that in the end it comes from God, and are perhaps in the habit of muttering a grace at meal-times) as a matter of fact we are really forgetful of the constant visitation of God to bless, without which none of these necessities or "luxuries" would be ours. We think so little of the commonest blessings, and take them as a matter of course. Suppose we lived in a land where the sun only appeared once in twenty years ! How we should watch for it ; how we should welcome it ; how we should delight in its glory, and in the marvels of light and colour which it produces in the earth ! Surely the Holy Spirit must be often grieved with our ingratitude. Our Blessed Lord visited our earth, and longed to bless it, and He poured out His love ungrudgingly upon the Jews and their city ; but they would not receive His blessing, and despised His words, and imputed His deeds of mercy to the Evil One, and at last went about to kill Him : and He wept over their ingratitude, because "they knew not the time of their visitation." He had visited to redeem, but they refused to be redeemed. We may well take warning.

But if we are ready to recognize God's Hand in all the happiness and blessings and beauties of life, we shall be all the better prepared to recognize the same loving Hand in times of trouble and sickness. "Shall we receive good at the hand of the Lord, and shall we not receive evil?" Only then, evil will be no longer evil, when coming from Him. How well our Prayer Book keeps this thought in mind in the beautiful Office for the Visitation of the Sick ! The clergyman is to visit the sick, because the Divine Visitor is there already, and with words of love he is bidden to interpret the love of the visit of God : "Whatever your sickness is, know you certainly that it is God's visitation." Whether for chastening or to strengthen your faith, God has come to bless. And so, instead of praying God to go away, like the Gadarenes, who besought Jesus to depart out of their coasts, on the contrary the prayer is, "Look

down from Heaven, visit and relieve this thy servant."

Are these thoughts too sad for this Harvest Season? I can only say that I believe if we could but carry with us into our daily lives the thoughts of the continual presence of God and of His visits to bless—if only we will be blessed—we should lead better, truer, happier lives when in health, and be able to see the blessing which God means for us through sickness and death. I cannot imagine a better Harvest lesson than this.

## THE DANCING BEAR.

(See ILLUSTRATION, page 194.)

**ONCE** went to a country fair,  
And what I saw while I was there  
I do not now forget ;  
This was a fine old dancing bear,  
With brownish coat of shining hair,  
Who was the showman's pet.

His master played his noisy drum  
To let the people know he'd come,  
Whereon the bear walked out ;  
He first sat on his two hind legs  
(Like Toby when he's good, and begs),  
And then he looked about.

Those two hind legs ! I think they were  
A very strong, uncommon pair ;  
On them he stood upright !  
And when he danced 'twas with an air  
That made the little children stare  
With wonder and delight.

The bear then gave a little growl  
Which grew into a hideous howl,  
And made some children scream ;  
For when the creature stood upright  
He was of such tremendous height  
He did a giant seem.

"Now," said the man, "my little dears,  
There's no occasion for your fears—  
My Bruin will not bite ;  
I taught him how to make that noise !  
Come hither, little girls and boys,  
For you may trust him quite."

Again he beat the drum so loud,  
It brought fresh people—such a crowd !  
But Bruin did not care ;  
For while they laughed, he danced away,  
As if to them he meant to say,  
"I am a dancing bear !"

MARIA CORBOULD.



# OLD ROGER'S BIT OF PRIDE.

BY RUTH LAMB,

*Author of "The Real Owner of Swallowdale," etc.*

## CHAPTER V.

### A FRIEND IN NEED.



OLD Roger's words "*I've got to work*" held a whole volume of meaning. They told his girl-listener that in his case there could be no hope of rest; that a pause in his work would mean an empty cupboard, just when he most needed good, nourishing food to fit him for fresh effort.

She knew of many such cases, and many a time she had been full of pity for the humble, willing toilers who went on the same ceaseless round, year in, year out, without even the relief of change in their mode of labour. She had talked the matter over with her father.

"It seems so horrid," she said, "that these really worthy, industrious men and women should have such hard times. If my head aches, or I feel tired and not fit to get up at my usual time, I can just lie still and be cared for. I have no anxiety for myself, nobody depending upon my work. Yet I know there are tens of thousands of people, some weak and growing old, who must go on toiling. I believe some would stop, and never mind whether they lived or died, only they think about the old wife, or the children who will want bread if they cease working. So they go on and on, till they all but die at their posts."

The girl's father had stroked her hair and looked lovingly in her face, thinking the while that it never seemed so fair as when it was lighted up with pity for the suffering, and longing to do them good.

And he had wished he could give her the means to do all that was in her heart for the benefit of her poor neighbours. He was very liberal already, and very indulgent where his child was concerned. She was the last comfort left to him, for his wife had died years ago, and there had been one great trouble in the family, about which neither father nor daughter ever spoke to the other now—a trouble that could neither be undone nor mended. There was nothing left but to close the book on the saddest chapter of their lives. But he

would listen to all else that she chose to tell him, and enter, as far as he could, into all her plans for others.

As the girl was talking to Old Roger in "The Green" on that hot July evening, her father was driving homewards, and wondering what new tale Eleanor would have to tell him over the dinner-table.

The girl had been so much interested in Roger's condition that she had hardly noticed how quickly the time passed. She knew now that she ought to be hastening homewards. The fruit and roses had to be left on the way, for some children. Yet she could not bear to leave her new acquaintance without a few more words.

"Have you no one who can take your work for to-morrow?" she asked anxiously. "A son or——"

"Nobody, Miss. I have no son. I never had one. Besides, I couldn't tell about my round and the ways of my customers to another man in the business. It's a pity to have to say it, but if I did, I might as well make the round over to him at once. There's so many fightin' for a bare livin', that when you've made a little trade you have to try your hardest to keep it. I must be at the end of my barrow every mornin', and sling my basket on my arm every afternoon."

"Every day?"

"Not Sundays. Oh, no. I couldn't part with them. What a grand thing Sunday is for those that have to work hard! *It took God to contrive Sunday and give it to such-like as me that want it badly.*"

What a ring there was in the man's voice as he said this! Then once more he rose to begin his homeward journey.

"Can you not ride? Do you live far from here? Surely some tram would take you near home! And the fares are so low!"

"I shall manage now. I feel rested, and the rain has cooled the air a bit."

He would not tell her that a penny was so much to him that it could not be lightly expended.

The girl noticed again the threadbare clothing, the patched boots, the old hat, browned by sun and battered by rain. Yet there had been something so dignified in this old man's poverty that, whilst longing to help him, she was half afraid to offer him money.

"I hope you have some one waiting for you at home," she said, after a moment's hesitation.

"Indeed, and I have. Not a wife or a child of my own, but just a boy I took. His mother left him to me, and he's the very pride of my life. No, he couldn't take my work, if that is what you were goin' to ask me. I must hurry now, or he'll be wonderin' what's got me. Thank you kindly for all favours. I hope I shall see you again, Miss."

"To be sure you will. We seem quite like o'd friends already, do we not?"

"You make me very proud to hear you use such a word. They say friends soon forget one another, but I'll not soon forget you, Miss."

"True friends do not, and true friends are not ashamed to help and be helped by one another. It's a privilege and a pleasure on both sides; only sometimes pride comes in the way. It must not, between you and me."

With a little, quick movement she slipped something into Roger's hand, and saying, "Mind you take a tram home, and, if you can, rest in 'The Green' again on Friday afternoon, so that I may hear how you are," before the old man had time to answer, or even to realise what she had given him, the girl was gone.

"It's a penny for my tram fare," he thought; for the coin was a substantial one, he knew, though it had slipped from his hand and dropped to the bottom of his basket. "Well, God bless her. I'll not be too proud to use the penny for a ride home, and thank her too. A penny given in such a fashion is better than a bank-note or a sovereign flung in your face."

Roger's trembling fingers drew the coin from its nest of strawberry-leaves; and lo! instead of a penny it was a crown piece.

What a big, handsome coin it looked! The very sight of it acted like a tonic at first. Then Roger felt that it had been given him by mistake.

"She just meant to drop a penny in my hand, so as I might ride instead of walkin' home," he thought. "I'll use the penny, and I'll keep the rest and give it her back. I'm glad she told me where I could meet her again." Second thoughts convinced him that the five-shilling piece was really intended for him.

"That young lady was not the one to say what she did about us being friends, and that it was a pleasure and a privilege for one friend to help another, all about a penny tram fare. Not a bit of it. She took my measure as I sat there sleepin' with weariness. She guessed that I was just pullin' on, from day to day, by turnin' over my little money regular, and that if I had a loss it wouldn't be easy for me to make it up. Surely God sent her to help and cheer me when I was broken down, and wonderin' which way to turn. I'll use the money and thank Him and her that was His messenger."

A penny was duly spent on the tram fare, and Old Roger reached Glinderses, later than usual, but wonderfully "heartened," as he expressed it, by what had happened.

Dick stood at the entrance of the court looking anxiously for his coming.

"I am glad to see you, Grandad," said the boy. "I was getting quite frightened when it got to be a full hour after your regular time. The people about here always say they could set their clocks by your going and coming."

"They'd have been wrong for once, Dick, wouldn't they?" replied Roger with a smile. "There was nothing the matter and nothing to keep me, only it was very hot and I was tireder than common, so I just went into 'The Green' to rest for a while. Would you



"WHAT A BIG, HANDSOME COIN IT LOOKED!"

believe it, Dick, I dropped asleep and I might have been sleepin' yet, but a pretty young lady woke me because it was rainin', and then I had to shelter for a bit? She had to shelter too, and we had such a nice talk and she bought the rest of my flowers and strawberries. Cleared my basket, Dick, when I was feeling down in the dumps at havin' so much left, and knowin' the things would be spoiled by mornin'. Then afterwards——"

Roger was beginning to tell of the talk that followed and of the girl's gift, but he stopped short and seemed confused, much to Dick's surprise.

"Then afterwards?" said the lad, by way of prompting his grandad.

"Oh, we had some more nice talk, and she seemed to feel so much for me being so tired, and while it was rainin' she made me help her to eat one lot of strawberries. They did me good, for I'd not been able to eat my dinner."

"Then I hope you'll be ready for supper, Grandad," said Dick, as he drew Roger's chair to the table.

To his own surprise and Dick's delight the old man made a better meal than usual, and his spirits rose in proportion. In the afternoon he had been ready to give up. In his weakness and weariness he had felt that his strength was going all at once, the strength that was truly his only capital. If it failed him, the



trifle of money with which he bought his stock each morning, and on the profit from which he and Dick had to subsist, would be gone directly. And then what would become of the boy?

Roger did not ask the mental question "What would become of me?" His anxieties were never on his own account, but on Dick's. If there had been no Dick, Roger would have looked calmly onward, though close before him he could see the end of all earthly things, so far as he was concerned.

He had been on the point of telling the boy about the gift of the five-shilling piece. It would have been delightful to repeat the girl's sweet words, and to speak to some one of the delicate way in which she had conferred a kindness. He checked himself, not because he wished to have any reservations from Dick; but he did not want to open his eyes just yet.

Why, if he told the lad all that had passed, Dick would begin to ask himself what made the young lady give Grandad money? "He is not a beggar. She must have seen something about him that made her think he was in need," the lad would say to himself.

Dick would begin to look at him curiously. He would become conscious how poor his clothes were, how shabby was everything about him, in spite of care and cleanliness. He would notice that the old garments which used to fit him fairly a few months back, now hung very loosely about him. His limbs no longer filled them.

He would turn from the sight of the garments to his face and see how thin it was, and that all the ruddy colour had left it, no matter what the weather might be. Neither cold nor heat would bring a tinge of red to the grey, old face now. He would notice that the back was more bent, and the step slower than of old. He could not help it.

Roger thought of all this, then said to himself, "What is always right before our eyes we don't see. Dick is so used to having me straight before his eyes that he sees no difference between what Grandad is and what he was when he came to me first. I'll not wake him to the knowledge until I've done something else. I mustn't put off beyond next Sunday, or it may be too late."

Dick was not, however, so unconscious of the change in Grandad as the old man imagined. To be sure, it had been a gradual one, but the boy's memory was good, and he was keenly observant. He could picture exactly what Roger's face looked like when he brought him, orphaned and nearly heart-broken, to the archway chamber. For some time past he had been conscious that Grandad's daily task was too hard for him, that each day his step became slower, and his tread less firm.

The lad had qualms of conscience too. Indeed, the trouble was no new thing. It began some months before, when it had cost Grandad such a struggle to get him new clothes, because he had outgrown his others

and the boys at school made game of him and called him "Guy Fawkes." At that very time Roger wanted clothes even worse than Dick did. Dick had got them, and Grandad had gone without, and still wore his old ones. They could not be made to last much longer—that was only too evident.

Grandad had always talked about having got some money after Mrs. Holgate's death, but Dick was sure it could not have been much, and it must have been spent long ago. If any of the little nest-egg still remained, surely Grandad would not have had any difficulty about getting necessary clothing for both of them.

A sharp boy, in his fourteenth year, who had taken advantage to the utmost of every opportunity offered him at school, could do more than put two and two together.

Dick's mind had been greatly exercised about his own position with Grandad for a good while past.

The lad could not close his ears to the comments of the neighbours. The dwellers in Glinderses were nothing if not frank. It was seldom necessary to ask their opinion about things in general—never with regard to those who inhabited the court.

What were neighbours good for, if not to be talked about, and to furnish food for speculation?

Dick had noticed that inquiries after Roger's health became more and more frequent. He thought little of this at first, regarding it as a token of the ever-increasing respect which Glinderses felt for its oldest resident. Grandad made no complaint, so, boy-like, Dick always returned the same answer, "Very well, thank you." But there had been lately a something in the tone of the questioners which betokened anxiety, and meaning glances had been exchanged amongst them when he gave the usual reply.

Nothing was said in Dick's hearing, but for all that the court was "worritin'" about Owd Roger.

"The owd man's breaking up, I doubt," said one gossip. "No wonder, working as he does, and never to call a strong man."

"Aye. He's failed a deal this last twelvemonth. Anybody could see that with half an eye."

"Except them that's nearest," retorted the first speaker, looking significantly after Dick's retreating figure.

Then the pair disappeared into the cottage of one of them to have a further chat over a cup of tea.

It seemed as though Dick became conscious all at once that the neighbours must be anxious about Grandad. The frequent questions, the tone of interest, almost of pity, the meaning looks, flashed across his mind on that hot evening in July, as he noted Roger's attitude of weariness and heard how he had actually slept for a long time on a seat in the little park, and been roused at last by a strange young lady.

Certainly the meal had refreshed him, and the old man had enjoyed it, but Dick could not help being painfully

conscious that his daily task was becoming too heavy for the measure of strength still left him. And to think he was toiling for him! It was altogether wrong that poor Grandad should be earning, day by day, the bread that Dick was eating. He was so willing to work for Grandad. Had he not asked him, again and again, to allow him to seek a place, and to do as other lads belonging to Glinderses had done?

Ever and always had come the same answer:

"Have patience for a bit, Dick, only a bit longer. I shall see my way soon. Remember, you are having patience for your mother's sake, as well as old Grandad's."

## CHAPTER VI.

GLINDERSES HAS SOMETHING TO SAY ABOUT DICK.



**D**ICK HOLGATE little knew how many private conferences Grandad had held with his schoolmaster, Mr. Rawson. Seldom is it that a teacher is indifferent to the progress of a diligent pupil, or unwilling to

satisfy the thirst for knowledge of a lad who loves to acquire it.

Dick's schoolmaster was hardly less interested in the boy than Old Roger was. From the date of his admission to the school he had recognized the fact that, despite his poor surroundings and the humble position of his guardian, Dick differed widely in speech and ways from the majority of his scholars. Moreover, there was a breath of mystery about him, which increased the interest inspired by the boy himself.

Roger had been most careful to explain that Dick had been taught by his mother, who was "a high-larn'd lady and brought up different; though livin' in Glinderses because of losses that were no fault of her own."

"I thought the boy was your grandson," said the schoolmaster. "He calls you Grandad, sometimes."

"Sometimes, sir. That's quite true. When he lost his mother, he felt all alone in the world, though she had asked me to look after him and given me what bit of money she had, so that he mightn't be any heavy burden to me. They say a drownin' man 'll catch at a

straw, and a dyin' lady, havin' nobody else to trust, thought it better to leave her boy for me to look after, poor an' humble as I am, than to let him take his chance. It was to please the boy I gave in to him callin' me 'Grandad,' so as he might feel he belonged to somebody. He was only to have said it when we were at home by ourselves, but I expect, with being used to the word, it slips out now and again."

"He told me so, and said it was so good of you to let him call you Grandad, and he only wished you were his grandfather, though that could not make you kinder or better than you were to him."

"That was nice of him, now. In Glinderses, if the folks hear him call me Grandad, they only laugh and tell him that nobody that knew his mother would think Old Roger was aught akin to him. I've told you before, sir, she was the lady of the court."

"I have heard you say she was," replied the schoolmaster, who was a little afraid when Roger began to talk of Dick's mother. He was a busy man, and, though anxious to serve the boy and deeply impressed by the simplicity and unselfishness of Old Roger, he had not time to listen to long-winded praises of the dead and gone lady of Glinderses.

"I'm terrible afraid, sir, that I mayn't be able to keep Dick at school much longer. I wanted him to be a scholar, so as he mightn't be a disgrace to—her that's gone," stammered out Roger, in rather a confused manner. "I've put it into the lad that he must live up to what she was as far as he can."

"I am sure he has tried to do it. I should be very sorry for him to leave school yet. He is doing wonderfully well, and I have been hoping that he would gain one of the scholarships that will be awarded very soon."

"What may that be, sir?"

Mr. Rawson explained that, in order to give clever and good lads a chance of keeping at school and fitting themselves for better positions, certain sums of money had been subscribed to furnish the means. He made everything quite plain to the simple old man, whose first thought was that if Dick could only gain one of these scholarships his fortune would be made. Then he realised that the money would not be sufficient to find Dick with everything, and his countenance fell again.

"Do you not think it would be a grand thing for Richard, if he were to succeed?" asked Mr. Rawson.

"It would indeed, sir, if I could only be sure of being able to keep him and clothe him accordin', whilst he was taking in so much high larnin'. Anyway, I hope you'll do your best for the boy. That scholarship might be a help to the other. I can hardly see my way yet, but I've got an idea that one as knew his mother years ago might give him a lift—that is, if I could get at him the right way."

"Then you know something of Mrs. Holgate's family or friends, perhaps?"



"I did not say that much, sir. The gentleman is not a relation of hers, and I don't even know that she ever spoke of him as a friend—for that word 'friend' means a deal, doesn't it, now?"

"It does; but if the gentleman is neither kinsman nor friend, what makes you think he would be willing to help Richard? I do not want to be too curious, but as I should like to assist the boy, I should be glad to know what chance he has of using the scholarship if he should win it."

"Indeed then, sir, all I can tell you is that the gentleman knew Dick's mother when she was at her best. If anybody in the world could have known her in her poverty without lovin' her and just longing to be good to her, he must have been made of hard stuff. Only think! there was neither man, woman, nor child in Glinderses, rough lot as they were, but would have run for her night or day. If such-like felt in that way, how could anybody that knew her in better days help wantin' to do something for her orphan boy?"

Roger's face beamed on the schoolmaster as he spoke, never doubting that his words must carry conviction.

Mr. Rawson by no means shared the old man's confidence, but he would say nothing to dishearten him. He only promised that Dick should have every chance. Indeed, the boy's diligence would insure that, and he added, "I trust he will find another friend with the same goodwill as yourself, and greater power to do the rest."

This conversation took place some weeks before the day on which Roger fell asleep in "The Green," and now the examinations for the scholarship were over, and Dick, amongst others, was anxiously awaiting the result of them.

Poor Grandad was asking himself, "Shall I be able to hold out till the news comes? If I can only keep goin' that long, and Dick wins, and if that gentleman will make things easy for my boy, I'll be content to die, though it would be terrible hard to leave him. Still, it would be best for him, though I know he wouldn't think so. He loves old Grandad. No sham about Dick."

Roger believed in the lad, yet at this time Glinderses did not look with much favour on Dick. It had done its duty by Mrs. Holgate, and treated her with the respect due to a real lady so long as she was amongst them. But Glinderses did not hold with Dick in what it called his "stand-offishness." Who was he, that a sort of line should be drawn between him and nearly all the other boys living within the court? They might be a bit rough, and sometimes come out with words not exactly polite. The men were not very mealy-mouthed, and lads were sure to imitate them, in spite of what their mothers said. Dick had been brought up differently, and had a better chance, seeing he had no father to swear at him when he was little. What had Dick to set

himself up about now, seeing he was living with Old Roger?

There had been talk of some money that Roger got along with the boy, after his mother's death.

Would anybody that looked into things in a reasonable way believe that a real lady, with money at her back, would have spent years in Glinderses? Not likely. Depend on it, that dear, good, old man was slaving himself to death and going without things, so as that boy might be brought up like a gentleman.

He'd not last long, though, and then what would Master Dick do? Everybody in the court would put on black that could scrape enough to cover them, if the old man was taken. Such a fine-hearted creature as he was. A pity that such-like as Roger ever should die. But it was what everybody had to come to, and there was a set time for all sorts.

Why didn't Dick get something to do? He was big enough. Plenty of lads in the court, whose fathers were earnin' good money, had left school as soon as ever they had passed their standards, and were adding to the family income by honest work. Who was Dick Holgate, that he should want so much scholarship?

"Who, indeed?" responded one of the speaker's hearers. "But it's quite ridikl'us the way that boy is set up by Old Roger. My lad often earns a few coppers of a Sunday, besides what he gets as reglar wage. He's as good a lad as Dick Holgate, any day. Brings home what he gets, and it helps to buy a bit of something extry for supper, or goes to'ards shoe-leather, if so be he's wantin' a new pair. Dick earns nothin', Sundays or workadays."

"That's not altogether his fault," said a gentle-faced woman, who had been indebted to Dick for many little services, rendered without thought of fee or reward. "The boy is kind-hearted, and I'm sure he's not idle, or he wouldn't offer to do little things to save one trouble, or work at them books as he does. I say to him sometimes, 'I'd rather slave at a wash-tub from morning till night, than I'd be reading and studying over books till I could hardly see, same as you do; I should want somebody to keep joggin' my elbow to keep me awake. Don't you feel tired and sick of the very sight of books?' 'No,' he says, 'I never want to fall asleep. I love the books. I only wish I had a great many more, but they cost a lot of money. Grandad would buy them for me, if he could. He's often sorry he cannot.' 'Well, everybody to his fancy. Mine isn't for books,' I says, 'so you're welcome to my share of learnin', though what use it will be to you is more than I can guess. My Jack is earning good wages, for his age, and you——' Then I stopped, for the sight of Dick Holgate's face made me so as I couldn't go on, he looked so miserable. 'That's just it,' he said. 'I want to do something and earn money for Grandad. He has been so very good to me, and now he is getting older, and I am big and strong, I ought to be working for him. He always tells me to have a bit more patience, and puts me in

mind how my mother said I must be guided by him. What can I do?"

"Well, I declare! Dick said all that to you, did he? He's a truth-telling lad, anyway, so no doubt that's true; and we all know the old man is just wrapped up in him. He thinks there never was another lad so sharp as Dick, though I think you an' me could each show one that would teach Master Holgate a thing or two, though maybe not in the way of book-learning."

"There's a deal in making lads understand in good time what they've got to do," said the matron appealed to. "I made mine go a bit short at meal-times, every now and then, when they were quite little, so as they might be on the look-out to pick up odd coppers for errands and such, when they had a chance. Nothing sharpens a lad up like feeling hungry now and again."

"I could never ha' done that," said the gentle-spoken woman, who had, as the others expressed it, "stuck up for Dick Holgate." "I could take the last bit from my lips and go hungry myself, sooner than one of my children should go short of a good meal."

"Aye, you are a bit soft, like Owd Roger is with Dick," was the reply, accompanied by a chorus of laughter.

"I'm not ashamed of being like Owd Roger. I'd sooner be soft than hard, any day," said the other; and taking up her pails, which had been resting on the ground during the talk, she went indoors to prepare the family dinner.

The others took a few more minutes to discuss Roger and his boy. They agreed that the old man was killing himself to keep the pair of them and that Dick might be "quite my gentleman."

Who else in Glinderses troubled to get up on a Sunday morning and tidy up before dinner-time? Who else troubled whether their big lads went to school or church on Sunday? It was good to get the little ones out of the way, for they were only in everybody's road, meddling and hindering, whilst the best dinner of the week was being cooked. The

working boys wanted a bit of holiday, and the elder girls were handy at home; but sunshine or rain, Roger and Dick went off together as the bells began to ring.

They agreed that there was a deal in habit; that when you'd been brought up to anything you'd miss it if you gave up.

They wondered how long those threadbare garments would hang on Old Roger's back, or whether he would astonish Glinderses by coming out in new ones. They allowed that in spite of his poor clothing Roger always

looked respectable, and that he was wonderful particular about cleanliness. In fact, they lauded a great many excellences in their old neighbour which they never dreamed of imitating, and, with one consent, praised him as a real good man, without asking themselves what made the difference between him and themselves.

Little did the dwellers in Glinderses guess that Roger looked forward with deep longing for the dawn of each Sunday. Not merely because on that day he was not compelled to rise in the small hours, and trudge wearily, first to market, and then, with his laden barrow, from street to street, and from door to door.

He tried to put all the toils and cares of the business week out of his mind, as much

as the barrow and basket were out of sight, on Sundays.

As a boy, Roger had received most of his "teaching" at the Sunday Schools belonging to the oldest of the city churches. Now, at threescore years old, he was wont to speak to Dick of the old school and those who taught in it, with equal reverence and affection.

"The Sunday School was the only place for such as me in those days," he would say. "The teachers were the best of friends to us. If I've any good in me now, Dick, I have to thank my old teacher for sowing the seed of it, and to praise God for makin' me willin' to take it in, and givin' it increase as the years rolled on.



"'I'D SOONER BE SOFT THAN HARD.'"



"I got a bit, a very little bit, of day schoolin' after that, and learned to write a bit, so as I hadn't to ask anybody else to put what I wanted on paper. I did a few sums, too, and I found out I could reckon pretty well when I came to be put to it. I owed that to my Sunday-school teacher, for he was fond of me, though, being a spirrity lad, and up to any sort of fun, I often gave him a lot of trouble. He's dead and gone many a year since, but I've never left off thankin' God for givin' me such a friend as he was, and for puttin' it into people's heads to have Sunday Schools in those old days."

"Plenty of the boys make game of Sunday Schools now. They laugh at me for going, and both of us for attending the same old church," said Dick. "They say the teachers often know less than the boys now, and they wonder I can sit and listen, for I cannot learn from them."

"That is because they know no better. They think the only learnin' that's worth having is that which teaches them how to get on in this world, to get most wages, to turn a shilling into a crown the quickest way. These things are all right in their way, so long as people don't forget to be honest and true in the hurry to get money. You have to be sharp and keep your wits about you in these days, when everybody's fightin' for the same thing—the poor folks to have a bit for a rainy day, or old age when it comes; those that have a little to get more; those that are rich to add to the cares money brings with it, by heaping the pile higher and higher. There's better learnin' than that, Dick. The learnin' that teaches a poor man to be content with his little and to trust God for to-morrow, if, after doing his best, he can only see bread for to-day. The learnin' that teaches him who has something to spare to give a look round that he may help the brother who has less than enough. The learnin' that makes the richest understand that he is only the steward to the greatest Master of all, and that when his Master calls him from this world, all he can take with him will be just the power to render an account of the wealth spent or left behind. These things have to be learned yet, my lad, and the young can be scholars, and the old teachers in the Sunday Schools, same as they were when I was a child, and both sorts be the better for it."

So Old Roger and young Dick spent their Sundays after the fashion of bygone years in the case of the man, and in accordance with his mother's earliest training, as regarded the boy. They occupied the same seats in church every Sunday the year through, and many members of that great congregation would have felt that something was wanting had the old man, with the pale face and threadbare garments, or his bright boy-companion, been absent.

No one connected with the church had ever visited the archway chamber in Glinders' Court; but only Roger could have told why. Glinderses was not in the same parish as the church, which had a vast population

around it. So, when its Rector had made inquiries, Roger had thanked him gratefully, but said he lived too far off to be visited when there were so many to be looked after. All the same, if he were in trouble, or ill, he'd not forget to let the gentleman know.

(To be continued.)

## SUNDAY QUESTIONS.

BY THE REV. W. SUNDERLAND LEWIS, M.A.,  
*Vicar of St. Mary's, Hornsey Rise, N.; Author of "Festival Hymns," etc.*

### QUESTIONS ON THE BIBLE.

WHERE do we read in Scripture—

1. Of ten men on a journey with a cruel lie in their hands;
2. Of the same ten men in a painful position which helped to remind them of that lie;
3. Of ten men who did in the darkness what the man who led them was afraid to do in the light;
4. Of ten men who were made very angry by what they heard of two more;
5. Of ten men who declared undoubted truth, but were not believed for a week;
6. Of ten men on a journey, which was followed by their confessing a truth in which countless multitudes since have rejoiced; and in which, also, we ourselves may well rejoice if we will?

### QUESTIONS ON THE PRAYER-BOOK.

(The Collect for Ash Wednesday.)

1. With what passages in Psalm cxlv. and 1 Tim. ii. may the opening part of this Collect be compared?
2. Where is the proper place, what the true nature, and whence the only source of genuine repentance, according to the teaching of the next part of the same? See also, in part, the Gospel and Epistle for this day.
3. By what two principal outward signs is such repentance best shown, according to the same teaching?
4. What twofold blessing may be expected to follow; and on what only account?

### BURIED TRUTH.

In what one most encouraging respect do the recorded experiences of Abraham, Lot, Jacob, Moses, and Job; also of the prophets Amos, Elijah, and Elisha; also of the Syro-Phœnician woman in St. Mark vii.; and the nobleman in St. John iv.; and the centurion in St. Matt. viii.; and the Saviour Himself in St. Luke xxii.;—more or less closely resemble each other? In what way, also, is the same encouragement further fortified by what we read of the expectations of St. Paul in 1. Philippians and Philemon?

WHAT YOU CAN DO.—There is one thing the labourer can do to raise himself in civil station, moral growth, and domestic comfort; he may empty the jug into the bucket; he and his family may consume in solids, what they now do in frothy liquids.—ELIHU BURRITT.

## OUR PARISH CHURCHES.

## VI.—ST. JAMES'S, HOLLOWAY.

 HIS well-known North-London church was consecrated by Bishop Blomfield in 1838, at a time when there were only six churches (including the mother-church of St. Mary) in the parish of Islington—now the largest and most populous parish in London. Since then “merrie Islington” has lost all claim to be considered a “rural” deanery, except in name, being now practically covered by the ever-growing mass of bricks and mortar required to house the rapidly increasing population. As it was in 1838, open, verdant, and rural, the district formed the happy recreation-ground of the jaded citizen of that day.

The external structure of St. James's was modelled after the Temple of Erechtheus at Athens, and the interior arrangements were of a simple nature, in keeping with the services intended to be held.

The pews are something between the old-fashioned, straight-backed, uncomfortable, family-pew type, and the more modern seat; while a two-decker pulpit lends an air of antiquity which is antecedent to the epoch of gas-lighting and water-heating. The present appearance of the interior is, however, somewhat different to the original plans, consequent upon alterations which have from time to time been found expedient, to meet the requirements of the worshippers. The church was enlarged in 1839 and then provided 1075 sittings, of which one-third were free. In the year 1850, owing to the increasing number attending, the advisability of rebuilding the church was seriously entertained; but no new site or additional ground could be obtained, and it was eventually decided to increase the seating capacity of the church by an additional and second gallery which runs round three sides of the building, thus accommodating nearly nineteen hundred people, over nine hundred seats being free. A new organ was placed at the west end, and the church assumed very much the same appearance as it presents at the present time, the building having cost about £12,000, raised by voluntary contributions with the exception of about £1600.

The congregational character of the services has remained practically unchanged, there never having been any choir, but each worshipper feeling it a privilege to take part in the responses and singing.

The ministry of the church has been sustained by a succession of remarkably earnest, eloquent, and gifted men, who have from time to time attracted large congregations by a faithful announcement of the Divine love.

The first Incumbent, the Rev. W. B. Mackenzie, M.A., was appointed in 1838, and the rest of his life constituted a record of work “in the Gospel” until his death in 1870. There are old members of the congregation who still recall with pleasure his faithful ministrations and “labour of love” for his Lord. Suitable memorials are to be seen in the church, and also in the Day and Sunday Schools adjoining, which owe their inception to

his Christian zeal and fervour, and have been maintained with great blessing to the neighbourhood ever since. The Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter, M.A., acted as curate-in-charge during Mr. Mackenzie's illness, and, upon his death, was appointed Incumbent. His fine, scholarly, and eloquent sermons attracted one of the largest congregations in the north of London, and under him many useful parochial institutions were inaugurated. The most notable are the Mackerzi Nurses' Home, instituted as a memorial to his predecessor, and The Parochial Lecture Hall. It would be impossible to gauge the utility of both these institutions, the former being practically a “medical mission,” under the care of an honorary lady superintendent, the value of which is untold to the parish, and the latter, a centre of parochial work of every kind, from Sunday and week-day Mission services to temperance meetings, gymnastic displays, and flower-shows, etc.

For nearly ten years Mr. Carpenter laboured in the parish, beloved by all, until he was preferred to the Vicarage of Christ Church, Lancaster Gate. He is now best known as the Bishop of Ripon, and one of the brightest ornaments of the Church.

His successor, the Rev. Edward A. Stuart, M.A., came to the parish, from Norwich, in 1880, and he fully sustained the reputation of St. James's, for pulpit oratory. His ministry was much blessed, and there are many who will look back upon the happy time when, under the guidance of God's Holy Spirit and through the word spoken, they became followers of Him Whom the preacher sought to glorify.

The jubilee of St. James's was celebrated in 1888, and as a partial commemoration of the occasion, the means of ingress and egress were considerably improved. A Jubilee Fund was also started, by which nearly £1200 was raised, to free the Lecture Hall from a mortgage debt of £1000 and to provide a nucleus of a Vicarage Fund. The scheme was warmly taken up some four years later, and a suitable building erected and opened free of debt in 1893, at a cost of nearly £4000. The Rev. E. A. Stuart was then appointed Vicar of St. Matthew's, Bayswater.

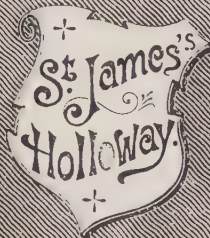
Under the present Vicar, the Rev. E. Grose Hodge, M.A., who was appointed to St. James's in 1894, the work of the parish is well maintained. The Day and Sunday Schools are loyally supported by the congregation, and in the last four years some £400 or £500 has been expended in meeting the requirements of Government to secure their efficiency. The hearty co-operation of upwards of thirty men teachers, and a similar number of lady teachers in the Sunday Schools, many of whom give time in the week to the carrying on of youths' and girls' institutes and gymnasiums, render these agencies amongst the young an incalculable power for good.

Reference has already been made to the Nurses' Home, through which the sick poor are carefully attended in their own homes as well as at the institu-





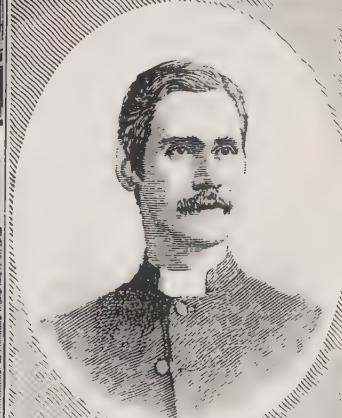
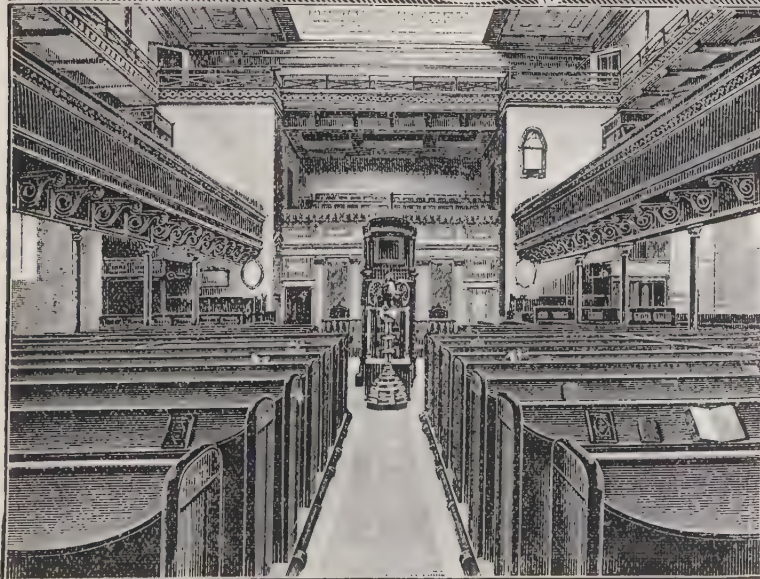
REV. W.B. MACKENZIE.



REV. W.B. CARPENTER.



REV. A. STUART.



REV. E.G. HODGE.

ST. JAMES'S, HOLLOWAY.  
 Specially engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY.

tion itself, and supplied with nourishing food, well cooked. In addition there are clothing societies, boot clubs, a sick benefit society, and penny bank, etc., to help the thrifty. The whole system of poor relief is under the control of a committee, to whom the district visitors report cases for investigation. A Christmas club has also been most successful for the last two years.

The coffee tavern started by the Rev. E. A. Stuart has not succeeded as such, but the building is occupied for a working girls' rest, to meet the needs of factory hands in the neighbourhood, and is used for other services on Sundays and week-days.

It has been found advisable to double the Mothers' Meetings, affording an opportunity of an evening as well as an afternoon meeting.

Great prominence has been given under the present Vicar to a development of the Temperance Society's work, and there are at least two or three meetings weekly through the winter, and open-air meetings in the summer, for this object.

A monthly *Messenger*, containing a letter from the Vicar on matters of parochial and general interest, has been inaugurated, and is distributed by the Visitors, free, to every house in the district—in addition to a parish magazine regularly subscribed for by many.

A large class for young women in houses of business, commenced by the Rev. E. A. Stuart, at 9 on Friday evenings, still continues its weekly meetings with much success. There are also Bible-classes weekly, for men on Wednesdays, and on Sundays for young men and women, working men and factory girls. A children's week-day Bible-class for the congregation, commenced by the Rev. W. B. Mackenzie, has been continued by each successive Vicar, and still meets on Saturday afternoons.

The congregation at St. James's has always taken great interest in Foreign Missionary work, and, by Gleaners' Unions, and Sowers' Bands, and the Mpwapwa Missionary Band and Working Parties, much has been done to stir up in the hearts of the people their sense of responsibility. Several members of the congregation have gone out into the Mission Field.

The congregation has always included some who come from a long distance, and the tendency to move farther out has compelled many to sever their connection with the Church. The parish itself is poor, the surrounding neighbourhood is getting more so, and the congregation generally is less able to support the agencies of the church. Yet it is remarkable, and a cause for great thankfulness, how liberally they respond to the many appeals necessarily made to them, and how workers have been forthcoming to carry on practically every branch of work inaugurated by former Vicars, but to which the requirements of the neighbourhood have called for important additions.

The anxieties and responsibilities of the parish are neither few nor small, and the clergy need, and are

happy in having, the warm and earnest support of a large body of lay-workers in every department.

Our portraits have been engraved from photographs by Messrs. T. C. Turner & Co., of Barnsbury.

## FEAST OF ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

(September 29th.)

ONS of God! His mighty Army!  
Instinct with His Life, and Light;  
Robed in flame, ethereal spirits,

Beauteous in your Maker's sight.  
Flashing like the summer lightning  
As ye speed your earthward flight.

Ye, God's ministers of vengeance,  
At His word unsheath the sword,  
Doubting not His loving kindness,  
Singing "Holy is the Lord;  
True and righteous are His judgments,  
And by all to be adored."

Chariots of the Lord's salvation!  
Swifter than the winds ye fly,  
Succouring the poor and helpless,  
Bearing righteous souls on high,  
Countless worlds, God's fair Creation  
Tending, 'neath His guiding Eye.

Standing in His holy Presence,  
Flying to perform His will,  
Nature's hidden powers controlling,  
Waging ceaseless war with ill,  
All God's "little ones" upholding,  
Serving thus—ye worship still.

Lord, we thank Thee for Thine Angels,  
Excellent in power and might;  
Who Thy wandering sheep have tended  
Self-forgetting, day and night,  
And, as each is safely folded,  
Sharing in their Lord's delight.

Angel Hosts, Thy Throne surrounding,  
Condescend to our estate  
We on earth, Thy blood-bought Portion,  
Their glad worship emulate,  
Longing to behold Thy glory,  
Yet content Thy time to wait.

Then, for ever nearest to Thee,  
Chosen, tried, and faithful found;  
Angels, Thrones, Dominions, Princes,  
See, the saints Thy Throne surround,  
As the Bridegroom's friends, rejoicing  
That His spotless Bride is crowned.

Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Lead, O Bride, the ceaseless strain;  
Alleluia! Choirs of Angels,  
Join ye in the glad refrain;  
Alleluia! All Creation  
Praise the Lord! Amen, Amen.

ESTHER WIGLESWORTH.



## THE LANTERN IN THE PARISH.

BY THE REV. H. BEDFORD PIM, M.A.



THE increased opportunity that present-day arrangements afford for collecting and teaching large numbers of people at once will be thrown away unless some means be at hand for quickly holding and impressing them when so gathered together.

The power to do this most effectively is to be found in the use of the magic-lantern, no longer the

toy or the mysterious pleasure-giver of our childhood, but a highly perfected scientific instrument, next to a man the most potent educational weapon of the day. And that for this reason: whereas the power of holding and leading others by the ears is given to but few and to them only for a time; the eye has been, and ever will be, the avenue the most easy of entrance, and quickest to receive and retain impressions.

Thus much in introduction, not as an apology for talking seriously about a magic-lantern, but, by restating a familiar truth, to show how important it is for the Church to be up-to-date in methods, if she is to maintain her claims to be a teaching and educating force in the world.

We must say at once that a magic-lantern is a necessary part of the mechanical outfit of every parish wherein is a place to collect a fair-sized audience which needs teaching. How is this to be obtained? The usual objection is lack of funds, an obstacle sure to be overcome by patience and determination. A thoroughly efficient lantern is by no means expensive; it need not be "brass bound and extra finished," nor must it be a "double" or "triple" instrument. On the other hand, advertisements of second-hand lanterns should be avoided; they are frequently seen in weekly journals, and if answered too usually produce disappointment and disgust. A lantern must be good to be useful, and must therefore cost a fair price; a responsible firm should be dealt with, if satisfaction is to be guaranteed.

But it may happen that a parish really cannot afford to have its own lantern outfit: the only remedy in such a case is co-operation. Let three or four adjoining parishes combine and purchase a lantern for their common use, under the management of a small committee (the Vicars and churchwardens would suffice), to regulate its joint use by the interested parishes.

There seems to be no drawback to such a scheme except the unfortunate lack of power or desire for combined effort which so frequently stands between the officials of the various parishes in the same town. We venture to think that, once adopted, this plan would soon become popular. Another means of meeting want of funds is to devote the profits of entertainments—and why not an occasional collection in church?—to the "Parish Lantern Fund."

So much for the requirements of finance. It is next asked, What is absolutely necessary for a useful lantern outfit?

A single lantern, simple, and strongly made, with a lens of about six inches in focus. It may be lighted by oil or gas; if by gas, part is supplied from the ordinary main, the rest, which is oxygen, is used under very high pressure in a steel cylinder. These cylinders, with their fittings, meters, and regulators, can be hired, but a great deal of expense is saved in the end, especially in carriage to and fro, if they are purchased outright. There must be a screen on which to project the pictures; this may be a sheet stretched on cords, but a permanently fixed screen on rollers at one end of the room is much more convenient, being always ready at a moment's notice. These are the essentials. In addition it is very convenient to have an elevated stand on which to place the lantern at the proper height for the screen; it should have a platform at one side for the operator and should be strongly and heavily made.

The working of a lantern is learned much more quickly by actual practical instruction than by following the most carefully written instructions. The people from whom lanterns are purchased are always ready to teach their use, and are quite capable of doing so. There is no mystery about a lantern, and no one need be deterred from buying one by the fear of not being able to fathom its secret in order to make it work.

No lantern is of use without slides to show in it. These can now be hired so cheaply, of such excellent quality and relating to almost every subject, that it is quite unnecessary for a parish to have a large collection of slides. At the same time much useful teaching by the lantern is often lost through a wish to save constant hiring fees, and it would be a great gain for any parish to have its own set of slides to illustrate Bible teaching in the schools. For use at Mission Services, a few well-selected hymns—and among these the *Story of the Cross* should find a place—and a carefully chosen series from the Old and New Testaments to illustrate Type and Fulfilment, the Sacraments and the Life of Christ and that of St. Paul, will be found of constant use. The series of slides taken from the *Doré Bible* are perhaps the best to be had at present, but it is to be hoped that photographic slides of many works of the old Masters, notably Fra Angelico, may before long be obtainable

in this country. Something remains to be said as to the use of the lantern.

In our parish schools its value has scarcely been tested. For driving home the substance of lessons previously taught in class, it is a most powerful assistant. During the winter months it can be used almost immediately after the close of afternoon school, and few scholars would object if asked to remain an extra half-hour to submit to a lantern lesson. This of course applies to both religious and secular subjects: of the latter, history and geography are easily illustrated, and in respect of the former the writer can speak from experience as to the permanence of the impression produced by a weekly glance at the Scripture lessons, in the shape of Bible Pictures, put simultaneously before the whole school.

When we approach the question of using the lantern in church we are supposed to be on delicate ground. Why? Is it not a constant helper in Mission rooms, a constant means of attracting people into unconsecrated buildings, for a religious service? There is no room here to set out, much less to discuss, all the arguments for and against the use of the lantern in church, but if the chief objection is found in the possible danger of irreverence or of making a church a place of entertainment, the answer is very simple: Let it be tried. Failure or success will depend on the spirit in which it is undertaken—a spirit which is morally certain to spread through the congregation and influence their behaviour.

It will be easily understood that the conductor of a lantern service must be of the right sort—quiet, ready, able to pick out the central point of each picture and to force it home quickly in few words; for the picture is the sermon, and the conductor only a commentator.

A convenient form of service consists in a regular sequence of prayer, picture, address, hymn, and it should open with a careful explanation of the order of service. The hymns should be appropriate and short, and if possible led by a choir. Use few pictures, but let them be good ones; if coloured, the best procurable as works of art, and not the usual gaudy daubs. The service should not exceed an hour in length; in many cases three-quarters of an hour is quite sufficient. If held in church it is a good plan to block up the chancel arch as much as possible with the screen; the lantern is then placed quite out of sight in the choir and the sheet damped to allow the pictures to show through. The addresses are then given from the pulpit. It is very important to have all the gas that is lit in the church under control from one master tap, that full light may be obtained in an instant in the event of any disturbance taking place from any cause whatever. It is only necessary to impress upon the people that they are in God's House, and there will then be small risk of irreverence.

## A VISIT TO JOPPA.

BY THE REV. S. F. HARRIS, M.A., B.C.L.,

*Vicar of Walton-le-dale.*



THE wailing place of the Jews is just outside the Temple area in Jerusalem. The wailing place of many Gentiles is about a mile from the shore of Jaffa. The former wail because they are not allowed by the powers that be to set foot within their long-lost Temple ground. The latter often wail because the elements are forbidding them to set foot on the land which has been the dream of a lifetime and the object and goal of a journey of many hundred miles.

Some of us were bemoaning our fate, as for nearly two days we were gazing upon Jaffa, longing to land, but absolutely forbidden by the roughness of the sea. The last day of the old year was the time fixed for landing at Jaffa. At about 10.30 a.m. the hills of Palestine became visible. Every eye was strained to take in the first view of the Holy Land. At one o'clock we dropped anchor, changing the disagreeable motion of pitching and tossing for the even more disagreeable rolling motion while anchored. The attempt to be amused with the performances of the deck chairs and their occupants was a very sad one. The shadow of a great disappointment was hanging over us. We had looked forward for months to visiting Jerusalem and all the other precious spots, and now there was some possibility of our having to return to England without landing at all. And only about a mile of sea as the fatal hindrance!

We slept in hope. We awoke to renewed disappointment. There seemed to be no abatement in the uneasiness of the sea. And during the morning the gale increased rather than otherwise. The sorrows of Tantalus were not to be compared with ours. So near and yet so far! About noon, as the result of a conference of the authorities, nautical and other, it was resolved that we should make for Haifa, the next so-called port, about sixty miles to the north. The delay was not all loss, because thereby we had the opportunity of seeing Mount Carmel with all its sacred memories, and Acre with its historical associations. The names Mar Elyas and El-Maharrakah ("the burning" or "the sacrifice") recall the great event of 1 Kings xviii. and the prophet who was one of its central figures. Haifa itself was of interest, not only on account of its rapid progress as a town, and its railway to Damascus in course of construction, but also on account of its Mission work. But still Haifa was not the town we were aspiring after. Jerusalem and nothing else would satisfy us. Even the proposal of landing and going to Nazareth would not in any wise compensate for the loss of Jerusalem.

When we awoke in the morning, at an early hour, we realized that we were no longer at anchor—that we



were moving, and, what was better, were moving to the south—making for the same spot where we had spent the weary, tantalising hours. We came to the conclusion that this must mean that the state of the sea was more hopeful. About breakfast time we again saw the view which had become so familiar—the town of Jaffa. But this time instead of waves and nothing more there was a busy scene near the land. Boats were there, and soon they were observed to be moving towards us. What a gladdening of our hearts! What a relief to our deepening disappointment! In a few hours, or it might be minutes, our feet would be on the shore of that country which His feet had trodden.

The story of the difficulties of landing at Jaffa has

Your uncle could not deliver himself up so unconditionally, and though he had to submit to being projected from the vessel he could not help struggling more or less with his arms and legs in mid air, and did not tumble so easily into the boat as I did, who said to myself, 'I am nothing but a bale of goods, and will act accordingly.'

This getting into the boats is effected amidst an indescribable tumult, as the crews of the various boats seem determined to use their lungs to the utmost in their attempt to obtain passengers, and thus to gain extra money. Baedeker observes: "No attention, however, should be paid to their noisy representations and violent gestures." And he adds a list of Arabic



EMBARKING AT JOPPA.

*Specially photographed for THE CHURCH MONTHLY.*

often been told. The rocks keep vessels at a distance, but at the same time form a breakwater to the small lagoon inside. There is only a narrow opening, some ten or twelve feet wide, and through this the surf boats must make their certain way, or perish with all their living freight. But the first difficulty is in getting into the boat. Now it was close to the ship's ladder—now, by the next wave, it was carried yards away. The only thing was to do as you were told, and to submit to be regarded as a bundle to be thrown from one or two pairs of hands to one or two other pairs of hands. The sister of Canon Liddon, in writing to her niece about their experiences at Jaffa, gives the following description: "The captain lent us two sailors to carry L., and she was tossed to those in the boat quite comfortably.

expressions useful on the occasion. They are very significant: "It is unnecessary," "I do not care for you," "Be quiet," "Begone!" (a word which may be accompanied by a significant motion with one's stick), etc. And now we are making for the shore, the boatmen pulling with a will. They are grandly made fellows for the most part; and the chant which accompanies the beat of their oars is very striking. As they reach the wall of rock, "one of the dirtiest bits of reef in the world," their efforts and their screams are redoubled. They know they have only a very narrow passage to bring their boat through, and that if they do not make a good shot before the narrowness prevents their rowing, that then—well, they hardly know what then. But travellers may have the greatest confidence

in their skill. And now we have passed the bar and are in smooth water.

If it were not for the babel which proceeds from the noisy crowd on the landing place, a tumult which almost forbids quiet thought, the first step on the Holy Land would be a most solemn event. As it is, we try to shut out the disturbing element, and we raise our hats as we realise that now we are really in *His* country, the piece of the earth which He chose to associate with the greater part of His Sacred Book, and especially to associate with His own wonderful earthly life. We are on the shore. This is Yâfa, as it is called now, or Jaffa, or, in Bible language, Joppa. Joppa! What a crowd of Scripture memories! It was to this port that the floats bearing King Hiram's present of cedar and pine wood from Mount Lebanon for the Temple came. And when the second Temple was being built under Zerubbabel, similar materials were brought hither by permission of Cyrus. It was here that Jonah, having found a ship on the point of sailing for Tarshish, paid his fare and went on board, foolishly fleeing, as he tried to persuade himself, from the presence of his omniscient Maker. It was here that St. Peter saw his "vision of tolerance." It was here that Dorcas exercised her unostentatious charity which has connected her name with many a scheme for lessening the privations of the poor.

"Jaffa" is said to be derived from "*Yafo*" ("beauty"). The person who gave it the name must certainly have done so from the outside of the place, not the inside, or certainly he would have awarded another designation—unless, of course, matters have greatly changed. The view from the ship as the coast is approached is certainly one of great beauty. The houses, rising in terraces, and with a pleasant variety of form, present an attractive appearance.

"Oldest of cities, linked with sacred truth  
And classic fable from thy earliest dawn,  
By name, *The Beautiful!*"

The classic fable is, of course, the story of Perseus and Andromeda. For a long time the place was shown on the rocks of the harbour where Andromeda was bound before she was released by Perseus. Sir John Maundeville, the traveller of the fourteenth century, gives another explanation of the name: "The town is called Jaffa because one of the sons of Noah, named Japhet, founded it, and now it is called Joppa; and you shall understand that it is one of the oldest towns of the world, for it was founded before Noah's flood." The authority for this last statement is Pliny.

(To be continued.)

#### Pithy Proverbs.

He is not poor that hath little, but he that desireth much.  
Write injuries in dust, but kindnesses in marble.  
Better a friendly "No" than a grudging "Yes."

## PRACTICAL HINTS FOR COTTAGERS ON POULTRY-KEEPING.

BY THE REV. THOMAS W. STURGES, B.A.,  
*Vicar of Marston, Northwich.*

(Continued from page 190.)



GLANCE at some of the details of successful management may now be taken. In order to do well poultry must be hatched at the right time of the year, must be well grown, and kept in a thoroughly healthy condition. To maintain this state they must have pure air at night, through efficient ventilation, a good supply of pure water, suitable food and exercise, good houses, and shelter from rain and biting winds, and thorough cleanliness.

#### TIME TO HATCH.

Reliable incubators are not yet cheap enough for the cottager to purchase, or he could hatch at any time. But he must do his best to secure a steady broody hen or two in March and April if he intends to rear the heavier breeds for winter laying, and if the lighter and non-sitting varieties not later than April or early May. The object is to get the pullets fully matured by September or October, when they should commence to lay and continue through the winter. If they are hatched later and the cold weather finds them only three parts grown, the probability is that they will never grow to a full size, and will not commence to lay till January or February, when eggs are cheap. On the other hand, a pullet of the sitting variety which has been laying all winter will want to sit as soon as a few warm days appear in February or March, and so serve a double, useful purpose.

A watchful eye should be kept to distinguish the best layers. These will usually be found to have narrow heads and necks, with bright, large, intelligent eyes, and to be the most active among the flock, first out in the morning, and the latest to roost at night. As a rule, too, they *commence* to lay at an earlier age than the rest. These should be kept on for a second



year for the breeding pen, while the sluggards should be killed before they die from fat.

#### HOUSING.

For a breeding pen a house five feet by four feet, to hold eight or ten birds, is large enough. A good average space for each fowl is two square feet, and perching room nine inches long. Fowl that are overcrowded never do well. The perches should all be of one height, say eighteen inches or two feet from the floor. This prevents quarrels as to which shall have the highest perch. Ample ventilation must be provided; a through current well above the heads of the fowl is best, but draughts must be avoided. Where it can be arranged, fowl should be kept together in small numbers, separate runs being provided for each flock of ten or a dozen. When they run together in flocks of above twenty-five or thirty, nothing like so good a percentage of eggs is obtainable.

#### CLEANLINESS.

The floor of the roosting house should be covered two inches deep with ashes from the hearth, finely riddled; or with dry sand, earth, or peat moss. These catch the droppings and act as deodorisers. In very warm weather the excrement should be removed daily, and in every case not less than once a week. The manure should be stowed away in a dry place, and is very valuable for grass crops or for garden purposes. Where the excrement is allowed to accumulate month after month, what wonder if the constitution of the birds is weakened through breathing foul air, and that they readily die of disease!

#### INSECT PESTS.

Another branch of cleanliness is to see that the birds and their houses are free from vermin. Of the many kinds three deserve special notice.

1. The parasite which infests the body of the fowl. These should be destroyed by dusting well into the fluff and under the wings with insect-powder. A cheap and effective kind is made by mixing together equal quantities of Dalmatian insect-powder, and flowers of sulphur. More little chickens dwindle and die from these parasites, caught from the old hen's fluff, than from every other cause put together. If chickens ail, examine and apply the powder. The hens should be provided with a good dust bath, which is a great aid to their cleanliness.

2. The red mite, a tiny bug which swarms under the perches or in cracks or crevices, and comes out at night and sucks the blood from the fowl. Painting the perches with paraffin oil, if regularly done, say once a month, and lime-washing the house frequently, mixing a little carbolic acid in the wash, will keep them down, though they are difficult to dislodge if they once take hold. Many failures to obtain eggs in winter must be attributed to this source, as the fowl are

subject to these pests during the long winter evenings for twelve or sixteen hours without rest.

3. The poultry-flea, which makes its presence acutely felt from April to October, even attacking the person of the poultry-attendant. These can be kept down altogether by cleanliness, by frequently changing the material in the laying nest, and by whitewashing as directed above. If the dried leaves of the common bracken fern are used to make the nest, it is said that poultry-fleas will be absent.

#### FEEDING.

Feeding poultry is an art in itself, and only brief hints can be given here. For laying fowl two meals a day are sufficient. The first should be given early in morning (in the winter as soon as they are let out). The ideal morning meal consists of equal quantities of barley meal, sharps, or middlings, and finely ground oats, scalded and mixed together into a crumbly mass; to this may be added any scraps from the table. If small potatoes are plentiful and cheap they may be mixed with the above; but they are very fattening, and should be used with care. The evening meal should consist of hard grain: wheat, oats, barley, *dari*, or buckwheat, are all suitable. Indian corn, if given at all, should be sparingly employed, as it is too fattening for laying hens, and deficient in egg-forming materials. It is useful for the sitting hen, and for an occasional meal in very cold or frosty weather. Fresh water should be given once or more daily, in clean earthenware vessels by preference, and should be kept out of the sun. Unless the birds have a good grass run, green food, in the form of cabbages or swede turnips, should be regularly supplied. Food should never be allowed to lie about from one meal to another. Another most important item to be regularly supplied is grit, to assist the digestion of the food. Flint grit is the best, and can be bought at five shillings per hundredweight, which is enough to last a hundred fowl for a year. But any broken plates or china, or glass, if broken into pieces about the size of split peas, will answer the purpose. A small box should be provided to put it in, from which the birds will readily help themselves. It can then be easily seen when more is needed. Many fowl mope and die from indigestion and kindred ailments for want of grit.

As a last word of advice, let me caution you never to allow your laying hens to get fat, or you will have an empty egg-basket. They should be fed sparingly and with discretion, otherwise the food is wasted and the fowl cease to be profitable. It is probable that even more failures are incurred in this way by mistaken kindness, or carelessness, than by want of cleanliness.

By using such hints as are here set forth, and others which will suggest themselves to the thoughtful mind, the bright healthfulness of the birds will more than repay for the trouble taken, and a nice little nest-egg will be laid by for future use.

# O Father, All-Creating.\*

Words by CANON ELLERTON.

(By permission of the Proprietors of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*.)

*Smoothly.*

Music by W. JOHN REYNOLDS, Mus.D., Lond.

(Organist St. Michael's, Cornhill.)

The musical score is written for voice and organ. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 4/2 time signature. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with the organ accompaniment in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes. The score is divided into four systems, each with two staves. The first system begins with a piano (p) dynamic marking. The second system has a 'bound' marking above the notes. The third system has a 'f' (forte) dynamic marking. The fourth system has a 'dim.' (diminuendo) marking and a 'p' (piano) dynamic marking. The lyrics are: 'I. O Fa - ther all - cre - a - ting, Whose wis - dom, love, and power..... First bound two lives to - ge - - ther In E - den's pri - mal hour,..... To - day to these Thy chil - - dren Thine ear - liest gifts re - new,..... A home by Thee made hap - - py, A love by Thee kept true. A - men.'

2. O Saviour, Guest most bounteous  
Of old in Galilee,  
Vouchsafe to-day Thy presence  
With these who call on Thee;  
Their store of earthly gladness  
Transform to Heavenly wine,  
And teach them, in the tasting,  
To know the gift is Thine.

3. O Spirit of the Father,  
Breathe on them from above,  
So mighty in Thy pureness,  
So tender in Thy love;

That guarded by Thy presence,  
From sin and strife kept free,  
Their lives may own Thy guidance,  
Their hearts be ruled by Thee.

4. Except Thou build it, Father,  
The house is built in vain;  
Except Thou, Saviour, bless it,  
The joy will turn to pain;  
But nought can break the marriage  
Of hearts in Thee made one,  
And love Thy Spirit hallows  
Is endless love begun. Amen.

\* Composed for the Marriage of the Rev. R. H. SINCLAIR, M.A., Vicar of St. Anselm's, W.



## OUR SUNDAY QUESTIONS.



THE following is the Prize List for the first half of this year—January to June. The names are given in the order of merit. We offered as prizes twelve volumes published at Half-a-Guinea each. The successful competitors will greatly oblige by applying for their prizes without delay, naming one book of the value of the prize offered, or, if preferred, two or three books, the cost of which, added together, equals the amount offered. Letters should be sent to Mr. FREDK. SHERLOCK, "CHURCH MONTHLY" OFFICE, 30 and 31, New Bridge Street, Ludgate Circus, E.C.

| NAME.                                                                   | AGE. | SCHOOL.                                          | ATTESTED BY                     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|--------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. EDITH MELLOWES, The Vicarage, Thornaby-on-Tees, co. Durham.          | 15   |                                                  | Rev. H. Mellowes, Vicar.        |
| 2. MERVYN P. CROZIER, The Vicarage, Holywood, co. Down.                 | 15   |                                                  | Canon Crozier, Vicar.           |
| 3. GERTRUDE BINGHAM, 111, New Cross Road, Hatcham, Surrey.              | 13   | All Saints: Rev. D. A. Townend, M.A., Vicar.     | The Vicar.                      |
| 4. FLORENCE WARD, 43, Rosemont Road, Richmond, Surrey.                  | 14   | Parish Church: Canon Procter, M.A., Vicar.       | Miss Lysaght, S.S. Teacher.     |
| 5. MARY J. DAVIES, School House, Minera, Wrexham, Denbighshire.         | 14   | Parish Church: Rev. T. H. Evans.                 | Mr. F. Davies, S.S. Teacher.    |
| 6. DOROTHY CROSS, 46, Market Street, Ashby de la Zouch, Leicestershire. | 13   | Parish Church: Canon Denton, M.A., Vicar.        | Rev. J. B. Booth, M.A., Curate. |
| 7. ANNIE ROLFE, Broomstick Hall, Cheveley, Newmarket, Cambridgeshire.   |      | Parish Church: Rev. E. K. Douglas, M.A., Rector. | The Rector.                     |
| 8. EDGAR GRAHAM LOAT, 14, Elms Road, Dulwich Village, Surrey.           | 11   |                                                  | Mrs. Loat, Parent.              |
| 9. C. W. COOK 56, Chesterfield Road, Montpelier, Bristol.               |      | St. Barnabas: Rev. T. J. Weight, M.A., Vicar.    | The Vicar.                      |
| 10. CECIL B. ATYEO, Glenholme, Edgcombe Road, Redland, Bristol.         | 14   | St. Saviour's: Rev. W. C. Prideaux, M.A., Vicar. | Mr. W. L. Lamont, S.S. Teacher. |
| 11. EVELINE GREEN, Seed Stores, Wincanton, Somerset.                    |      | Parish Church: Rev. C. Grant-Dalton, Vicar.      | Miss Green, S.S. Teacher.       |
| 12. LEWIS STEVENS, Church Street, Willington, Sussex.                   | 11   | Parish Church: Rev. O. L. Tudor, M.A., Vicar.    | The Vicar.                      |

HONOURABLE MENTION is made of the following Competitors:—

ROLAND TAYLOR, Liverpool; EDITH A. G. MONK, Clapham; ERNEST PAYNE, Three Bridges; ALICE PAYNE, Three Bridges; NELLIE FENN, Richmond; MARION RAYER, Lassington; CORA WATSON, Southport; DOROTHY ROBERTS, Finchley Road, Rosamond J. VEASLY, Maresfield; ISABEL YEOMANS, Penshurst; AGNES SIMMONDS, Kidderminster; WINIFRED M. HENDY, Bristol; STELLA J. M. P. TUDOR, Turkean; SARAH A. HUDSON, Topcliffe; WINNIE COLLETT, Bristol; ELSIE SMITH, Thorley; BERTHA GARDINER, Caterham; CHARLOTTE S. MANNING, Limehouse; STEPHANIE HUDDLESTONE, Hanwell; ELIZABETH HATCHARD, Carleon; MAY CHILD, Barrow-in-Furness; DORA HOWE, Bishop Auckland; GLADWYS E. PENNELL, Broad Clyst; HILARY M. WILKINS, Shoreham; OLIVE E. L. WALKER, Shoeburydness; NELLIE WARD, Great Kingshill.

We append the answers, January to June inclusive:—

JANUARY.—*Bible Questions*: (1) 1 Kings xviii. 10. (2) 2 Kings ii. 15-18. (3) Jer. xxxvi. 26. (4) Acts xii. 18, 19. (5) St. Luke ii. 48-50. (6) Ps. xxxiv. 9, 10.

*Prayer-Book Questions*: (1) That the "faith" is to be confessed, and, as it were, "stood" by, by every member of the Church. See Rom. i. 15, 16. (2) See Heb. xi. 6; Rom. viii. 15; 1 Cor. viii. 6; Gen. xviii. 1; Gen. i. 1; Acts xiv. 15. (3) See Phil. ii. 5-11; especially noting, both here and in the portion of the Creed referred to, the Divinity, Incarnation, obedience, death, and subsequent exaltation above all of "Christ Jesus." (4) See St. Matt. iii. 16, 17, xxviii. 19; 2 Cor. xiii. 14.

*Buried Truth*: See Neh. vi. 15, 16, viii. 9-11.

FEBRUARY.—*Bible Questions*: (1) 2 Kings vii. 8. (2) 2 Kings vi. 21-23. (3) St. John xxi. 9-12. (4) Acts xxvii. 34, 43, 44. (5) Gen. xliii. 33. (6) Exod. xvi. 15 (margin).

*Prayer-Book Questions*: (1) See Ruth ii. 4. (2) As coming after confessing together the "common faith" (Titus i. 4); and before proceeding to common prayer. (3) Because being, like the Greater Litany (i) a call to prayer; and that (ii) prayer especially for mercy; also (iii) repeated prayer for mercy; also (iv) in a form which seems to recognise the threefold nature of God. (4) The earlier form, being an introduction to *praise*, had the doxology in it; the later not, as an introduction to prayer.

*Buried Truth*: See Neh. viii. 13-17; Ezra vi. 15; Josh. i. 1 (all with their marginal dates); also Zech. i. 8, 11; Isa. xli. 19, lx. 13; Ps. lii. 8; Rom. xi. 24, etc., etc.

MARCH.—*Bible Questions*: (1) Heb. xii. 16, 17. (2) 2 Kings iv. 38-40. (3) Ps. lxxviii. 26-31. (4) 1 Kings xiii. 7, 8, 9. (5) 1 Kings xiii. 20-22. (6) St. Matt. xxvi. 2-25.

*Prayer-Book Questions*: (1) Both here, and in Church Militant, and in State Prayers which follow, we have prayer (1) for the Sovereign (2) for the ministers of religion (3) for people at large. (2) Note "that under her we may be godly and quietly governed." See 1 Tim. ii. 2, and Acts ix. 31. (3) This one is *not* taken from Psalms. Compare in Prayer-Book version) Ps. xx. 9, lxxxv. 7, xxviii. 10, li. 10, li. lxxxii. 9; and see Job. xxxiv. 27. (4) The Collects for "peace" and "grace."

*Buried Truth*: See Gen. xiii. 10, 11, xiv. 2, 8-11, xix. 18-23; Deut. xxix. 23; Hos. xi. 8. That it was prayer answered though offered by one who had brought himself into trouble by his own inconsistency. See 1 Kings xxii. 32, 33; 2 Chron. xviii. 31.

APRIL.—*Bible Questions*: Dan. ii. 1; Esther vi. 1. (2) Jonah i. 5; St. Mark iv. 38. (3) Gen. xxviii. 10-12, xxxii. 10. (4) Judges vii. 9-14. (5) Song of Solomon v. 2. (6) Ps. cxxi. 4.

*Prayer-Book Questions*: (1) Note "darkness and light"; "quick and dead"; "mortal and immortal"; humility and glory; casting away and putting on; "now" and at "last"; to "visit" and to "judge." We ought to *desire* the "grace" mentioned because we shall need it when Jesus comes to "judge." We may *hope* for it because He came to "visit" us in mercy and "grace." (2) See how "hope" in God's "word" is spoken of in Ps. cxix. 49, 74, 81, 147. (3) This collect is an example of direct and special prayer to the Second Person in the Holy Trinity, as in Acts vii. 56, 59; 2 Cor. xii. 8, 9. (4) St. Luke xvii. end of verse 21.

*Buried Truth*: See 1 Sam. x. 21-24; 2 Sam. ii. 8, 9; Esther ii. 5-7, 17; 2 Sam. iv. 11. The name "James," twice used in St. Matt. x. 2-4, and elsewhere; and made up of the initials of Jonathan, Abner, Mordecai, Ehud, and Saul (of Tarsus).

MAY.—*Bible Questions*: (1) 1 Kings xx. 14, etc. (2) Gen. xiv. 24. (3) Joel ii. 11, 25, etc. (4) Rev. xii. 7, etc. (5) 1 Sam. xvii. 51. (6) St. Luke xxii. 50, 51.

*Prayer-Book Questions*: (1) "Made of a woman" (Gal. iv. 4) corresponds to "took our nature upon Him"; "made under the law" (*ibid*) corresponds to "became obedient to the law for man"; and taking also our "place." (2) St. Stephen, "seeing" Jesus "as He was," became "like Him" in praying for his murderers. (3) The word "light":—compare "light of Thy truth" with "knowledge of Thy truth"; and "light of everlasting life" with "life everlasting." (4) St. Matt. xviii. 3.

*Buried Truth*: Acts xvi. 12, 14, 15, 40; Gal. iv. 26; Rev. ii. 18, 20; Acts xvi. 16-8.

JUNE.—*Bible Questions*: (1) Josh. vii. 3, 4, viii. 3. (2) 1 Kings xx. 29. (3) Ezek. xxix. 18. (4) Judges iv. 9. (5) Gen. xiv. 13-24. (6) Col. ii. 15.

*Prayer-Book Questions*: (1) In that He was a "living and a shining light" (see Acts xxvi. 17, 18, and compare St. John Baptist, St. John v. 35), which, like that star, led the "Gentiles" to Christ. (2) We see that prayer consists in "calling" upon God for the supply ("grant") of our wants; that this should be done in much earnestness (beseeching) and in dependence only on the "mercy" of God in "Jesus Christ"; and with the twofold object especially

(1) of *learning*, and (2) of *doing*, His will. (3) See 2 Thess. iii. 16; Job v. 23, xxxiv. 29; Prov. xvi. 7; Josh. x. 21; Exod. xi. 7; Rom. viii., end of verse 31. (4) Observe in both collects "Almighty and Everlasting," and "mercifully"; and see in the "Gospel" referred to the "power" (twice) displayed in healing at once by a "word," and the "compassion" or "mercy" displayed as being ready to do so at once.

*Buried Truth*: See Amos ii. 16, and learn from it (perhaps) that the Saviour was forsaken at the time of His apprehension even by the most "courageous" (whoever that was) of all His disciples.

## BURIED TRUTHS.

THE Prize of a Half-Guinea Volume for the Buried Truths published from January to June inclusive is awarded to—

MISS E. MARY SULLIVAN, *Hulme Walfield Vicarage, Congleton, Cheshire.*

## OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

WE offered as prizes twelve volumes published at Five Shillings each. The following are the Prize Winners (January to June) in the order of merit:—

| NAME.                                                            | AGE. | ATTESTED BY                                                     |
|------------------------------------------------------------------|------|-----------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1. EDITH MONK, 18, Offerton Road, Clapham, S. W.                 | 14   | Mr. C. M. Monk, Parent.                                         |
| 2. ARTHUR J. WEAVER, "Avonhuist," Claremont Road, Highgate, N.   | 15   | Rev. A. W. Bradnack, M.A., Curate-in-Charge of St. Augustine's. |
| 3. DOUGLAS BAKER, Autys Cottages, Avenue Road, Southgate, N.     | 14   | Rev. Cyril F. Wilson, M.A., Vicar of Southgate.                 |
| 4. EVA WARD, Kingswood Board School, Epsom.                      | 11   | Miss A. Law, S.S. Teacher.                                      |
| 5. EWEN MOSSE, The Vicarage, Woburn Sands, Bletchley.            | 9    | Rev. E. H. Mosse, M.A., Vicar.                                  |
| 6. JEANNE FERROTT, Bush Farm, Wichenford, Worcester.             | 11   | Miss Orgee, S.S. Teacher.                                       |
| 7. FLORENCE MARY CRANSHAW, 146, Main Street, Bingley, Yorkshire. | 14   | Miss Wilkinson, S.S. Teacher.                                   |
| 8. CYRIL BURRAGE, Avon Lea, Harrow.                              |      | Mr. J. M. Burrage, S.S. Teacher.                                |
| 9. IRENE GRAFTON, Fair View, Hanbury Hill, Stourbridge.          | 13   | Mr. W. E. Grafton, Parent.                                      |
| 10. DOUGLAS CORNERY, George Street, Kingsclere.                  |      | Mr. W. C. Garrett, S.S. Teacher.                                |
| 11. ROBERT HERKES, 176, Campbell Road, Bow.                      | 14   | Mr. E. McKerrrow.                                               |
| 12. GERTRUDE ELIZABETH BULL, 3, Belgrave Place, Oswestry.        |      | Miss Peate, S.S. Teacher.                                       |

The Answers to the Puzzles, January to June inclusive, are as follows:—

I. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Puzzle Corner:  
picnic, unto, zephyr, Zion, lane, ever.

II. PUZZLE WORDS.—Eye, Bob, ere, tat,  
dad, noon.

III. SQUARE WORDS.—

H O M E  
O P E N  
M E N V  
E N V Y

IV. HIDDEN NAMES.—George, Arthur,  
William, Fred, Annie, Ellen.

V. CONUNDRUMS.—

1. When it's in the stable.
2. Because the bed won't go to the boy.
3. Ourselves.

VI. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Courtship, Mar-  
riages: Cam, Oceana, Ur, river, ti, saga,  
hog, infinite, press.

VII. CHARADE.—Marching.

VIII. RIDDLE.—Page.

IX. PIE.—Hey diddle, diddle, etc.

X. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Queen, Reign:  
queer, ultimate, ennui, egg, nation.

XI. HIDDEN PERSONS.—Bishop, canon,  
vicar, curate.

XII. CONUNDRUMS.—

4. The baby.
5. She is sweet, they are sweets.
6. Gas is often turned on, and water is often turned off.

XIII.—JUMBLED PROVERBS.—

1. "Time and tide wait for no man."
2. "Time flies."
3. "Never despair."

XIV. DECAPITATION.—Nottingham: not,  
ham.

XV. SQUARE WORDS.—

P O S T  
O B O E  
S O O N  
T E N T

XVI. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Happy,  
Homes: hatch, ago, palm, please, yes.

XVII. RIDDLE.—Penknife.

XVIII. SQUARE WORDS.—

P I G  
I D A  
G A P

## OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

XXV. CONUNDRUMS.

10. Why is a lady like a locomotive?
11. What bird has more than two legs?
12. Why is the letter F perpetually in trouble?

XXVI. SQUARE WORDS.

1. An architect's delight.
  2. A lady's name.
  3. A musical composition.
  4. A town in Ireland.
- I. A rope.  
2. A notion.  
3. Close by.  
4. Best way to get a living.

1. No place like it.

2. Not a square.
3. The postman's aid.
4. A lady's name.

XXVII. ENIGMA.

When I'm alive and growing  
I'm spelt with letters five;  
But letters three  
Suffice for me  
When I no longer thrive;  
Alive, my colour charms the eye;  
When dead, they stack me high and dry!





### CURIOSITY SATISFIED: A PICTURE STORY FOR THE LITTLE TROTS.

*Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY.*

A CURATE'S EPITAPH.—In Derry Cathedral there is a memorial to a young curate who died of a fever contracted in his work among the back lanes of Derry. The tablet contains the following touching lines from the pen of Archbishop Alexander :—

"Down through our crowded lanes and closer air,  
Oh, friend, how beautiful thy footsteps were!  
When thro' the fever's fire at last they trod,  
A form was with thee, like the Son of God.  
'Twas but one step for those victorious feet  
From their day's walk into the Golden Street,  
And we who watched that walk, so bright, and brief,  
Have marked this marble with our hope and grief."

St. Matthew (September 21st).

"COME, Saviour, as in days of old;  
Pass where the world has strongest hold  
And faithless care and selfish greed  
Are thorns that choke the holy seed.

Who keep Thy gifts, O bid them claim  
The steward's, not the owner's name;  
Who yield all up for Thy dear sake,  
Let them of Matthew's wealth partake."

CANON BRIGHT

## THE COMING OF AUGUSTINE.

BY THE REV. THOMAS MOORE, M.A.,

*Rector of St. Michael Paternoster Royal, and St. Martin Vintry, College Hill, with All-Hallows-the-Great-and-Less, Thames Street; Author of "The Englishman's Brief," etc.*

## IX.—AUGUSTINE AND CHURCH LAW.

THE Church having been founded, organised, and endowed in the kingdom of Kent, and having acquired a publicly recognised position as a separate, independent, and self-governing community, maintaining a certain relationship to the State, Augustine deemed it wise to obtain for the Church, with respect to all these and other particulars, the definite recognition and protection of written law.

Thus he, no doubt, was the moving spirit who influenced King Ethelbert to take action in legislating on this matter.

In accordance with the suggestions which, we may well believe, were made by Augustine, Ethelbert summoned a Council of his wise men, and with their sanction made certain decrees "after the Roman Model."

These decrees were written out in the English tongue, and chiefly concerned the protection of the property and privileges of the Church Bishops and Clergy.

As Ethelbert and his Council of wise men could know nothing of "judicial decrees after the Roman Model," except what they had learnt on the subject from Augustine and his companions, we may safely assume that although Ethelbert and his Witan, as the legislative authority of the kingdom, made the decrees, such decrees were both suggested and formulated or drawn up in legal form by Augustine.

Thus Augustine was really the founder of English Ecclesiastical Law, which for centuries protected the property rights and privileges of the Church and regulated her relations with the State.

The laws so made by Ethelbert and his Council of wise men at the instance of Augustine, would, no doubt, receive additions as time went on, to meet the rapid extension and expansion of the Church and the growingly extended and increasingly intimate and complicated relations between the Church and the State in the several converted kingdoms.

That this was so will be seen from the fact that, as early as about the year 693, King Ine of Wessex summoned a Council of his wise men, with certain Bishops and a great number of the Clergy, to enact laws, which laws affected, not only the Church, her rights, privileges, and property, but prescribed and regulated for her members various points of conduct and discipline.

Thus, amongst other things, they enforced the baptism of infants within thirty days from their birth; the cessation from work on Sunday; the strict observance of their religious rules by the inmates of religious houses; the payment of certain Church dues at the appointed times. They also prohibited in certain cases slavery, and safeguarded the privilege of sanctuary.

Later on, in 696, Wihtred, King of Kent, held a Council of his wise men at Bearsted, near to Maidstone, at which, amongst other things, it was declared that the Clergy, without compulsion and of their own free will, should revere, and

pray for, their King. The penalty for violating Church property was to be the same as that for violating the property of the King. Unchastity was to be ecclesiastically punished. Slaves were to be emancipated before the altar. A Bishop, like the King, was to be excused from taking the oath in giving evidence, and a deacon or priest, if accused of any offence, was to clear himself by appearing before the altar and using the Pauline formula "I say the truth in Christ, I lie not"; while laymen were to clear themselves by taking an oath before the altar.

The laws of Wihtred further forbade that any layman should violate any portion of Church property that had been dedicated to God, and ordained that a Bishop should be supreme in making appointments to vacant abbeys of monasteries within his Diocese.

Succeeding Bishops and Kings, in their different Dioceses and Kingdoms, held Councils, composed of the leading laity and Clergy, for the purpose, on points necessary, of revising and adding to the laws of the Church, until such laws became so elaborate that almost every ecclesiastical occasion or event that could happen was provided for.

## HOMELY COOKERY.

BY M. RAE, *Certificated Teacher of Cookery.*

## Potato Soup.



ONE pound of potatoes, *1d.*; one pint of milk, *2d.*; one onion, one tablespoonful of dripping, half a teaspoonful of salt, a quarter of a saltspoonful of pepper, one table-spoonful of pearl sago, *1d.* Total, *4d.*

Melt the dripping in a saucepan, peel potatoes and onion, cut into slices and toss in the melted fat for five minutes. Then pour in a quart of boiling water, add salt and pepper, and boil gently till the vegetables are soft—about an hour. Press through a colander into a basin, stir in the milk, return the soup to the saucepan, and when quite boiling add the

sago, and boil for half an hour longer. If thickening is added to soups or *purées* that have stopped boiling, they are likely to become lumpy. A leek may be used in place of the onion in the recipe given here; and, of course, it is an improvement to use, instead of water, the liquid from boiled meat.







THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF SOUTHWELL (*page 219*).

*Specially engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY from a photograph by LYDDELL SAWYER, 230, Regent Street, W.*



## REPRESENTATIVE CHURCHMEN.

### VII.—THE BISHOP OF SOUTHWELL.



SOUTHWELL MINSTER.

THE RIGHT REV. GEORGE RIDDING, D.D., Lord Bishop of Southwell, is a son of the late Rev. Charles Ridding, Vicar of Andover, Hampshire, and his mother was Charlotte, daughter of the late Ven. Timothy Stonhouse-Vigor, 3rd son of Sir James Stonhouse, 7th Baronet.

He was born on March 16th, 1828, educated at St. Mary's College, Winchester, and proceeded to Balliol College, Oxford.

Craven scholar, B.A. (First Class Lit. Hum., and Second Class Math.), 1851; Latin Essay, and M.A. Exeter College, 1853; DD., 1869. He was ordained in 1854, and was Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College 1852-64; Junior Proctor 1861-62; Select Preacher 1862-64, and again 1890-91; and Hon. Fellow of Exeter College in 1890.

In 1863 he became Second Master of Winchester College, and four years later he was appointed Head Master, a position which he held with great distinction and success for seventeen years. Upon the formation of the Diocese of Southwell Dr. Ridding was called to be the first Bishop of the See, and was consecrated on May 1st, 1884, the officiating prelates being Archbishop Benson, and Bishops Claughton of St. Albans, Wordsworth of Lincoln, and MacLagan of Lichfield.

The Bishop has been twice married, first in 1858, to Mary Louisa, daughter of Bishop Moberly; and secondly, in 1876, to Lady Laura Elizabeth Palmer, a daughter of the Earl of Selborne.

## HYMN OF IONA AND THE ISLES.

BY THE REV. S. J. STONE, M.A.,

*Rector of All-Hallows-on-the-Wall, E.C.; Author of "The Knight of Intercession," etc.*

BLEAK o'er the Isle the bones of death  
To all the winds lie bare;  
Not yet has blown the new wind's breath;  
No throb of life is there.

The sapphire heaven, the rainbow sea,  
Alone forecast the things to be.

The cormorant's and the raven's wing  
Sweep over surge and shore;  
As 'gainst a dead or dying thing  
The sullen breakers roar;  
LORD GOD of life, the Isle is Thine,  
Oh, bid Thy dead arise and shine!

JESUS, Iona waits Thy will!—  
Till light upon her smiles,  
Waits too in silence dark and chill  
The multitude of isles: \*  
Till she may wake their choral throng  
To join her own adoring song.

Hark, o'er the waters, far away,  
Is heard the Christ's command!  
See now on yonder gleaming Bay †  
A new Ezekiel stand.  
Great Seer, thy Master's message give;  
Bid these dry bones awake and live.

From Whitsun ‡ to Ascension morn,  
As each year lives and dies,  
'Gainst pagan threat and poet scorn §  
Saint Columb prophesies.  
See, from the wide West's charnel sod  
A white-robed army lives to God!

O FATHER, Thine eternal choice,  
O SON, Thy love divine,  
O HOLY GHOST, Thy quickening voice,  
Made every isle a shrine!  
Their lauds of love, O ONE IN THREE,  
Iona's children lift to Thee.

AMEN.

\* In the Western Hebrides there are more than two hundred islands besides Iona. All those of any importance were Christianised from Iona.

† Port-na-Curaich, or Bay of the Boat, at which Columba and his twelve companions first landed. Here are found the beautiful green stones peculiar to the island.

‡ Columba landed on Whitsun Eve, May 12th, A.D. 563.

§ The earliest opponents of the Mission were the pagan Picts and the Druidic Bards. After a time he won them all to the faith.

## THE LION SERMON.\*

BY THE VEN. THE ARCHDEACON OF ESSEX.

"Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness."—ISAIAH xlii. 10.

**W**HEN, at the close of an eventful life, about the year 1650, Sir John Gayer left provisions in his will for a sermon to be annually preached, to be known by the somewhat unusual title of the "Lion Sermon," it was, I take it, not merely to keep alive the memory of one incident, but the outcome of his life's experiences in an age of stress and storm, such as has seldom been seen in this country since it became a nation.

At the risk of telling once more an oft-told tale, it seems to me right to give a short sketch of him who founded this sermon, whose dust lies buried underneath the floor of this church, and whose monument, lately removed, occupies the central space in its chancel floor. And this, not only by way of commentary on the quaint title, but because the man himself merits such mention year by year; because, little as he may have intended it, his own character and conduct, under varying circumstances of trial and danger, illustrate so remarkably what I take to be the distinctive lesson which the preacher has each year to insist upon.

Moreover, it is good for us now and then to recall the days that are past, to have brought before us examples from the pages of history of the sturdy, God-fearing, Christian men of old, who lived and died in the true fear of God, and in the faith of Christ, doing battle for the right, heedless of the consequences to themselves, fearing God, and knowing no other fear.

Such a man seems to me to have been Sir John Gayer, merchant, and Lord Mayor of London. He was a city merchant in days when something more was meant than a speculator in the rise and fall of prices, a buyer and seller in the markets of the world. The old merchant venturers were men of daring and enterprise—men ready to encounter personal dangers in the pursuit of their calling—men who fitted out ships with costly cargoes of English manufacture, and, sailing in them themselves from port to port, sold or bartered their goods for foreign merchandise, often at great risks, whether of storm and tempest, or of fire and foe. On such a venture Sir John Gayer, hard on three centuries ago, set out for the East, to find himself, after many vicissitudes, in Arabia, where by some misadventure he became, on October 16th, separated from the caravan with which he journeyed, and, like his Master, was left alone in a desert place "with the wild beasts." "The lions roaring after their prey, seeking their meat from God," were prowling round him. All through that awful night he cast himself in earnest prayer upon the strong, watchful Providence of God; nor did he trust in

vain. He Who saved David from the paw of the lion and bear, He Who by His angel shut the lions' mouths to save Daniel in the den, preserved him alive.

This, then, in brief is the story, and it is in thankful remembrance of this deliverance (for it is said that a lion even came near to him, looked at him as he knelt in prayer, and then slunk away) that this sermon, founded by him on his return to London, has from that time to the present been preached in the church of St. Catherine Cree for now nearly two hundred and fifty years, on each anniversary of his deliverance by the mighty hand of God in Whom he trusted.

To us matter-of-fact men and women of the later part of the nineteenth century the story savours of romance. We are tempted to dismiss it as a traveller's tale, to smile incredulously; but from what we know of this good man's character and conduct at other times, there is every reason to conclude that it is no made-up story, but literally true. For in those days Englishmen—whether at home or abroad—found lions in their path continually, in the same sense that St. Paul in his time fought with beasts at Ephesus. In the arena of politics and religion, a man like Gayer had to face roaring lions—not less fierce or formidable than those of the Arabian desert. England was passing through a great political and religious crisis. Sectarian fanaticism was at its height. Our Puritan forefathers, who loved to trace parallels between themselves and Israel of old, were in no mood to give quarter to any who crossed their path, and even more uncompromising were the men who clung to the Romish superstitions. Gayer was no Puritan. Still less was he a Papist. He was a typical churchman of his time. He had caught much of the Puritan spirit at its best, especially that personal trust in God which was so marked a feature of the Puritan movement: and he was also a loyal son of the Church, who would have gone with unfaltering steps to the stake or scaffold rather than submit to the tyrannies of Rome, whose yoke England had but lately cast off for ever. Yet he was no schismatic. He abhorred the party strife, and still more the canting hypocrisies into which the later Puritanism had degenerated. In the sermon preached at his funeral, there is a very telling passage, which suggests that he must have been in constant collision with the fierce party-spirit of his day, to the right hand and to the left, a remarkable testimony to his sturdy independence of character and religious belief. "In his devotions," the preacher said, "he was neither foolishly factious nor popishly superstitious. He worshipped God in the way which Papists call heresie, and schismatics call popery."

Such men need all the courage of their convictions—need to be sustained by personal belief in God and the right. And is not this sturdy independence one of the best traits of English character, linked with the best traditions of the nation; something that to-day appeals to what is best and noblest in English manhood? In our religious life, as English churchmen, we hold



what some may call an isolated position, of which we have no cause to be ashamed, although it produces the strange coalition of nonconformity and Romanism in their attack on the National Church—the Church of our forefathers. It is well for us to pray that the National Church may long be preserved as Gayer knew it, “neither foolishly factious nor popishly superstitious,” but bearing, if it must be so, the reproach of Papists, that we are in heresy, and of some Nonconformists, that we are in league with Rome; and that she may remain, in the best sense, Protestant, as a bulwark against the encroachments and the paganism of modern Roman Catholicism, in upholding unto death the faith once delivered to the saints.

In Sir John Gayer's life as a citizen we trace the same sturdy independence, the same fearlessness of man's judgment or violence; and it was this that indirectly led to his death. It was his high honour to be Lord Mayor of London when, in 1647, the City Corporation refused to obey the commands of Parliament “for conscience sake,” and would not make a grant of money for a levy of troops to intimidate the citizens and take away their liberties, as well as to bring about the overthrow and death of the King. Summoned to appear at Westminster to answer for his refusal, Gayer boldly made reply, “I cannot obey commands which are not legal.” Together with four aldermen who stood by him, he was committed to the Tower, and thence released, with shattered health, only to die a few months after the King had been beheaded at Whitehall.

Such was the man whose memory the Lion Sermon keeps alive; and it is surely a life worthy to be remembered. It was a strikingly consistent life—that of a man who, in the lonely desert, in the Guild Hall, in the House of God, as doubtless in his own counting-house, felt that, with God on his side, he need not fear what man might do or say; one of those typical Englishmen who have built up our country's greatness, whom we need if England in the future is to be as great as in the past and present; one of those of whom the late Poet Laureate speaks as the very mainstay of England's power, men with

“Some sense of duty, something of a faith,  
Some reverence for the laws ourselves have made,  
Some patient force to change them if we will,  
Some civic manhood, firm against the crowd.”

The last thing, in all probability, Gayer meant in founding this sermon was that his example should be quoted in time to come “to point a moral and adorn a tale.” He meant in reverent remembrance of his deliverance, in heartfelt gratitude to the great Deliverer, to do what in him lay to provide that, year by year, one day at least, the great lesson of trust in God in the face of danger should be taught; and he, “being dead,



SIR JOHN GAYER'S MONUMENT.

yet speaketh." To each one of us he speaks—speaks by the record of his life more than by his munificent bequests, more than by the lips of those who, year by year, may occupy this pulpit: speaks to us men and women of this lax and luxurious age, and bids us remember that Christian heroism, Christian patriotism, Christian faith, are as much needed now as ever. To one and all he cries across the centuries, and says, "The Lord that delivered me from the paw of the lion, He can and will preserve thee also from all evil; yea, it is even He that shall keep thy soul."

Our lot is cast in less romantic times, but scarcely less dangerous or less difficult. Our trials of faith are of a different type from those he had to face. The lions in our path are of another breed. But the same Spirit which supported that good man and true to do

and dare and suffer for conscience' sake, trusting in God and in His Christ to shield him from all evil, is the spirit which, in every age, is needed to make a nation, and each citizen of a nation, "strong in the strength which God supplies." The forces which make for evil in modern society, the restlessness, the infidelity, the anarchy that would uproot and overturn all that is best and most precious in our national life, as well as sap our national faith, the adversary that, like "a roaring lion, walketh about seeking whom he may devour"—these are ever with us; but with us also is One stronger than they, and we can face our perils with the same trust in God, the same true Christian courage, which served Sir John Gayer in days gone by. So when our turn shall come to lay us down to rest, we may be "more than conquerors" through Him Who loved us, and gave Himself for us, and Who says to us continually, "Be not afraid." "My help is nigh." "Fear thou not, for I am with thee."

## WATER-SPIDERS.

BY THE REV. THEODORE WOOD, F.E.S.,

*Author of "Our Bird Allies," "The Farmer's Friends and Foes," "Life of the Rev. J. G. Wood," etc., etc.*



THE RAFT SPIDER.

**A**LTHOUGH there are few situations, indoors or out-of-doors, where spiders may not be seen, we should scarcely have expected to find them in the water. Yet we have two spiders in Great Britain which

hunt for their prey on the surface of ponds and streams, and a third which spends almost the whole of its life actually beneath it.

First, there is the Pirate Spider, which can run upon the water faster than many spiders can run upon land, and feeds principally upon those hapless insects which are already half dead by drowning. It likes windy days best, as so many more victims are then blown to their fate. It can dive too, when occasion requires, or rather it can climb down the stem of some water-plant, and remain below the surface for hours together. This plan it adopts when alarmed; and as a quantity of little air-bubbles cling to its hairy body, it is enabled to breathe the while without any difficulty whatever.

The Raft Spider goes to work in quite a different way. Collecting a quantity of bits of stick, grass,

and dead leaves, it fastens them neatly together with silken threads, and so forms a little raft, just sufficiently large to bear the weight of its body. Seated on this, it pushes off from the shore, and allows the current to carry it whithersoever it will. Every now and then it passes some insect struggling in the water. Then it leaves its raft, runs upon the surface, as nimbly as the pirate spider, to seize it, and carries it back to the raft to be devoured. But the raft has another purpose as well, for, if danger threatens, the spider can dive underneath it, and cling to its lower surface, so that it is completely concealed from view by the little floating platform.

By far the most interesting of the aquatic spiders, however, is the Water Spider, strictly so called. So interesting is it, indeed, that it is now very much scarcer than it used to be, for ponds and ditches in all parts of the country have been ransacked by the natural-history dealers, in order to supply their customers with the pretty little creature, to be kept in drawing-rooms as a pet. Personally, I know of only one pond where it is to be now obtained. There, when fishing for water-beetles, I have often found six or eight of the spiders in my net together, and have taken them home with me, time after time, to watch their habits in captivity. They are easily kept. All that they require is a vessel of water, with a sprig or two of some aquatic weed growing in it; and a couple of flies two or three times a week will be found amply sufficient in the way of food.

This spider is very seldom seen above the surface of the water. It even makes its home below; and a very curious little home it is. Silken of course—spiders do pretty well everything by means of silk, even to taking long journeys through the air; and I always used to say that it was shaped like a thimble placed upside down, until a lady pointed out to me that, in the case of thimbles, upside down was, so to speak, the right way up! Now I say that it is shaped like a diving-bell; and a diving-bell it really is, for it enables the spider to live beneath the surface of the water, and yet to enjoy a constant supply of atmospheric air. For water-spiders don't breathe water, as fishes do, by means of gills; they breathe air, just like their relations on



THE WATER SPIDER.



dry land, by means of lungs. And the silken nest serves as an air-reservoir, in which the spider can rest, and breathe, while looking out for food.

But how is this nest filled with air?

In a very curious manner. After constructing her silken cell, and mooring it firmly down among the water-plants by guy-ropes of the same all-useful material, the spider ascends to the surface, suspends herself head-downwards, and pokes her long hind legs out of the water, with the tips nearly, but not quite, meeting. Now her body is quite as hairy as that of the pirate spider, and her limbs are hairy too; and the consequence is that when she dives she carries down with her, held firmly between body and legs, a big bubble of air. Partly swimming and partly climbing down a sort of silken ladder which she has previously constructed, she makes her way beneath the entrance to her nest (which always opens downwards), and releases the bubble. This of course, floats upwards and occupies the upper portion. A second bubble is then brought down in like manner, and this is followed by a third, and so on, until the cell is completely filled with air.

Seen from above, the nest now looks like an oval mass of quicksilver: and the spider takes up her position beneath it, clinging to it in such a way that her breathing-holes—which are situated underneath her body—lie just inside the entrance, while her face, if only she had one, would be directed upwards. This attitude, you see, is useful in several different ways. In the first place the spider can breathe quite easily and freely, while she does not occupy any of the space that can be utilised for containing air; in the second, she can keep a sharp look-out for the creatures that she wants to eat; in the third, she is almost entirely concealed from the creatures that would like to eat *her*; in the fourth, no enemy can enter the nest in search of her eggs, which she always keeps inside it; and in the fifth, when those eggs hatch, none of her little ones can wander away from home without her knowledge.

After a time, of course, the air in the nest becomes foul and unfit for respiration. Then the spider releases her hold, and gives the little dwelling a sharp kick with one of her hinder legs. The result is that the nest is partly overturned, and the stored air escapes, while the spider at once sets to work to bring down a fresh supply, in the same way as before.



THE GIFT OF LIFE.—*Good Words*, in a notice of the learned Benjamin Jowett, Master of Balliol College, Oxford, says:—"More than once in the last month of his life he said that his last year had been his happiest; indeed, on his death-bed, when Lord Selborne and his daughter visited him, 'he raised himself and said, with a sudden glow of vigour and brightness which I shall never forget, "I bless God for my life; I bless God for my life"; and then, falling back on the pillow, he murmured again and again, "I bless Thee for my life."'"

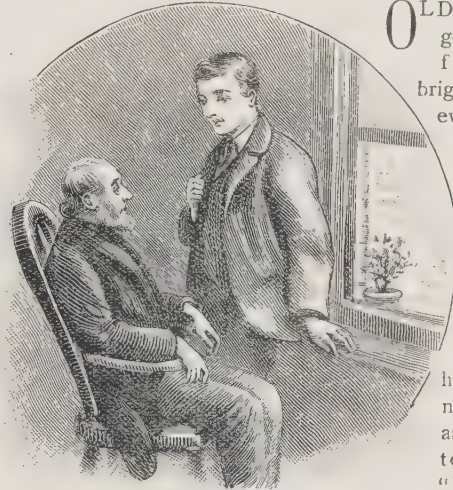
## OLD ROGER'S BIT OF PRIDE.

BY RUTH LAMB,

*Author of "The Real Owner of Swallowdale," etc.*

### CHAPTER VII.

#### FATHER AND DAUGHTER AT HOME.



OLD Roger generally found a bright side to everything. It had been a trial for him to feel so faint and weary on that hot afternoon, but, as he said to Dick, "If I'd been

as well as usual, I should never have gone into 'The Green' to rest. If I hadn't fallen asleep that young lady wouldn't have noticed that I was likely to get wet, and waked me up. Why, the very thought of her kind words and her sweet face and ways has done me ever so much good. She's going to be a friend to us—for you must see her too. I shall never be content till you do. I sha'n't take you with me, or tell you to meet me on Friday afternoon, but I mean to tell her more about you. I've a notion she has sense and knowledge beyond the common. I shall ask her to see you, my boy."

Dick was pleased at this. He was naturally anxious to see the lady who had been so good to Grandad.

"I feel more like myself than I could have expected," said Roger. "If I only sleep well to-night, I shall be right in the morning."

"Oh, Grandad, if you could only stop at home from now till Monday!" exclaimed Dick, whose heart was aching at the thought of what had happened.

"From now till Monday! Four whole days! Might as well give up altogether, for the business would give me up."

"Then I must go with you. It's not as if I had to be at school. Surely in holiday time you ought to let me help you. Mother often used to say that honest work could never disgrace anybody, and I am sure you don't think the work you do lowers you."

"You are different, Dick. I have had to work hard all my life. It's just as natural for me to push the barrow as it is for you to be at your books. You have been workin' just as hard in your way as I have in mine, and I'm hoping you'll get your wages before long.

Meanwhile, you are keeping yourself up to the mark, though, by rights, you should be havin' a holiday like other boys."

"I couldn't sit and do nothing, Grandad. I have had plenty of time for going out and games, too, between times. The hardest work I have is the seeing you go off so early in the morning, and knowing that you will come home weak and tired, whilst a great strong boy like me hardly knows what it is to be weary, and wants to help you."

"Just a little longer to be patient, Dick, for your mother's sake," said Roger, with that pleading tone which was so hard to resist.

"Grandad, you cannot guess how ashamed I feel at the thought of my idleness. I feel sure if my mother were living she would be the first to say to me that it was not only my duty, but it should be both my pleasure and privilege, to work for the kindest grandad that ever lived."

"Indeed, Dick, I think it's very likely you're right; I can just fancy I hear her say those same words. She was always so thoughtful for everybody. But if she wor here this minute, and waitin' for me to answer her, I should whisper a few words in her ear, and she'd join me in saying, 'You must be patient a bit longer, my boy. Trust this old man; he's doing what's best, both for you and me.'"

Dick's countenance fell as he listened. He could not gainsay his old friend. He had perfect faith in Roger, but he chafed at the thought of submission when even conscience seemed to say his very yielding was a mark of selfishness.

"If I only knew," he began; but he stopped suddenly. He must not express a doubt of Roger's wisdom.

"You'd like to have a reason for what I've said. We mostly want to be able to say why we don't do some things and why we do other things," said Roger. "Well, I have my reasons for not letting you go behind my barrow, and another reason for not tellin' you what they are, just at this present. I don't know that anybody has a right to find fault with either of us about it, but if such a thing should happen, you can say, 'It would hurt Grandad if I went against his wish.' You can say the same to yourself, my boy, and that should be enough."

"It's awfully hard, Grandad," said Dick, with quivering lips.

"It is hard, I know. I can just put myself in your place, Dick. But if it's hard, why, it needs a good, brave lad to bear it and submit. It won't be for long, now."

"You do feel better, don't you, *really*?" asked Dick.

"To be sure I do. I'd be better to sell now than I was to give away a couple of hours ago."

Dick looked and felt relieved, and he and Roger sat for a while by the open window, talking cheerfully before going to rest. The sun had sunk behind the houses, and the air was much cooler than it had been.

There was any amount of talk going on below, for the gossips of the court were clustered near the arched entrance for the sake of getting fresher air, whilst the space in the centre was given up to the children who generally played there.

Roger spoke hopefully about Dick's chances of a scholarship.

"You're sure to come near winnin', even if you don't get it, and it 'll tell for you to be able to say you were next best."

"That would bring nothing except a prize, perhaps," said Dick, to whom a position, short of absolute success in gaining the first place, would mean failure.

"It would be a good recommendation in seekin' a place, anyway. There has been wonderful good done before now, by the writing in a Sunday-school prize book. Why, such a thing helped me to my first place. I've got the old prize book now. I showed it to a gentleman that came to ask me who I'd give my votes to for the School Board only last November. And I said, 'Sir, we're not supposed to tell who we are goin' to vote for. We drop in our paper, and even the gentleman that sits by the box doesn't see the marks we've made. But I don't mind who knows which of the candidates I shall vote for. It'll be for the Churchmen—an' for why? When I was a boy the Church schools were the only ones there were for teachin' poor folks' children. There were none besides, at that time, or for many a year after. If it hadn't been for a Church school, I couldn't have read the names on the votin' paper, or put my mark to the right ones, without askin' somebody to help me. I owe a big debt o' gratitude to them that pitied the ignorance of the poor, and started to teach them, long before it came into anybody's head to start School Boards. There's a fine education to be had now for the askin', as one may say. The ground is getting well turned over, but it was the old Church of England that put in the first plough.'"

The old man had often expressed his views on this subject to Dick, and probably repeated them at this time in order to turn the boy's thoughts in a new direction. He did not wish him to think too much of their previous talk. As Dick listened and noticed how earnest Grandad was, and how a faint colour had stolen into his cheeks, he took heart on his account, and hoped that a night's rest would enable him to do the morrow's work.

In a far different home sat a father and daughter, chatting gaily over a well-spread dinner-table. The girl was no other than Roger's new friend, and she had been telling her father how deeply the old man had interested her. She described what she called the "good old face," the gentle voice, the ring of truth and honesty in his words and ways.

\* These words were actually spoken to the writer by an old working man who was profoundly sensible of, and grateful for, the educational work done amongst the poor by the Church of England in his boyish days, and proud to show the prize he won at school.



"He was very poor—no one looking at him could doubt that; but he was a man who would have starved rather than cheat a customer or tell an untruth about what he had to sell. To me, there was something pathetic in the very sight of his poor clothing and patient manner. Yet his neatness and cleanliness were a pattern to many better dressed people in the little park."

The girl, Eleanor Fielden, had related to her father all that passed between Old Roger and herself. It was their daily custom to talk over together what each had found new and interesting since they parted in the morning.

"I am thankful, for your own sake, dear Eleanor, that you constantly look for the best side of these new samples of humanity with which you strike up an acquaintance. I envy you the gift, though I fear it generally brings you more or less of disappointment. A closer acquaintance dispels many illusions."

"I am disappointed sometimes, but please do not say generally. Indeed, I am always wondering at the patient endurance and unselfishness of people who lead such terribly hard lives. Silent endurance too. If I had to do and to bear a tenth of what some poor mothers have to accomplish every day of their lives, I should be grumbling from morning to night. Or I should sit down, helpless and hopeless, before my task was half done, and cry myself blind, if I had no listener to hear and sympathise."

"Eleanor, my dear," began Mr. Fielden.

"Now please call me Norah," interrupted the girl. "Three syllables sound terrible, and I always think you are going to reason with me when you use them."

"And so I am. How dare you say that you would neither have perseverance, patience, nor yet self-control

enough to keep from murmuring all the day through if you were called on to bear the troubles which others, by your own testimony, endure so bravely? I know you better than you know yourself, my child."

"You always judge me so kindly, because you love me so truly, father."

"Whom have I else to love? I give you no more affection, no more perfect confidence than you deserve. I look back and see my Norah bearing a sore trial, patiently, uncomplainingly, in the strength given by

God in answer to prayer. I call to mind how, since that trouble came on us both, you have found your best comfort in helping and cheering the careworn and the sorrowful. I have allowed you to go in and out amongst the poorest, most desolate parts of this great city, trusting you to God's care, and I have had no cause to regret this. You have found that by striving to bear another's burden you have lightened your own."

"How good you have been to me! You have given me the means to brighten many a poor home and to bring smiles instead of tears on many a sad face. There never was such an indulgent father as you or such a

spoiled daughter as myself," said Norah, with deep feeling.

"Not so, my child. I gave you a certain allowance, with absolute freedom as to the spending of it. I had money enough to permit me to be liberal towards my only child. If you had chosen to spend what I gave you in finery or costly jewels, or frittered it away in the many channels which fashionable young people find as outlets for their spare cash, I could not have blamed you."

"You would have done, very quickly," replied Norah,



"SHE DESCRIBED THE 'GOOD OLD FACE.'"

with a merry laugh. "First you would have reasoned with me, looking very grave the while and calling me severely *Eleanor*, in big letters. Then you would have lectured me soundly on my folly, and you would have taken care I did not repeat it, by reducing my allowance by three-quarters. I know what would have happened, and, having known this from the beginning, I acted accordingly. It is of no use for you to give me all the credit. You intended me to be your almoner, and your confidence in my discretion has made me very happy."

"Tell me now what you did for your new friend, the old fruit and flower-seller," asked her father, instead of replying to Norah's saucy speech.

"Not much, but enough, I hope, to buy him a day's rest, which I am sure he sorely needed. I have asked him to meet me in the same place on Friday afternoon, in the hope that he will take a holiday to-morrow."

"I doubt if he will be able to do that. All these men have their regular customers, and if one of them falls out of the ranks through sickness, others will step in and secure the trade for themselves. Depend on it, your friend will work on until Sunday, if possible. He may rest then—that is, if he is able to claim it for himself."

"My old friend is no Sunday trader. I wish you could have seen the light on his wan face when he said, 'It took God to contrive Sunday and give it to such as me that want it badly.'"

"I like the old man's way of expressing himself on that subject, Norah. I wish that every human being could regard the Sabbath as a Divine gift, and feel his own need of such a gracious provision, both for soul and body. I am beginning to be interested in this new friend of yours. If he is so weak and worn with constant work as you seem to think, we must try to give him a chance of recovering his strength. Find out all you can about him."

"He did not seem anxious to speak much about himself, but from the little talk we had, I judged that he had neither wife nor child of his own. Indeed, he said as much, but he added that there was some one waiting for him at home. 'Just a boy I took. His mother left him to me, and he's the very pride of my life.'"

"Do you think, to use the common expression, your friend has seen better days, Norah?" asked her father.

"Not in the sense of having been at all an educated man. He was just a homely worker, and his speech showed that he had never filled a much higher position than his present one. My idea is that he may have had a little shop, and that sickness or losses in business have driven him a step or two lower in the same trade. The greengrocer, whose customers used to go to him, now carries his diminished stock to their doors. Yet my new acquaintance is none the less a gentleman," said Norah stoutly.

"I will not dispute your assertion, my dear. I have

long ceased to limit the title of gentleman to any class, for neither birth, wealth, nor position gives a right to it."

"Well, my old man has little refined ways and movements that show nice-mindedness, if I may coin such a word. I noticed this all through my talk with him. I am quite looking forward to our next meeting."

"Your old gentleman interests me, too, Norah. Try and find out all about him. From what you said just now, he has probably saddled himself with the care of a child who had no one else to take charge of him. If so, he must have to work doubly hard to maintain the child as well as himself," said Mr. Fielden.

"Most likely he will have to pay a neighbour to look after the youngster during his absence and whilst he is earning bread for the pair of them. I am sure it would just accord with my idea of the man's character if I found out that he had been half starving himself for the sake of a child that could claim no kindred with him," replied Norah.

"One has heard of such cases often enough, and I could fancy that to any human being who loves his kind, loneliness must seem the most terrible misfortune. The boy must be a little fellow, or he would be out with the old man, helping him. Do you not think so?"

"Yes. I have no doubt you are right. I know of three or four homes in my district where children have been 'taken in and done for' by people on whom they had not the slightest claim. The larger the family the more room there seems to be for just one more, and the greater share of love there is left to bestow. Of course I do not mean to say this is the general state of things, but that it is so in certain cases I have in my mind just now. One in particular, where there was a swarm of children, little steps just above each other, but where affection, industry, and good temper were delightfully evident. For the first time in many years there was no baby in arms, the youngest being a sturdy youngster of two years old. Then a great sorrow came. This little fellow died suddenly of croup, and the mother, with seven children left, was not to be comforted.

"It chanced, however, that a still greater sorrow befell the wife's youngest sister. Her husband, a railway porter, was killed in crossing the line. The sad news was abruptly told to his wife, who had a baby only a week old. The shock brought on a serious illness from which she never recovered, and so the poor infant was left without father or mother. The next time I went to the house where the seven children dwelt there was once more a baby in arms.

"'It's her sister's child,' said the husband, pointing to the little creature over whom his wife's motherly face was bent. 'It was left without a mother at three weeks old, and so me an' my missis made up our minds to take it. She's been so used to a baby in her arms that she was just lost without one, specially since our youngest was taken. She's quite happy now.'



"I said it was very good of them to take such a charge when there were so many children already.

"That's just it," said the wife; 'one more hardly seems to count when you've seven.'

"And we shouldn't have liked it to be said that we let poor Jennie's child go to the workhouse," chimed in the husband. Then he bent his not too clean face—for he worked in a foundry—and gently kissed the sleeping baby."

Mr. Fielden was touched at Norah's simple story and remarked: "Where there is such a wealth of love and kindness in the human heart, any excuse for showering it on yet another object will suffice. In your last case the child was taken because there were so many children already. Your old man has doubtless taken the boy because he had none of his own."

Norah assented, and the subject was dropped.

Neither father nor daughter had, however, the least idea of Roger's reasons for adopting Dick Holgate.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### IN "THE GREEN" AGAIN.



ROGER awoke on Thursday morning, feeling much the better for a good night's rest. Dick had slept less soundly than usual. He had resolved to be up before Grandad, and to see for himself whether he was fit to venture out. In any case, he would have a cup of hot coffee

ready for him, and see that

he took something more than a mouthful of dry bread if he were bent on going to market as usual.

Dick was not accustomed to getting up at four o'clock, though he was often dimly conscious of Roger's movements. Boy-like, he slept long and soundly, and, if partially roused, would soon fall asleep again and awake at six, hardly knowing whether he had seen Grandad set out, or only dreamed it.

Through the past night the lad's dread of sleeping too long had caused him to awake repeatedly before the proper time. He rose earlier than was necessary, because he was afraid of going to sleep again and being too late after all.

Perhaps no cup of coffee ever tasted quite so good to Roger as did the one prepared for him by Dick in the small hours.

"Better" said he. "Of course I'm better, my boy.

Such a cup of coffee is enough to set me up for hours to come. Eat?—to be sure I shall;" and Roger struggled bravely to finish a thin slice of bread with the merest scrape of butter on it—all there was, as it happened. It was more than he could do, but he would not hurt Dick's feelings by letting him see this, so when the lad's back was turned he managed to hide a portion of it in his clean pocket-handkerchief, and to pocket it, later on.

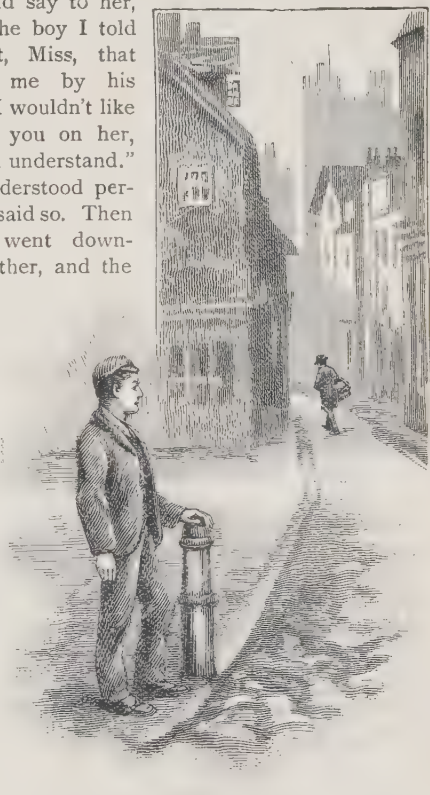
"I mean to come home a bit sooner this afternoon. It's going to be hot again. I know by the feel of the mornin' and the look of the sky," said Roger. "I'm a bit better off than common, and flowers, being mostly roses, are not paying well at present. They fade so soon, and it's no good buyin' to make a loss."

"No, indeed, Grandad. I'm so glad you're not going to risk it. Will you come by 'The Green' this afternoon? If so, tell me what time, and I'll meet you there. If the pretty young lady is there I shall keep my distance," said Dick, with a knowing look.

"Ah, my dear lad, I wish I were likely to meet her again to-day. It would be the same as a bit of sunshine that warms without scorching just to look at her kind face. But it's not to-day she said she'd be in 'The Green.' I should be glad for her to see you, Dick, and to-morrow you might p'raps manage to be somewhere about, so as I could call you, if there was a chance, and say to her, 'This is the boy I told you about, Miss, that was left me by his mother.' I wouldn't like to intrude you on her, Dick. You understand."

Dick understood perfectly and said so. Then the two went downstairs together, and the boy stood at the end of the street and watched Grandad out of sight.

The old man was stepping out bravely, and more than once he turned round to wave his hand to the waiting boy.



"HE WATCHED GRANDAD OUT OF SIGHT."

Dick went cheerily back to the archway chamber, whistling very softly, that he might not rouse the echoes of Glinderses, and thoroughly at ease about Grandad. "He could not have gone at that pace unless he were feeling lots stronger," thought the boy. "If he had been carrying a full basket I would have made him let me carry it, but it will be empty till he fills it at the market, and after that he will not hear of my carrying it. It is awfully hard to do as one's told, sometimes."

Dick would have found it harder still if he could have seen Grandad at that moment.

Once out of the boy's sight, the old man paused to take breath, and stood leaning against a wall to rest whilst he wiped great drops of moisture from his forehead.

"Dick has sharp eyes, and he can see a long way with them," he thought. "It's a mercy he couldn't see round this corner, or I must have given in. I could not have kept up that pace any longer, and I'm pretty nigh upset as it is. It's worth while, though. The boy will go back with his mind at ease about Grandad, and feelin' as happy as a king, thinking of the good the coffee has done me, and of the big piece of bread an' butter I've eaten. I must go on at the old jog that I never let him see till I'm coming home; and he knows I'm bound to be tired then."

With a happy look on his pale face Roger resumed his walk, rejoicing that his boy's mind was relieved of anxiety on his account.

Some hours later Norah Fielden was reading a letter, the contents of which caused her some perplexity.

"What is amiss?" asked her father, who was accustomed to studying the girl's face. "Has the letter brought bad news, that you are indulging in a brown study over its contents?"

"No. In one sense it brings good news. The Archers are going to Scotland, and Maggie has persuaded her father and mother to spend a few hours here on the way. She says it will be doubly pleasant to break the long journey and to see us at the same time."

"Why should they not? They are such old friends, and you have not seen Maggie for fully a year."

"I want to see them all very much, but they will be here from two o'clock until eight, and go on by the night train," replied Norah, in a rather absent way, and as if she were pondering something else.

"Well, you will not be called on to sit up late in order to entertain them, unless you can persuade them to stay the night and go on by daylight. Are they coming to-day?"

"No. I wish they were; then everything would fit in beautifully. They will be here to-morrow, unless we telegraph that they are not to come, which is out of the question," said Norah.

"What is perplexing you? Are you due in one of your favourite slums?" asked Mr. Fielden.

There was no sarcasm in the words, as Norah well knew. Her father entered heartily into all her efforts to benefit her poor friends, and he knew that it was a point of honour with her always to keep any appointment she might make with one of them.

"I hate to break a promise to anybody," the girl said, "and I never do it unless compelled by illness. But it means even more to anybody who is very poor and almost friendless to be able to trust those to whom God has given so much. I once heard a girl say, 'It does not matter if I disappoint that old bed-ridden woman for once. I *shall* go and see her, and she will be only too pleased that any person so much above her will pay her a visit at some time.' I told her that perhaps the poor old body would wait and listen, and grieve at her disappointment, until she lost her night's rest. It was no use. She only laughed and said, 'The old body is a grumbling, discontented creature, always. This time she will have something to complain about.' I felt sorry to hear her speak in such a way."

"For the old woman's sake, Norah?"

"Yes, but more for the girl who could break her word to one so old and helpless."

"To come back to the Archers, my dear. What promise will their visit cause you to break?"

Norah looked almost reproachfully at her father.

"Have you forgotten that I said I would meet that nice old flower-seller in 'The Green' to-morrow afternoon?"

"I am afraid I had forgotten. What is to be done?" Mr. Fielden could hardly restrain a smile as he spoke, for Norah took the matter so seriously. "Could you not describe the old man, and send some one to meet him on your behalf, and to explain the cause of your absence? You might promise for Saturday, instead."

"I am afraid I could not, without disappointing somebody else."

Father and daughter invariably spent their Saturdays together. It was their special holiday.

"I would spare you for a while, and indeed, I would go with you to 'The Green,' and wait at a respectful distance during your interview. You might even find me useful," said Mr. Fielden, with a smile.

"I am afraid Saturday would be rather a busy day for my old man. There is just a chance that he may rest in the little park this afternoon, as he did yesterday. I will go there after luncheon. In the meanwhile, I will send a telegram to the Archers, asking them to stay the night here if possible."

"If they can do so your mind will be at rest, for you could be spared to drive to 'The Green' and speak to your old man. Maggie would go with you in the carriage, and we older folk would manage without you for a short time."

Norah's brow cleared; but later still came a return telegram: "Impossible to stay the night. Will do so if convenient on the homeward journey."



"I only hope my old friend will be in 'The Green' to-day," thought Norah, as she folded the disappointing pink paper and put it aside.

If Norah had been a self-indulgent girl she would have given up the idea of going to "The Green" on the mere chance of meeting Roger. The heat was even greater than on the preceding day, and the sky threatened rain and probably a thunderstorm. Besides, she had no appointment for this afternoon, and her staying indoors would involve no broken promise.

What Norah said to herself was, "Poor old man! He will be more weary than ever to-day, and a rest by the way will be more grateful."

She would not drive, but took a long tram-ride, involving a change of cars from her suburban home to "The Green." A good many people were leaving it as she entered, especially the children in charge of babies, who had been warned by a friendly park-keeper to run home before the rain came. A rumble of distant thunder hastened their steps.

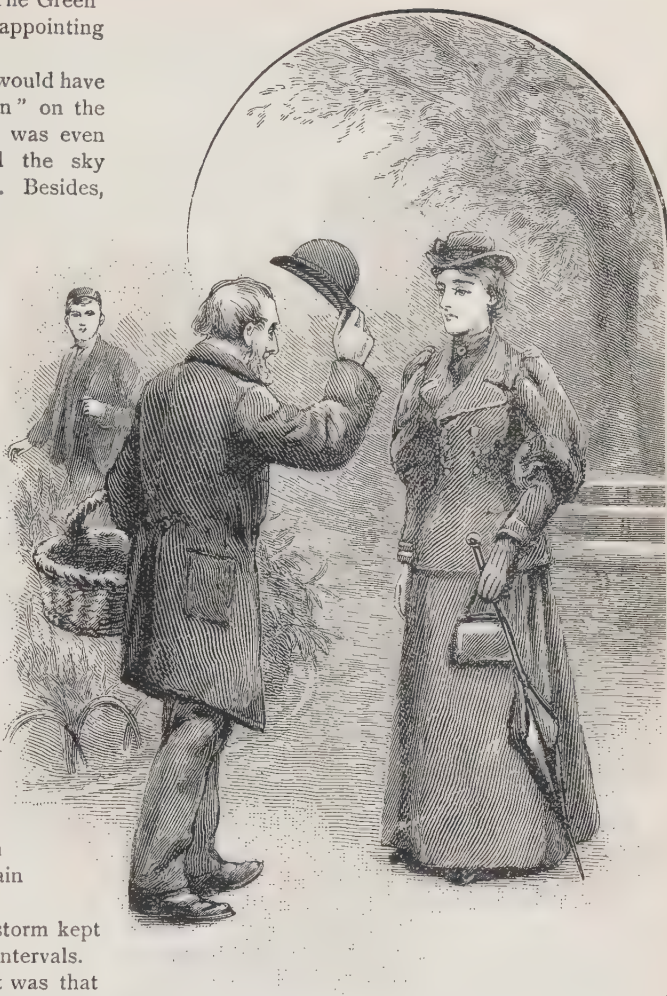
Miss Fielden had no difficulty in finding a seat under one of the shelters, and very glad she was to rest after having assured herself that the old flower-seller was nowhere in sight. She felt sure that if he came to "The Green" he would find his way to the seat where they had talked together on the preceding day. This spot also commanded a view of the gate by which he had passed out, and he would be certain to go the same way, she thought.

There were few people about, though the storm kept off and only a few large drops of rain fell at intervals.

One figure attracted the girl's attention. It was that of a handsome lad of about fourteen, who, like herself, was on the look-out for some one. Sometimes he sat down for a moment, but was too restless to remain quiet, and spent his time in going to and fro between the seat nearest the shelter and another gate by which he probably expected to see some one enter. "Can this be the boy my old man spoke of?" she asked herself.

Then she dismissed the idea. This boy did not answer to the picture formed in her mind of Roger's *protégé*. If he had been tall and strong, like the boy before her, he would have been helping his guardian. Besides, this lad, though dressed in clothes made of common material, had on him the stamp of gentle breeding. Such as he could never have been given over to the charge of an old hawker of vegetables and flowers by a dying mother.

Norah had been charmed with her old man's homely refinement, but the stamp of his class was plain upon him. He could never have been the associate of



"HE MANAGED TO DOFF HIS HAT."

persons in the rank of life to which this bright lad evidently belonged.

The boy was, however, Old Roger's *protégé*, and he had come early to "The Green" in order to meet Grandad. At this moment he was wondering whether that young lady who noticed every passer-by so carefully, and looked so often towards the gate, could be Roger's new acquaintance.

"There comes Grandad," said Dick, half aloud, and he was about to dart forward to meet him when he saw the young lady rise and step on to the walk, so as to be in full view of the old man. He drew back—but not before Roger had seen him. Grandad would know that he was near and waiting. He would keep out of the way until the talk was over, and until the lady left, unless Grandad called him. Roger's step was painfully slow, and every movement showed that his strength was utterly spent. He managed to doff his

hat when he saw Norah, and at once dropped on to the nearest seat.

"I didn't think to see you to-day, Miss, though I'm glad to have the chance of thankin' you for your great kindness. I didn't know how great it was till I took the big crown-piece out from among the leaves in my basket. I thought you'd given me an odd copper or two, to save me the walk home. When I did see the silver I knew you'd done it on purpose, and it wasn't a mistake at all."

Norah smiled, and said she hoped the trifle of money would have bought him a day's rest.

"It has given me part of one. I have no regular customers for flowers, like I have for other things, and I sell them and the better sort of fruit in the streets. To-day I bought none. I have been mostly sittin' in a quiet place since dinner-time; but for all that——"

Roger paused. He was going to say that he was more tired than on the day before, but he would not let this kind lady think that her help had proved in vain. Besides, it would be almost like asking for more, and it was plain she must have plenty of money, or she'd never talk of a five-shilling piece as a trifle.

The girl might have read his thoughts.

"I can see for myself that you are no more fit for work than you were yesterday. Something must be done to help you. I am so glad you came here to-day. I was hoping you would, for it might have been difficult for me to meet you to-morrow;" and she explained why.

"Then, Miss, you really came all this long way that if I weré here you could tell me and I wouldn't be disappointed?"

"You would not have been in any case," said Norah.

"There's not many that would be so particular where one such as me is concerned," said Roger. "There's hardly a day but people break their word to me, in little business things, and such like. They get a bit in debt and they say for certain I shall have my money at such a time. I go, and there's nobody at home, or maybe, if the woman has a bit o' conscience, she leaves part with the missis next door. Or a customer will order a thing, and I have a lot o' trouble getting it, and if it's dearer than she expected she'll throw it on my hands, unless I take less than I gave for it. I'm used to bein' disappointed. But they're not all alike. Many are very straightforward, if a bit hard, and some are real kind. You have to take one with another," said Roger, in his patient fashion.

The old man spoke with effort, and Norah noticed how often he paused as if panting for breath. His face was almost ghastly, so colourless was it, and great beads of moisture stood on his forehead, though he wiped them away from time to time with his tremulous hand.

More than once in Miss Fielden's experience she had known a fainting fit prove fatal in an old person's case, for want of an immediate restorative. Now, she

always carried one with her that had been prepared for the purpose. The sight of Roger's face alarmed her, and she quickly drew out the flask which contained it, filled the cup, and insisted on the old man taking it.

Roger was just able to swallow the dose, and he soon felt the good effects of it. Norah saw this with deep thankfulness. She was anxious to win the old man's confidence, but she did not try to press it or ply him with questions, until he was more fit to answer her.

"I felt as if I was goin' out altogether," he said at last. "It's a providence you were here, Miss, and had that medicine, or I believe I should have lost my senses—for a while, anyway."

*(To be continued.)*

## SUNDAY QUESTIONS.

BY THE REV. W. SUNDERLAND LEWIS, M.A.

### QUESTIONS ON THE BIBLE.

1. Who was taken from the wine-press, when there for another purpose than wine-making, to be a deliverer of his people?
2. Who was expressly destined for similar work before he was born?
3. Who was taken from the sheep-folds for a similar work?
4. Who was taken from a like occupation to be a prophet?
5. What great teacher was an artisan as well as a teacher?
6. What reason have we for believing the same of the greatest Teacher of all?

### QUESTIONS ON THE PRAYER-BOOK.

*(The Collects for the first, second, and third Sundays in Lent.)*

1. In what respect is the Collect for the First Sunday in Lent similar to those for the Third Sunday in Advent and for St. Stephen's Day?
2. What are we taught to look upon as the great motive, the proper meaning, and the final object, of the "abstinence" spoken of in the same Collect?
3. What may we regard ourselves as warned against by the use of the word "true" in that Collect?
4. How does the Collect for the Second Sunday in Lent go beyond that for the Third, in describing our need; and how does the Third go beyond the Second in directing our requests?

### BURIED TRUTH.

Where in the Bible do we read of a woman who went west; of another who went east; of a man and wife who went south; of another man and wife who, to their subsequent great profit, were prevented from doing so; of two women, long after, who went exceedingly wrong; and of another woman who, in more ways than one, did exceedingly well—all in connection, one way or another, with the same kind of affliction?



## OUR PARISH CHURCHES.

## VII.—ST. MARY'S, NOTTINGHAM.

COLOURS OF THE LIX<sup>th</sup> NOTTS REG.

THE church of St. Mary the Virgin has ever been the pride and glory of Nottingham, not only as an ecclesiastical edifice, but as the finest architectural structure in the town. It was erected in the latter half of the fifteenth century, and most probably with the materials of a previous edifice. Coupling these considera-

tions with the fact that it was built on that portion of the borough which was formerly assigned by the Norman Conqueror to its English population, St. Mary's has peculiar claims to veneration and respect. The founders of the edifice evidently took a more liberal view of church accommodation than that which now prevails, for the whole population of the parish could at that time have been gathered within its walls; and how truly glad must those have been who, as Bishop Corbet states, even in his time, were earthed in holes in the ground, to leave their dismal abodes and enjoy the privilege of entering this sacred shrine when it was in all its glory, glowing with colour and gold, and brightened with "storied windows richly

dight," and there to spend a quiet hour over their devotions!

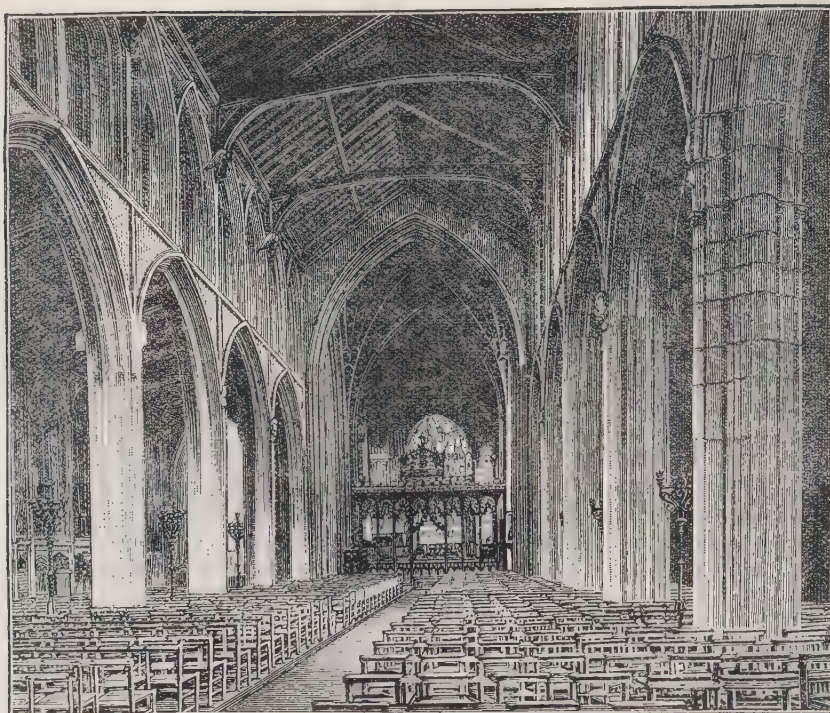
When Leland, the antiquary, visited St. Mary's in 1540, he said there were "so manie faire windowes yn itt, yt noe artificer could imagine to set more."

The materials for a structural history of the church are very scanty, there being no authentic record earlier than 1517, and this merely had reference to a dispute arising out of a wager respecting the painting of the rood loft. There is a tradition that the chancel was destroyed by the fall of the upper part of the tower in a storm during the reign of Queen Mary, which is favoured by the known destruction of the stone vaulting at the intersection of the nave and transepts, also by the deviation from the perpendicular of the piers in the nave. However this may be, if we let the church speak for itself, it would seem to disclaim all contemporaneous connection with the present chancel, as the poverty of detail in the latter fully proves. If this was the time when the present chancel was rebuilt, it is clear that a century must have elapsed between the erection of the two edifices, and it is quite possible that when the rest of the church was rebuilt, the then existing Norman chancel may either have been deemed too good to pull down, or lack of funds may have precluded its re-erection in harmony with the rest of the church.

The western wall of the nave and aisles has been twice rebuilt since the year 1725, the object in each instance evidently being to produce something in accordance with the prevailing taste of the day.



ST. MARY'S, NOTTINGHAM.



THE NAVE AND CHOIR.

The windows in the south aisle were removed in 1761, and it is to be regretted that they were not restored in their original form, as exhibited by those in the north aisle. Prior to 1810 the fair proportions of this noble edifice were hidden from view by the ponderous galleries and the huge screen partition cutting off two bays of the nave and aisles. The prominent feature of such disfigurement was the ringing loft of the belfry, supported by wooden props springing from the tower piers. This was erected on the supposition that more length of rope was required than was originally provided for. The Rev. James Orange, in his "History of Nottingham," says the boys used to amuse themselves after service time by swinging from the belfry floor into the body of the church, over the pews and pulpit!

During the Vicariate of Archdeacon Wilkins something was done towards giving the building a more church-like aspect. The transition from capacious cushioned pews to rush-bottomed chairs could not then be thought of, so narrow pews, curtailed of everything but their exclusive doors, covered the whole area of the nave and aisles. The destruction of the great screen forming what was called "the ante-church," was compounded for by the erection of a solid stone one underneath the chancel arch. This, however, formed a double purpose in forming a reredos to the railed-off sacarium on its western side, and in transforming the chancel into an apartment to be exclusively used for baptisms and marriages. A stone gallery was erected

at the west end of the church, and was surmounted by the organ.

In 1844 a new Vicar was appointed, who, with the best intentions, made a clear sweep of nearly all his predecessor had done, including the demolition of the stone gallery and chancel-screen. Apart from the restoration of the west front, the services of the architect on the occasion appear to have been comparatively slight, being chiefly confined to superintending the pulling down and carting away the costly erections of the former "restoration." Two more decades brought with them another "restoration"; and it is something to have gained once more a clear and unobtrusive view of this noble interior. Whatever may be the "beauty" which is "a joy for ever," those who have watched the recent growth of artistic beauty in St. Mary's, whether found on floor, wall, or window, as expressive of affectionate remembrance of absent friends and relatives, can truly say that its loveliness increases. We may add that the font contains an inscription in Greek, which reads the same backwards as forwards, with an injunction to "wash away thy sin, wash not thy face only," and that the pulpit was presented by members of the Church Congress, held at Nottingham in 1871. The oak chancel, screen, and reredos were the gift of T. Hill, Esq., churchwarden in 1885. The illustrations have been specially engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by Messrs. R. Taylor & Co.

T. C. HINE, F.S.A.





THE VEN. J. G. RICHARDSON, M.A.,  
Archdeacon of Nottingham, and Vicar of  
St. Mary's.



CANON J. J. SINGLETON, M.A.,  
Vicar of Melbourne.



CANON T. B. FERRIS, M.A.,  
Vicar of St. Matthew's, Nottingham.

## THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

BY THE REV. C. DUNKLEY,

*Vicar of St. Mary's, Wolverhampton; Editor of The Church Congress Official Report 1882-1896.*

**T**HE Church Congress will be held at Nottingham from Tuesday, September 28th, to Friday, October 1st. This will be the second visit of Congress to this large manufacturing town, the earlier meeting having been held here under the presidency of Dr. Wordsworth, Bishop of Lincoln, in 1871. Nottingham offers considerable advantages as a place of meeting. It is central, and possesses exceptional railway facilities. Two large Midland towns, Derby and Leicester, are within a short distance; and at least four neighbouring dioceses—Lincoln, Peterborough, Lichfield, and York—will find Nottingham easily accessible. Good railway communication is a *sine quâ non*, if Congress is to be well attended; and in the present year this is of exceptional importance,

owing to the assembling of the Lambeth Conference, and the consequent expectation that a large number of American, Colonial, and Missionary Bishops will be present at Congress.

Nottingham will be found equal to any demands made upon it. Its public halls are numerous and spacious. It boasts of one of the finest parish churches in the land. It has a reputation for hospitality. Nottingham is the largest town in the new diocese of Southwell, which was formed in 1884 out of the dioceses of Lincoln and Lichfield. The town of Derby, with nearly a hundred thousand inhabitants, is only twelve miles distant; and since both towns have before welcomed the Church Congress, and know what is expected of churchmen, there is no doubt the Church in



THE REV. H. A. GEM, M.A.,  
Vicar of All Saints, Nottingham.



THE REV. R. HOLDEN, M.A.,  
Rector of Nuttall.



THE REV. A. C. BECKTON, M.A.,  
Senior Curate of St. Mary's, Nottingham.



F. ABEL SMITH, ESQ.,  
*Hon. Treasurer of the Congress.*



H. E. THORNTON, ESQ., J.P.



T. L. K. EDGE, ESQ., J.P.

this Midland diocese will rise to the occasion and make the Second Nottingham Congress a record gathering.

The Church Congress cultivates the acquaintance of large centres of population, and particularly of towns where men congregate busily. The "smoke and din" of manufacture are dear to Congress, and second visits have been made only to such as these—*viz.*, Manchester, Wolverhampton, Norwich, and Nottingham. But there is hardly a corner of England that has not come within range of the influence of Congress. From Newcastle and Carlisle in the North to Brighton and Southampton on the South Coast; from Hull and Norwich to Swansea, Cardiff, and Bristol; from Folkestone to Plymouth;—Congress has journeyed during thirty six years of its vigorous existence.

The Church Congress: what is it? It is not a piece of Church organisation; it is not a platform for Societies; it is not a review-day of the Church's forces; it is no substitute for her Convocations and Conference system; it is not a council or committee in which divisions are taken, votes recorded, and

decisions made; it is not a mere debating society. What is it, then? It is a voluntary gathering of churchmen brought together from year to year, constrained by love for Mother Church and a zealous desire to promote her greater efficiency, to consider Church questions of present interest, especially in their bearing upon the life of the world. The discussions of the selected subjects are opened by picked men; either experts in the field of knowledge under consideration, or highly capable teachers and leaders. These discussions direct, deepen, and widen men's thoughts; they cultivate a more intelligent grasp of the great realities of the Church's life and work; they stimulate churchmen to undertake a fuller service for Christ and fellow-man; they encourage the wearied and disappointed worker by the knowledge of the Church's strength and unquestioned advance; they sometimes reveal new regions of Christian toil, new opportunities of service and sacrifice, which are readily embraced.

Over and above these gains to Church life, the Church



W. H. WHISTON, ESQ., J.P.



S. J. T. LYNCH, ESQ.



D'OYLEY S. RANSOM, ESQ.



Congress has given us two distinct, striking, and encouraging benefits. First, it has broken down the barriers which separated good and true men belonging to different schools of thought in the Church. Men who might never have met but for the Congress, have met there. They have looked one another in the face, listened to one another's earnest words, and discovered that they were not, after all, so far apart as they thought. Exchange of thought and opinion has led to a better understanding; and a better understanding has opened the way to friendship and fellowship in word and work.

Second, the Church Congress has impressed many with a sense of the dignity and greatness of the Church as a body. "This is a revelation to me," said a brother clergyman at Shrewsbury Congress,—"I had no conception the Church of England, as an intellectual and spiritual force, could present herself with such power." It is difficult for any one whose life is spent from day to day in humble, isolated spheres of work to realise that he is a representative of a great historical Church.

The Congress will be opened, as usual, with Divine Service, and the President will deliver his inaugural address at the first session on Tuesday afternoon. Meetings will be held concurrently in the Albert Hall and the Mechanics' Hall, and a wide range of subjects have been selected for discussion. Among these will be found,—Organisation of the Anglican Communion; The Book of Common Prayer as the Rule of the English Church; Foreign Missions; Church Reform, including the Constitution of Church Councils in Parishes, and Methods of Preferment and Patronage; Industrial Problems with particular reference to Trade Disputes; the Supply and Preparation of candidates for Holy Orders; The Church and Dissent; National Education. One session will be devoted to the progress of life and thought in the Church of England during the Victorian Era, and another session to the consideration of Archbishop Benson's last two proposals for the organisation and maintenance of the Church—viz., Church Defence and Instruction Committees, and the Clergy Sustentation Fund. The subject of the Devotional meeting will be the Incarnation of our Lord as determining the Character of Individual Life and Prayer, Church Corporate Life, the Ministry; and another session of Congress will be engaged with Practical Religion in Citizenship, Commerce, and Business Relations. There will also be meetings for working men, for teachers, for men in business, for women, and for young women.

On the last day of Congress there is to be a special service in Southwell Cathedral; and in the evening a closing service at St. Mary's, Nottingham. The programme is both interesting and comprehensive, and augurs well for a successful and profitable Congress.

Our portraits of the Treasurer and Hon. Secretaries of the Congress have been specially engraved for us by Messrs. R. Taylor & Co., from photographs nearly the

whole of which were expressly taken for this purpose:—Archdeacon Richardson, The Revs. H. A. Gem and A. C. Beckton, Messrs. T. L. K. Edge, S. J. T. Lynch, D'Oyley S. Ransom, and F. Abel Smith, by Mr. A. W. Cox, 11, St. James's Street, Nottingham; Canon Singleton, and Mr. W. H. Whiston, by Mr. W. W. Winter, Derby; Canon Ferris, by Mr. Fred Smith, 29a, Alfreton Road, Nottingham; the Rev. R. Holden by Thomas Fall, 9, Baker Street, London, W.; Mr. H. E. Thornton, J. P., by Messrs. Usherwood & Co., 5, Hounds Gate, Nottingham

## A SUNDAY NIGHT HYMN.



THE Day of Rest is over,  
The Day of prayer and praise,  
Of Eucharistic Offering,  
Of vows Christ's people raise;  
O Day of Peace, of Joy, and Love,  
Blest foretaste of our Home above.  
Forgiveness, Lord, we ask Thee  
For sins of holy things,  
Before we sink in slumber  
Beneath our Guardian's wings;  
O Day of Peace, of Joy, and Love,  
Blest foretaste of our Home above.  
If worship here is Heaven,  
What must our true Home be?  
If Sunday is Time's jewel,  
Oh, what, Eternity?  
All Peace, all Joy, all Love, for aye,  
A Sabbath fading not away.

W. CHATTERTON DIX,

*Author of "As with gladness men of old," etc.*

## HOMELY COOKERY.

BY M. RAE, *Certificated Teacher of Cookery.*

### Seed Cake.



THREE-QUARTERS of a pound of flour,  $1\frac{1}{2}d.$ ; quarter of a pound of dripping,  $1d.$ ; quarter of a pound of sugar, 2 teaspoonfuls of carraway seeds, 1 teaspoonful of baking powder,  $1d.$ ; one egg,  $1d.$ ; half a teacupful of milk,  $\frac{1}{2}d.$  Total,  $5d.$  Grease a cake-tin with melted dripping. Put the flour in a basin, and rub in the fat till no lumps remain; then add the sugar, carraways, and baking powder. Beat the egg and milk together, stir into the dry materials, and mix to a stiff paste. Put into the tin and bake for an hour and a quarter in a hot oven.

When done, turn out, and place it on something through which the steam can escape. A cane-seated chair answers the purpose very well if nothing else is handy.

### St. Luke (October 18th).

Look in, and see Christ's chosen saint  
In triumph wear his Christ-like chain;  
No fear lest he should swerve or faint,  
"His life is Christ, his death is gain."

Two converts, watching by His side  
Alike His love and greetings share;  
Luke the beloved, the sick soul's guide,  
And Demas, named in faltering prayer.

JOHN KEELE.



### THE PANSY.

**T**HE pansy is the *Viola Tricolor* of the natural order *Violaceæ*. Under the name of heartsease it is frequently found in poetry. Europe and Asia are its native soils. The common kinds which are found in the hedgerows are very small in their growth and give very little indication of what the plant has become by cultivation. The varieties of colour are numerous, from the very dark blue to the most gorgeous yellow, and the plant is therefore highly prized for bedding purposes. Few gardens are without it; and those who have spent a day in the country cannot forget the pretty clumps which often give brightness to the cottage garden by the wayside.

It is a spring flower, and is seen in its greatest perfection in the months of April, May, and in the greater part of June. In the summer months the plants bloom sparingly, and unless watered morning and evening the petals get shrivelled by the strong heat of the sun. It is necessary, therefore, to keep the soil about them somewhat damp. In the autumn the plants revive and bloom freely, but the flowers do not attain the perfection of the spring flowering.

The pansy is propagated by sowing seed, and by taking cuttings, and offshoots with roots. The seed should be sown in flower-pots, boxes, or in a warm border in the garden, during May, June, and July. It should be sprinkled on the surface, and covered up by putting loose, fine soil on the top. Plant out the seedlings or young plants in June, July, and August, about six inches apart each way.

Cuttings are taken in June, July, and August. The young side-shoots of young plants should be selected for this purpose. Plant them firmly in soil mixed with silver sand in a shady border, placing a hand-glass over them, or they may be put in a cold frame. Shade them from the sun, and give a little water to keep the soil moist.

Young offshoots with roots are taken from the young plants in July. These should be placed in a shaded part of the border, in moderately rich soil, and will soon become vigorous plants. Transplant them in October into the beds where they are to remain.

Pansies thrive best in a light soil which has been well prepared with rotted manure and leaf mould. Liquid manure may be applied to the roots while they are in bloom.

The points of a pansy are: a perfect circle, flat, smooth-edged, thick, velvety petals, the colour good and clear, and the marking of the eye distinct.

---

### St. Simeon and St. Jude

(October 28th).

CALL the erring by Thy pity;  
Warn the tempted by Thy fear;  
Keep us true to Thine allegiance,  
Counting life itself less dear,  
Standing firmer, holding faster,  
As we see the end draw near.

Till, with holy Jude and Simon  
And the thousand faithful more,  
We, the good confession witness'd  
And the lifelong conflict o'er,  
On the sea of fire and crystal  
Stand, and wonder, and adore.

JOHN ELLERTON

---

THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.—“When I go to appear before God,” said the distinguished physician and philosopher, Sir James Simpson, “I’ll just hold up Christ to Him.” “We care,” writes the judicious Hooker, “for no knowledge in the world but this—that man hath sinned, and God hath suffered; that God hath made Himself the sin of man, and that men are made the righteousness of God.” “The only thing I want,” said Bishop Hamilton, when dying, “is to place my whole confidence more and more perfectly in the precious Blood!” “The Blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.”



## THE COMING OF AUGUSTINE.

BY THE REV. THOMAS MOORE, M.A.,

*Rector of St. Michael Paternoster Royal, and St. Martin Vintry, College Hill, with All-Hallows-the-Great-and-Less, Thames Street; Author of "The Englishman's Brief," etc.*X.—AUGUSTINE AND THE BEGINNING OF RELATIONS  
BETWEEN CHURCH AND STATE.

THE relations between Church and State in England were the relations between Bishop and King. The Bishop represented the Church, and the King represented the State.

Those relations commenced between Augustine and Ethelbert before the latter was converted to Christianity. They began on the occasion of their first interview, on the sloping hill-side near Minster, when, after Augustine had declared to Ethelbert the Gospel message, the King, though still unprepared to accept its truths, invited Augustine and his companions to be his guests in his royal city of Canterbury.

Thus the Church, when first founded in Canterbury amongst the heathen English people, maintained for a time friendly relations with Ethelbert—as a well-disposed and hospitable heathen king.

When Ethelbert accepted the Christian faith, and was received into the fold of the Church after Holy Baptism, his relations with the Church were completely altered. Though he was King of his converted subjects, who constituted the fold of the Church, he himself was her chief member, and as such was, with all his Christian subjects, in things spiritual and ecclesiastical, under the rule of Augustine as Bishop.

Thus, it will be seen, there was no necessity for the making of any verbal or written bargain, compact, or agreement, creating a union between Church and State. Such a union—if union it could be called—sprang up as a natural—and indeed necessary—consequence of existing circumstances.

Augustine and all his fellow-labourers, and members of the newly formed Church, as subjects of King Ethelbert, were in all temporal matters under his civil rule and government.

On the other hand, Ethelbert, with all his subjects who had become members of the Church, were, in all things spiritual and ecclesiastical, under the rule of Augustine.

So it came to pass that the State was in things spiritual and ecclesiastical as much bound by the laws of the Church as the Church in civil matters was bound by the laws of the State.

The fact is that the relationship which sprang up between Church and State was, in the case of Augustine and Ethelbert, as it was between the Bishops and Kings of the other Anglo-Saxon kingdoms, a purely spontaneous relationship, and one which so completely entered into the whole affairs of the Church and kingdom that it was impossible legally to define, or adequately to describe it.

The whole relationship, or union, between Church and State, from beginning to end, until the days when it necessarily assumed a legal form, was purely voluntary.

There was no law to compel Ethelbert favourably to

receive Augustine and hospitably entertain him in Canterbury. There was no law subsequently to compel Ethelbert to accept the Christian faith, and become a member of the new Church of the English, founded within his kingdom. There was no law to compel him to endow the Church with buildings, lands, and other property, and to invest her with certain rights and privileges.

In all these matters, Augustine as Bishop, and Ethelbert as King, did what they did of their own accord and free will, without any compulsion whatsoever.

So with respect to the Church laws made by Ethelbert and his Council of wise men—composed of Clergy and laity—laws which legally bound the Church and the State more closely together: they were all entirely voluntary, made in favour of the Church, without the Church in turn entering into, or being required to enter into any legal undertaking, with respect to services to be rendered by her to the State.

The origin and process of growth of the relationship between Church and State in all the other Anglo-Saxon kingdoms were much the same as in the kingdom of Kent, and the development of those relations took place on the same lines as in Kent, so that to Augustine and Ethelbert belong the honour of founding in England the time-honoured union between Church and State.

## OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

## XXVIII. ENIGMA.

THE names of three great poets are thus expressed :—

1. Tremble weapon.
2. Grinding machine great weight.
3. A popular game preposition.

## XXIX. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My Initials read downwards a religious body name ;

My Finals read downwards likewise do the same.

1. I cannot be extinguished.
2. I rarely am distinguished.
3. I'm used for ladies' dresses.
4. A rap my name expresses.
5. You now are using me.
6. I run out to the sea.

## XXX. CONUNDRUMS.

13. Why should there always be music in a stationer's shop ?
14. When does a horse cost very little to keep ?
15. When is a clock like a man who wants a holiday ?

"WASTE NOT, WANT NOT."—Sir Walter Scott set a good example in having these words carved in stone over the kitchen fire-place at Abbotsford. Perhaps there is no country where there is more waste of food than in England : and how often the Arabic proverb is found true in the result of waste—"Too-much is the father of Too little."

## "IT'S A SECRET!"

(See ILLUSTRATION, page 239.)

**I**T was a secret, a very great secret—indeed, the biggest secret that little Martha Adams had ever known. You see, it was in this way. Martha was very fond of her grandfather, for ever since she could remember anything, Grandad had been so kind to her; and well he might, for little Martha was his only Grandchild. You may be sure that Martha was quite delighted when her mother proposed that there should be a great surprise for Grandfather's birthday. It was arranged that a large pocket-handkerchief should be bought at the new shop in Philip Lane, that Martha should hem it, and that, as a grand finish-up, her mother was to work two capital letters, J. A., in the top corner, to show all the world that the beautiful handkerchief really belonged to John Adams. The handkerchief cost eightpence, Martha giving two pennies towards it out of her very own money, and her mother making up the rest.

It would take too long to tell you the time little Martha gave to that hemming, for you see she could only do it when her grandfather was out; and besides, as it was for a birthday present, Martha was most anxious to do it thoroughly well, so that the stitches should be neat and regular. She only got it finished the day before the birthday; and although she was glad to have it finished and ready, she felt almost sorry, for all that afternoon she seemed to have nothing to do, and the time did so drag along. She thought so much about it too, and did so wish that she had had some little brothers and sisters with whom to share the secret.

Then, while her mother was gone down the garden to get some lettuce for tea, poor Martha did something so funny—she really couldn't help it. She looked round to make quite sure that her mother had really gone into the garden; then she came up close

to her grandfather's chair, and, dropping her voice to a whisper, said, "Grandad, I know something *you* don't know."

"What is it, Martha?"

"Ah! I know, but I mustn't tell you!"

"Why?"

"Because it's a secret! A real, special, very big, big secret!"

"Oh, *do* tell me!"

"N-n-n-n-o! It's a special, special secret!" And then, after a long pause, Martha timidly added, "I know what you are going to have for your birthday to-morrow!"

"Oh, please do tell me!"

"N-n-n-n-o! You must wait!"

Then her grandfather pretended to be so disappointed, that—will you believe it?—little Martha felt quite sorry; so, dropping her voice to the tiniest, tiniest whisper, she said,—

"Well, you must be quite sure and positive you will not tell anybody, for it's a fearful secret! You are going to have a lovely new pocket-handkerchief, which I have stitched, and Mother has put some bits of your name on! Oh, it's lovely; but be sure and keep it a real secret till to-morrow: now promise me!"

But alas! before the dear old Grandad could make the solemn promise, Martha's mother came back, and poor Martha went quite red in the face when her mother said, "Now you two have been up to mischief. I am sure you have. What is it?" And both Grandad and Martha called out together, "It's a secret! You mustn't ask us!" Yes, and next day, when Grandad received his birthday gift, he was so pleased; and it wasn't till very late in the day, after little Martha had gone to bed, that he told her mother all about the secret.

Next morning, Martha's mother said at breakfast, "So you couldn't keep the secret after all!" And Martha hung down her head, and made this reply, which pleased her dear old Grandad more than ever: "Well, mother, I did try my very hardest to keep it, but you know we cannot keep secrets from those whom we love, and I do love Grandfather so. I love him best of all, next to you!"





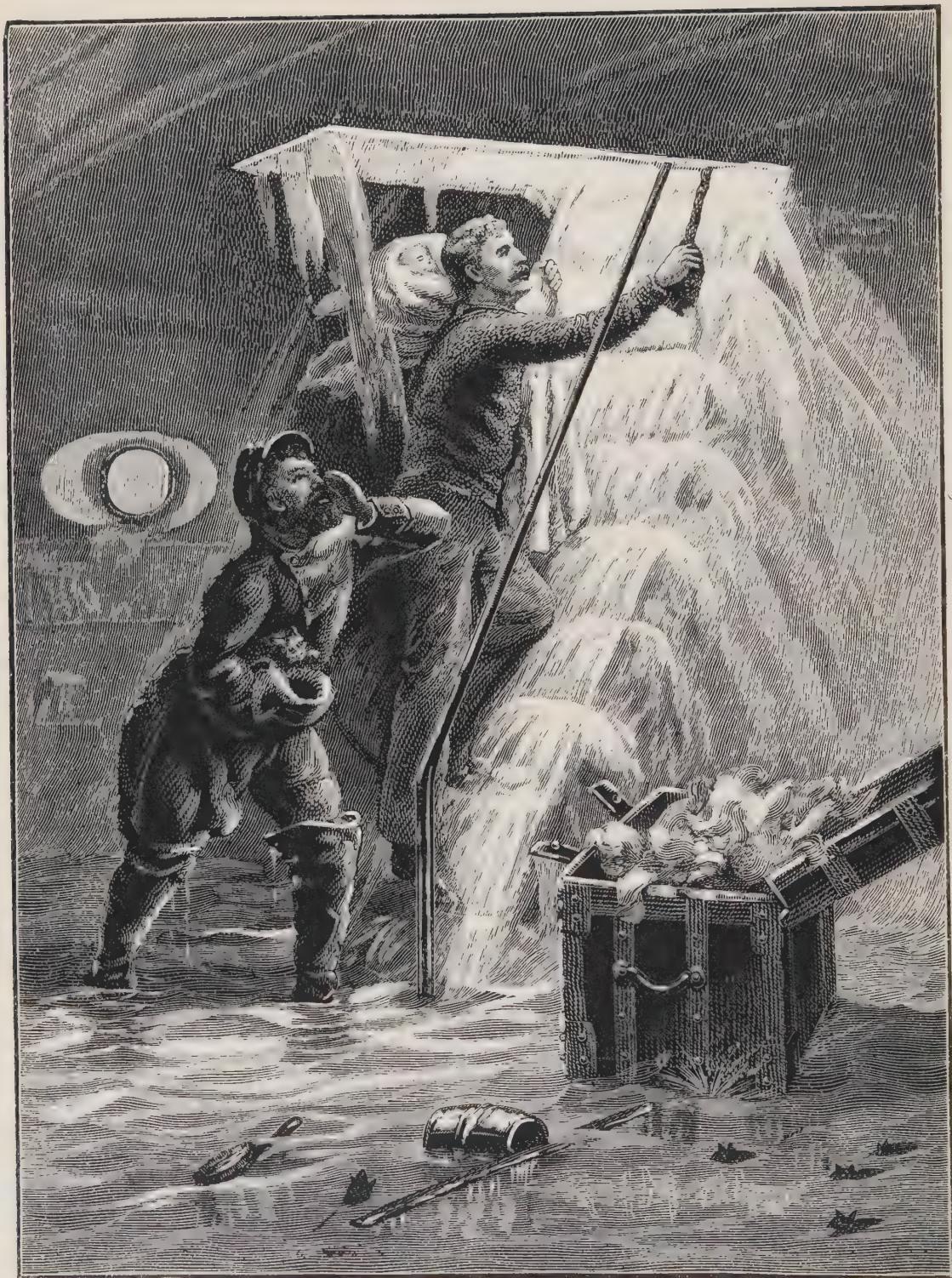
"IT'S A SECRET!" (page 238).

*Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by W. MALIPHANT.*









## THE LAST BELOW!

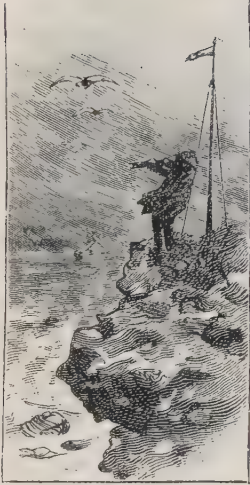
*Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by R. H. MATHER.*



## THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA.

BY THE REV. F. BOURDILLON, M.A.,

Author of "Bedside Readings," etc.



I OFTEN think, thinks I, what a lot o' things there is down there, at the bottom of the sea."

The two men were sailors. They were on the same watch that night, and crossed one another now and then on the deck. It was Jack Smart who spoke. His mate, Ben Steady ("Old Ben," he was called), was an older man, but not beyond middle age either.

"Yes, thinks I sometimes, a man might be rich, if he could get down there, and grope about a bit. Think of the ships, and the cargoes, and the clocks, and watches, and

chronometers, and the money, and the silver plate, and all the rest of it! Why, it wouldn't be a bad job, Old Ben, if you and I could get safe down, and pick some of it up."

"Ah, there's more than *that* down there. Think of the lives, man! Think of those sunk and drowned! Some of 'em I've sailed with—many of 'em. I could tell you of lots."

"Well, I know a few myself," said Jack.

"No doubt you do, but not so many as me by long chalks; you haven't lived so long. But just you turn your mind to those who've been drowned, and some of 'em gone in a moment, poor fellows, and leaving their wives and children behind 'em. You think o' *that*: the ships and cargoes don't so much signify."

"Have you ever lost anybody yourself?"

"Oh, yes. My father was drowned at sea; he was on a smack. And my eldest brother, he went down in that man-o'-war that was overturned, you know; he, and I forget how many more besides."

"Have you ever been wrecked yourself?"

"Yes, years ago, when I was a youngster, not

so old as you are. The ship ran up against an iceberg, and went down in ten minutes, and only I and three more were saved; the Captain and all the rest were drowned, and we lost all we had, except the clothes we stood up in."

"Oh, then, *you've* got something belonging to you down there; something that *did* belong to you."

"I hope I've got something more than my clothes down at the bottom."

"Well, you've got your money, no doubt; and your watch, if you had one."

"I hope I've got more than *that*."

"Well, you are a queer one, Old Ben. That's what we all say you are; you have got such notions. But this beats all—that you should *hope* you've got things down at the bottom of the sea. Why, man, if they were there, you'd have *lost* 'em, you'd never see 'em again."

"That's just what I don't want to do. I hope I never shall see 'em again; I know I don't want to; I hope they're all right down there, and will never come up any more, *that* I do!"

And Old Ben was so much in earnest that his voice trembled as he spoke.

Jack was surprised at seeing him show so much feeling; but, as he could not make him out, he turned off with a short laugh, and walked up and down again, muttering, "Well, Old Ben *is* a queer sort!"

But Ben had not done with him.

"Don't you want to know what I mean, Jack?" said he, a few minutes after, when they met again.

"I don't mind," said Jack. "What *is* it of yours that you hope is at the bottom?"

"My *sins*," said Ben solemnly.

"Oh, your sins! I wasn't thinking of *sins*. But how can your sins be at the bottom of the sea?"

"I'll tell you. Have you got a *Bible*, Jack?"

"I've got one somewhere—at least, I know I had; but I don't rightly know where it is."

"Then you don't often read in it?"

"Can't say I do; I won't tell no lies."

"If you'd kept to your Bible, you'd have come across *this* in it: 'Thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea.' *That's* what I mean. There's where I hope my sins are, cast down in the depths of the sea."

"I shouldn't mind if mine were along with 'em."

"Well, you may get 'em there, if you go about it the right way—least, that's what I believe. If mine are there, I don't see why yours shouldn't be."

"Well, what *is* the right way then? You seem to know all about it."

"If I do, it's only because God has showed it to me. What I know about it, I've learnt it all out of my Book. You see, messmate, it isn't that my sins are *really* down there, but that's how it's put in the Book, to show us they're *gone*. It's Christ that takes our sins away. He washed 'em away in His Blood, when He died to save us. It's Him I look to. He's my Saviour. He takes our sins right away, so that they're as much gone as if they'd been thrown into the sea. There, now you know about as much as I do; but that's a *lot* to know, to know *that*. I can't teach you much—I don't know much myself; but I do know one thing—that God 'll be as good as His word, and He has promised to forgive all who trust in Jesus, and to take all their sins away. Just you think of what Isaiah says: 'All we like sheep have gone astray' (I know *I* have); 'we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on *Him* the iniquity of us all.' Bless His Holy Name for *that*!"

Here the talk ended for that night. Jack said nothing, but I don't think it was the last talk they had.



THE POWER OF SONG.—Many years ago, Dr. Forrest, the present Dean of Worcester, was preaching in his London church one Sunday evening. At the close of the service a lady came to the vestry to thank him for his sermon, which had greatly moved her. In the course of conversation it transpired that she was Jenny Lind, the well-known singer. Dr. Forrest took the opportunity of telling her that he was visiting a youth in his parish who was dying of consumption, and who was an earnest Christian. One day Dr. Forrest asked him "what had led him to know Christ as his Saviour?" He replied that "some time before his illness he had gone to the Leeds Festival, and there heard Jenny Lind sing 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' and that then and there he had yielded his heart to Christ, and had been His faithful follower ever since!" Tears sprang into Jenny Lind's eyes, and after a long pause she thanked Dr. Forrest for telling her this touching incident. Then she added: "It is not the first time that I have heard of a similar result from my singing of that song, and I never do sing it without first asking God that it may be blessed to at least one soul in my audience."

## OLD ROGER'S BIT OF PRIDE.

BY RUTH LAMB,

Author of "*The Real Owner of Swallowdale*," etc.

### CHAPTER IX.

#### CONFIDENCES.



MISS FIELD-  
EN could not help feeling some alarm as she realised Old Roger's extreme weakness, and he seemed conscious of her anxiety on his account.

"Don't be frightened,

Miss," he said, "I'm feeling better. I've been badly wantin' to speak to somebody, and I've kept putting off, because I didn't know the right person to trust. Besides, I wanted to make sure of one thing before I spoke. If *it* only came right I knew it would give me confidence to go to a certain gentleman and lay my case before him."

"Has it come right?" asked Norah.

"Not yet—at least, not as I know of. The post may bring the bit of good news I'm lookin' for any day now. Good news, when you're expectin' it, is always a long while on the road. It's the bad that comes by express train and is always in too soon."

"I suppose your news is sure to be good, if it comes at all."

"I think so, Miss, only there's more than one chance. It may be good, and yet might be better. Do you understand?"

"I think I do. You are pretty sure that something will happen to cheer and gratify you, but you are hoping for what would please you still better. The waiting time is always a trial to patience. But whilst you are waiting I should like to be helping. Tell me what I can do, and believe that I am willing to be your friend. You may trust me to keep your secret."

"Don't I know that?" said Roger, with an attempt at a smile. "The lady that would put herself about sooner than disappoint a poor body that was expecting to see her, wouldn't break her word if she promised not to tell anything she was asked to keep secret."

"I am glad to hear you say that. If this matter makes you anxious, it will do you good to know that



somebody is sharing the weight with you. I always find that a trouble shrinks to half its size when I have told my father all about it."

"I believe you, Miss; but you see I've had nobody that I could trust. It's just wonderful that God has found a friend for me, all unexpected, when I'm so weak and worn out that I'm beginning to think I cannot last much longer. I mustn't die without tellin' and makin' a friend for that boy I told you about, if I can. I'm that tired—I never was so bad before."

Roger paused, and again Norah took out the little flask and glass, saying, "I only gave you half the proper dose of my medicine the last time. Now you must take the rest."

The old man obeyed, and Norah begged him to wait a little before beginning his story.

"What a sweet thought it is for us to call to mind that Jesus knew what it was to be tired, and that He can feel for us in our hours of weariness, just as He can and does in times of greater trouble!"

"Aye, Miss. I remember about Him sittin' by the well-side, whilst the disciples went to get something for them all to eat. I've thought about that many a time, and said to myself, 'The Master was a deal younger man than me. Not much more than half as old. If He got tired, no wonder I do.' I hope it doesn't seem disrespectful to speak about Him like another man, seeing He was God too."

"I am sure it does not," replied Norah. "Was He not perfect in His humanity, as well as in the Divine nature? He 'was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.'"

A beautiful light shone on Roger's wan face as he heard the familiar words. He was one of those simple-hearted disciples who accept God's revelation of Himself in the Person of Jesus Christ, with the faith of a little child.

To Norah, that touch of realism by which Roger compared his own age with that of his Master was a proof of this childlike faith.

"It comforted me ever so, when I thought about it," said the old man, who had turned away from his own pressing anxiety to think of that weary Traveller by the well-side. If his Divine Lord, Who was in all the glory and strength of youthful manhood, knew what it was to be tired before the day was half over, an old man who "had been on the go since four in the morning" might well be weary too.

"I'd felt half ashamed of myself for giving in, before I thought of that," he said, "but I never did afterwards. I just took a rest and was thankful, unless there was something that must be done. Then I bethought myself that when work came for Him He forgot being tired and never troubled about the dinner the disciples were calling Him to. All they could say was 'Master, eat,' never minding whether they were interruptin' Him in the talk He was having with the stranger woman. They meant it kindly, no doubt. But all

Jesus thought of was doing the work He came on earth to do, and it was meat an' drink to Him, though they couldn't see it. It was just beautiful, Miss, wasn't it?"

Norah assented. She was able to enter fully into Roger's sentiments, but seeing that he looked better, she was anxious not to lose the opportunity of hearing his story.

"I have not very long to stay," she said; "perhaps we had better make the most of our time."

"Yes: then perhaps my mind will be quieted. You know that 'collic,' Miss, I daresay, 'Grant, we beseech Thee, merciful Lord, to Thy faithful people pardon and peace, that they may be cleansed from all their sins, and serve Thee with a quiet mind, through Jesus Christ our Lord.' I learned all the *collics* off, Sunday by Sunday, when I was a boy at school, and I've never forgot 'em since. They come as fresh as ever when I'm in church, and I don't ever need to look at the book. It's a grand thing to have good words fixed in your mind when you're young, isn't it, Miss? What a lot there is in that one little prayer! To ask for pardon and peace and cleansing from sin, in such a few words, to say nothing of the being able to serve God with a quiet mind. I often say that last bit over, when I'm worried about the little troubles that will come every day of my life."

Roger had wandered off from his intended confidences, and was spending his revived energies on a subject which delighted his listener and with which she was in fullest sympathy. She told him so, then waited, in the hope that he would speak of his anxiety about the boy, and afford her the chance of helping him.

"I beg your pardon, Miss," he began. "I don't often get the chance you're givin' me. I was going to tell you about the boy. His mother was a lady, quite a lady, in all her ways—just like yourself, I may say. She came to live in Glinderses ten years since, and brought the boy with her. He was only about four, then, but as pretty a little lad as you could see, and as for manners—but dear me, his mother had the trainin' of him, and if you'd known her you'd have known what to expect in the child she owned."

"Where is Glinderses?" asked Norah. She knew many a court and out-of-the-way alley inhabited by the very poor, but of Glinderses she now heard for the first time. The city was too populous and far-reaching for her to know more than a mere corner of it.

Roger proceeded to describe the locality, told Norah the court had once been called by a finer name, and that "Glinders' Court" was in big letters over the entrance, but everybody thereabouts called it just "Glinderses."

"I've lived there myself for many a year longer than the next oldest tenant, and I'm just 'Old Roger' to everybody. The people that are my neighbours are poor, though many of 'em needn't be if they knew better how to turn money to good account, and spent less in drink and more in decent things. Not that

they're to be called disrespectful. The court wouldn't stand bad characters. It holds itself above that. Only, the folks are too free in their ways and words, and not particular in a many things where they might be, or they'd live in a better neighbourhood."

"But you say you live in Glinderses," said Norah.

"That's true, Miss, in a way. But I've got a good big room up a little stair all to itself. It has a fine-sized window facin' the street, and doesn't look into the Court at all. It goes right across the entrance, and is more private than any of the cottages inside."

"But you say the lady, your boy's mother, lived in the Court. How could she bear such a place?"

"She was poor, Miss; come down in the world since she lost her husband, and she just wanted to hide away from those that had known her when things were different. It seems queer to say such a——"

Roger stopped.

"Such a——? What were you going to say?" asked Norah.

"I hardly knew how to word it, Miss, but the lady had known me—in business—when I didn't trade with a barrow and a basket. I had a tidy little shop once. She'd often talked to me, almost as if I were a friend. You'll wonder at that now, lookin' at me as I am now."

"No, I do not," said Norah stoutly. "I could make a friend of you myself if I were in trouble. I am certain you would be a true one."

"I never felt so proud in my life, Miss. I thought nothing could make me prouder than knowing that *she* trusted me. But for two such ladies to say that much is almost too good."

"I may as well tell you just what happened. She didn't know which way to turn, and she said to me, 'There's nobody in the wide world I can turn to with my boy, to seek help or shelter. What shall I do? I wish I could live somewhere near you. I should have one friend. I have a little money, and I can earn something by work.'

"I told her what a poor place Glinderses was for such as her to live in, but there was a cottage near by to my place empty at the moment. Nothing would serve but she must take it, and her things were brought, after the bit of a house had been cleaned and papered through. She made it a little palace in a wilderness," said Roger, "and everybody saw what she was from the day she set foot in the Court."

In a few more minutes Miss Fielden knew the story



"DICK WAS ON THE ALERT."

of the past ten years. How "she" was always called the "Lady of Glinderses"; how she taught and trained her boy, kept the poor little home in a state of beautiful purity; worked at making articles for certain shops, to which Roger took them, and received the money in return on her behalf.

Over the last sad chapter the old man broke down utterly, but Norah learned from it how the boy, then ten years old, had been confided to his care by a dying mother.

How faithful Roger had been to the trust reposed in him, how he had toiled, striven, and denied himself almost necessities, for the boy's sake, Norah had partly to guess. Long acquaintance with the poor and struggling enabled her to come very near the truth.

The girl was indescribably touched when she found that Roger's great ambition was to keep his charge up to the standard of his dead mother, and that the news he was expecting was about a scholarship which the boy seemed to have a good chance of winning.

"You shall speak to the boy yourself, if you please, Miss" said Roger, in conclusion. "He has holidays



now, and he has been begging me to let him help me in my work. But you'll understand I couldn't do that. It's easy to let a boy go down, but not so easy to put him back in his old place again. You'll say when you look at the lad that he's fit for something better than to push a barrow—with the larnin' he's got too."

Roger beckoned to the boy who had attracted Norah's attention on her first coming into "The Green," and who had remained in sight during her talk with the old man.

"I gave him leave to meet me here," said Roger; "I'd no thought of seeing you, Miss, but I am glad he's here, now I've told you about him."

Dick was on the alert, expecting to be summoned, and at once responded to Roger's signal.

If Miss Fielden had been pleased with the boy's appearance from a distance, it impressed her still more agreeably when he came near.

"He looks like a lady's son, now doesn't he, Miss?" whispered Roger, as the boy took off his cap and made a bow to Norah, then turned to the old man, saying, "Yes, Grandad," as if in answer to the mute call.

"I forgot to mention that he calls me 'Grandad,' so as he may seem to have somebody belonging to him," interposed Roger hastily, that the expression might not be misunderstood to mean a real relationship.

"I am not surprised at that," said Norah, with a pleasant smile.

Then she bade the boy sit down, told him what she had heard from his old friend, and encouraged him to speak of his school work, and his hopes in connection with the scholarship.

Dick, always frank, was only too delighted to find a listener who would sympathise with him. It was a treat to have such an opportunity, and, in a perfectly modest way, he made the most of it.

Miss Fielden was deeply interested, and hardly knew whether the simple-minded, self-devoting old man, or the bright lad, attracted her the most. As to Roger, for the moment he forgot weariness, weakness, present poverty and anxiety about the future, in his joy at listening to Dick. He was worthily sustaining his character as "a lady's son."

"If '*she*' could hear her boy talkin' this minute, she'd say that Old Roger had not let him go down," was the cheering thought which passed through his mind.

"Now tell me," said Norah, when Dick paused, "if you get this scholarship, what will follow?"

Dick looked inquiringly at Grandad, as if he would ask leave to speak.

"P'raps I'd better tell," said Roger. "You go on one side for a bit, and come back when I hold up my hand."

Dick obeyed instantly, and returned to his former seat.

"It's better I should speak for him. Besides, he does not know all the ins an' outs of things as I do. It would never suit for such a young head to be moilin' at the books and worryin' about where the bread and

butter's to come from, at the same time. I must tell you the truth, Miss. The selling of his mother's bit of furniture and the club money left a few pounds over, after her funeral was paid for. I'd put her in a club myself, to make sure. I thought so much of her, that I could never have borne for her to have a parish buryin'. The trifle of money helped nicely through the first eighteen months or so. A growing lad is hearty, to say nothing about clothes, and he's going in fourteen now," said Roger, with an admiring glance at Dick.

"Do I understand that, with the exception of those few pounds, which were really your own, since you had paid the club subscriptions, you have toiled to feed, clothe, and educate this boy?" asked Norah.

"Well, yes, *in a way*. But oh, the comfort he's been to a lonely old man I could never tell you!"

Roger tried to give Miss Fielden some idea of all the benefits conferred on himself by Dick's companionship; but the girl could see through all, and that the old man's toil had been doubled, that he had been wearing himself out for the sake of the lad. She could see that the thin, threadbare clothing was worn by Roger that the boy might be decently clad. In fact, she read between the lines far more than Roger intended. Necessity compelled him to let her know part. She easily guessed the rest.

"If my lad gets the scholarship, it will be no good to him unless he has some better friend than Old Roger to help him on. I'm only a bit over sixty, but I'm getting so weak I might be seventy. I shall never be able to work on. I thought if I could see some kind gentleman, with plenty of money, to take the boy in hand for awhile till he'd finished his schooling! He'd pay him back in time. He's a fine, grateful disposition, and would never think he'd done enough for anybody that was kind to him."

Roger looked wistfully at Miss Fielden and paused.

"Had you thought of any gentleman likely to help?" she asked. "If not, I will speak to my father. He is able to help, and I think he would be willing. I suppose you were waiting to hear if your boy succeeded, before applying to any one."

"I was, Miss, but I'll not wait if you think you could do anything. I'm feelin'—rather—bad. Will you tell me your father's name, Miss? I might know it."

"Henry Fielden."

"The great merchant in Prince's Street, that part owns a Bank?"

"My father is a Bank director as well as a merchant," said Norah. "Do you know him?"

"I know of him, Miss. It's wonderful. He was the gentleman I meant to speak to—only—I look so shabby, and I was almost afraid——"

The words died away on Roger's lips. He turned deathly pale, and, but for a rapid movement on Norah's part, he would have fallen forward to the ground, unconscious and helpless.

## CHAPTER X.

## ROGER BREAKS DOWN.



MISS FIELD-  
EN had no  
occasion to  
summon  
Dick. The  
boy was  
watching,  
and the  
moment he  
saw Roger  
supported  
by the  
young  
lady, he  
ran for-  
ward in a  
state of  
terror to

see what was amiss. No one else was under the shelter at the moment, for the young lady was well known thereabouts, and if she was seen talking to any one, others would take care not to listen or intrude.

A park-keeper was in sight, and by Miss Fielden's wish Dick ran to call him. By their united efforts Roger was at length restored to partial consciousness. A shade of colour came back to his face; he opened his eyes and spoke; but he knew no one—not even Dick.

The boy bent over him, saying, "Don't you know me, Grandad? I'm Dick. You cannot forget Dick."

He held Roger's hand in his and repeated his question and his name, but all in vain. The old man might hear the sound of words, but he did not grasp the sense of them. He only looked vacantly round, then closed his eyes, as though even that effort had been too much.

"Better take him to the hospital, Miss," said the park-keeper. "He'll be well attended to there. Very decent old man. I used to see him about the markets when I was on duty there. I was on the police for some years."

"No, no," cried Dick. "Grandad must come home. You must not take him away. I'll wait on him. He will be miserable when he comes round if he doesn't see me."

The park-keeper had a heart, but he had seen many such cases, and he was a practical man who ignored sentiment if it interfered with the common-sense side of things.

"It's all very well to say that, my boy. You'd do your best, but maybe that wouldn't be quite enough to meet the case. This old gentleman will want a doctor, and medicine, and good nourishing things to set him on his legs again. By the look of his clothes, I should say

he hasn't got a heavy purse in any of the pockets. If there's no money to pay for the things I mentioned just now, and nursing into the bargain, you'd better let him go to a place where they're all to be had free gratis, for nothing. That is, if you want your Grandad to get well again."

Want him to get well! The look of agony on Dick's face at the bare possibility of anything else was pitiful to see.

The lad would bear or do all for Grandad's sake. To be without him seemed too hard. He wanted just the one comfort of his presence, the knowledge that he was ministering to Grandad's wants. The prospect of being unable to supply them was too appalling. He must be parted from him, and then——

"You see, Miss," whispered the park-keeper, "we've no call to ask this youngster's leave. We've got to do what is best for the old party here"—indicating Roger. "We've an Ambulance just by——"

Miss Fielden's heart was, however, softer than that of the ex-policeman, kindly though he was. She could not withstand Dick's mute appeal. "I will be answerable for all costs," she said. "The old man shall be taken home, in the first instance, if a doctor will give permission."

One was speedily summoned, for it was a doctors' neighbourhood. A few words from Miss Fielden smoothed all difficulties. The doctor and Dick accompanied Old Roger home in one cab, and Miss Fielden followed a little later, with a nurse, in a second.

"She's got a handful," said the park-keeper to himself, as he pocketed a coin presented by the young lady. "It's a good job she has a full purse too, or she'd be rather in a predicament with that lot. I don't think she'll have the old man long on her hands, anyway."

According to the thinker's way of regarding the position, this last idea offered matter for congratulation.

Great was the excitement at Glinderses when the gossips, who were "getting a breath of fresh air" at the entrance of the court, saw Roger's condition and companion.

Everybody wanted to help, and, had it been permitted, the whole group, together with a number of children, would have forced themselves up the stairs and into the archway chamber. But the doctor was firm. He allowed one woman to assist in getting Roger to the door, and then dismissed her with thanks as soon as the patient was inside. He might have had more difficulty, but the arrival of the second cab, with Miss Fielden and the nurse, turned the tide of interest in a new direction.

So the gossips stood in little knots, grieving over Roger's illness and congratulating themselves and each other that they had seen what was coming—meaning Roger's condition—and they weren't a bit surprised. To their credit it may be added that had there been neither doctor, nurse, nor young lady to undertake the



responsibility, every woman in Glinderses would have offered her services as nurse "turn about," and been proud to act as such without fee or reward.

To Dick's distress, not even the familiar surroundings brought back thorough consciousness to Grandad.

The old man opened his eyes from time to time, but seldom spoke; and when he did, his words bore no relation to what was passing around him. No one could have entered Roger's home without being attracted by its cleanliness and orderly arrangement. It might be the abode of poverty, but even the way in which the simple meal was arranged, in waiting for Roger's coming, told of purity and refinement.

The doctor and nurse, accustomed to witness the dirt and squalor of many a dwelling where money was far more abundant, were, like Miss Fielden, profoundly impressed by the appearance of the archway chamber. All were determined that whatever was possible should be done for Roger, and when Norah left him, after having spoken comforting words to Dick, she left the means for providing everything that was necessary for the invalid's well-being.

It was late when she reached home, and her father was becoming anxious. Over the dinner-table and after the meal Norah explained the reason of her unpunctuality.

"I dislike to keep you waiting, dear," she said. "I hoped you would begin dinner without me for once, though you always tell me it does not taste good unless I am here to partake of it with you."

"That is quite true, Norah. Dinner may not be improved by delay. For me it would be hopelessly spoiled if eaten in solitude."

Mr. Fielden was deeply interested in all that his daughter had to tell about Roger and Dick.

"I am glad that all you have heard and seen of the old man and his surroundings only serves to confirm the impression you had received from your own observations. You cannot help being mistaken sometimes, dealing as you do with the poor, the tried, and the tempted, but on the whole you have had cause to rejoice over many of your friends in the slums."

"My old man and his boy are no denizens of the slums, though they live in Glinderses," said Norah. "You must see the place to realise how far that old toiler for daily bread is above the neighbourhood in which he lives, though he is, in a sense, an unlettered and ignorant man, like the first disciples of Jesus. I am sure he has led a beautiful life, and I do thank God for giving me the great privilege of learning, as I have done to-day, lessons of unselfish love from Old Roger's lips. Oh, father, there may be some drawbacks and disappointments attending our efforts to help the needy and raise the fallen, but they are as nothing in comparison with the joy of success, the sum of happiness to which we have been enabled to contribute, not out of our poverty, but because God has made us stewards of so much that giving costs us nothing. Do

you know, when I realised what that noble old man has been doing for years, and at what cost to himself, I felt as though I had never known the practical meaning of self-denial in my life."

Mr. Fielden's face and words told how fully he was in sympathy with his daughter, and when she spoke of Dick and his hopes and fears in regard to the scholarship, he at once declared his intention of helping the boy.

"It would be such a pity for his work to be lost."

"It could hardly be that, Norah. No one can fail to benefit all through his after life by early perseverance in what is right, even if he does not reap the full advantage of it, owing to adverse circumstances. This lad, Dick, by your account of him, is not the one to lose what he has won, without an effort to keep it. You and I, dear, will smooth the way for him, and make the old man happy at the same time."

"Did I tell you that the old man seemed to know something about you, and that, just before he became so ill, he said you were the very gentleman he thought of speaking to, only his poor clothing made him afraid to make the attempt?"

Mr. Fielden sat perfectly silent and as if in deep thought for some minutes before he answered,—

"You did not tell me, Norah. I have been ransacking my memory to try and find traces of any person resembling your old man whom I may have known in the past, but I cannot recall such an one to mind."

"If he has known you, father, he will tell us when he is well enough. You have befriended so many that whilst you will probably stand out in his memory as the one friend in some time of need, he will have been lost amongst numbers in your case."

"I hardly think so. Such a man as you describe would have impressed me, and I should have named him to you."

"If you had known anything about him when my mother was living, you would have told her."

"True, Norah, and in that case I should not have forgotten him. Depend on it, he only knows me by repute as a man with plenty of money who does not spend the whole of it upon himself."

Just then a telegram was brought in and handed to Norah. It was to say that, after all, their friends, the Archers, had decided not to break their journey, but would make a longer stay on their homeward way, if agreeable to Mr. Fielden and Norah.

"I am so glad," exclaimed the girl. "This will leave us quite free to-morrow. It sounds rather inhospitable to say so, though."

"They would perhaps think so, if within hearing, but I understand your reason. It is rather a pity that people do not know their own minds, to begin with. Yesterday, they were coming for a few hours, now not at all."

"Oh, father, everything has been wonderfully ordered!

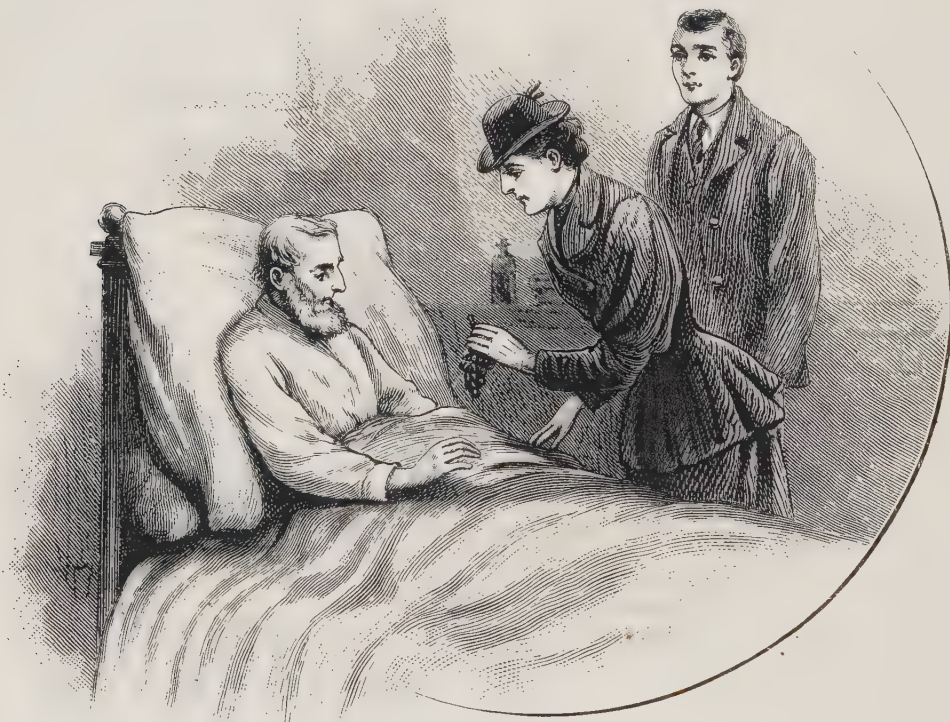
But for the Archers' letter, I should not have gone to 'The Green' yesterday on the chance of seeing Old Roger. If I had not gone, and he had fallen ill, he would have been taken to the hospital, and the poor boy would have been nearly beside himself with grief at being parted from his one friend. Depend on it, everything has happened for the best. I will send a telegram to say that our friends' change of plan will cause no inconvenience, only a little disappointment. I may add that, because it is quite true that we should have been very glad to see them, and shall look forward to a longer visit later on."

"You may conscientiously send that message," said

his eyes told of weariness and sorrow. Roger's night had been a restless one. He had wandered in his talk, chiefly holding imaginary conversations with customers who were striving to cheapen his wares. Once he had said, "If they did but know how much work and walkin' go to the earnin' of a shilling—but, poor souls! they work hard for their money, too."

As Miss Fielden and Dick spoke together in whispers Roger opened his eyes. For an instant there seemed to be a gleam of recognition in them; but it passed away again.

Norah tried to give him some grapes; but having tasted one he refused more.



"NORAH TRIED TO GIVE HIM SOME GRAPES."

Mr. Fielden, with a smile, "although we are better pleased at the postponement of the visit."

The next morning Norah was an early arrival at Glinderses, anxious to know if there was any improvement in Roger's condition. She went by the tram which passed the entrance of the Court, dressed in the simplest manner possible, and carrying with her fruit, flowers, and dainties for the sick man.

Roger lay quietly dozing, and Dick sat by the bedside, watching, whilst the nurse rested, after her sleepless night.

Miss Fielden found that the boy's anxiety had hindered him from sleeping much, and the dark rings round

"They're not cheap enough for me to venture on. It'll be months before I dare risk them, and I never have customers for such like as these." He evidently thought some dealer was trying to tempt him to purchase stock that would prove unsaleable, and turned away, half indignant. The lovely roses and other flowers, brought to add brightness to the sick-room, also made the old man uneasy at first.

"They'll die before I can get them sold. I must be goin';" and he made a feeble effort to rise. The sight of a Gloire de Dijon rose brought a pleased smile to Roger's face.



"It's all right," he murmured. "That's the one I've saved for Dick's mother. She loves a Glory." Then, wearied with the effort of speaking, the old man turned away his head, and fell into a doze again.

The mention of his mother, as if she were still living and able to receive "the Glory" from Grandad's hand, was too much for the boy. He laid his head face downward on Roger's bed, and wept silently.

Miss Fielden whispered comforting words, told Dick of her father's kindly intentions towards him, and the determination of both to let Roger want for nothing.

Then the coming of the doctor made a welcome interruption.

The nurse was asleep, for she had been on night duty before coming to Glinderses at the call of Miss Fielden. Though scarcely fit to undertake the immediate care of Roger, she happened to be the only one on the spot when Norah applied for help at the Nurses' Home. She was kind, competent, and well known to Miss Fielden.

At four in the morning Dick had insisted on his right to watch by Grandad, and, as the old man dozed most of the time, and only needed to have nourishment given by spoonfuls when he was wakeful enough to take it, the nurse yielded and lay down to rest.

Miss Fielden had a whispered conference with the doctor, during which Dick kept looking at the pair with wistful eyes. He longed to hear what was said, but was compelled to wait as patiently as he might until the talk came to an end. He heard Miss Fielden say, "I shall stay until the nurse is awake, and pass on your instructions to her. She can have assistance if needed."

"With the boy on the spot, I think she will manage. I will look in again this evening," said the doctor, and hurried away.

"Will Grandad get well?" asked Dick, after the door had closed behind him.

"No one can tell yet. It is too soon for the doctor to speak with certainty. We must hope for the best, Dick, and ask God to bless what is being done for the dear Grandad. I daresay you have been praying for him already. Your Grandad has told me about your mother. I am sure from what he has said that you cannot remember when you first knelt beside her to say your childish prayers." Dick bent his head in assent; his heart was too full for words.

"I can feel for you, dear boy. My own dear, sweet mother died a few years since. I think she must have been very much like yours," said Miss Fielden.

What a comfort it was for the sorrowing boy to hear such words from such lips! And he smiled through his tears.

"It was through my mother's teaching that I learned to love Jesus. How fortunate you and I have been! First, in having good mothers; for though they have been taken from us for a while, we do not forget what

they taught us. I still have one of the best of fathers, and you have this dear old man, whom you call 'Grandad,' and who has been like a second father to you."

"I do not think Grandad could have lived without praying," said Dick. "No one can think or know what a real, good man he is, though he is so poor."

"Yes, God knows. He has seen Grandad's daily life and work, his upright dealing, his loving nature, his unselfishness—all the things that are so beautiful in your eyes and even in mine, though I have only known him a very little while. I call Grandad very rich in all that is best."

Dick's face brightened more and more.

"Grandad never thought much of himself. He often said how little he could do, and how much God was always doing for him. Nobody could be more thankful than Grandad, I think," said Dick earnestly. "He never grumbled about having to work so hard and earn so little. He just went on, trusting in God and doing his very best. Now he is ill I feel as if I had been wicked in not getting work of some kind. I wanted to do, but——"

"You must not trouble about this. He knew your willingness and that it cost you more to obey him than to do the roughest work. All you have to do now, Dick, is to be patient and to leave Grandad in God's hands. Helpful I know you will be, and I fancy you and the nurse will manage without any one else. Nothing shall be lacking that my father and I can provide, so put away all anxiety about ways and means.

"It will please you, I know, to have a little book and to keep an account of all that is spent. This will help nurse, and let me know if you are spending enough. I am rather afraid lest she should be too careful for you and herself," added Miss Fielden.

All this cheering talk gave the boy new heart. He began to think of people older than Grandad who had recovered after long illnesses, and without all the care and comforts he was likely to have.

Miss Fielden was glad to see the brighter expression on Dick's face. She stayed until the nurse awoke, and then, having given special directions for the boy to go out at intervals, and for the nurse to have further relief if necessary, she left the invalid in their care.

(To be continued.)

## ARE YOU INSURED?

THE BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL says: "The best and shortest answer I can give to your question is to tell you that I have insured my life five times. I think it the plain duty of every man whose income depends upon his life, and terminates with his life, to effect a Life Assurance."

PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER writes: "It is difficult to prove what is self-evident—namely, that every man who has not a sufficient capital of his own ought to insure his life before he marries."

(From "To be, or not to be insured?" By A. A. Reade.)

## OUR PARISH CHURCHES.

VIII.—ST. MARY'S, BOTTESFORD.



CANON WM. VINCENT-JACKSON, M.A.

**B**OTTESFORD is the most northern village of Leicestershire. It is not far from Nottingham, and only four miles from Belvoir Castle, the seat of the Duke of Rutland. The village has not yet lost its old-world appearance. Its mutilated market-cross, with the arms of De

Roos obliterated beyond present recognition, is an interesting feature, rendered all the more so by the adjoining stocks and whipping-post, where many a quaint scene must have been enacted in former days. In still earlier times Roman cohorts must have crossed the ford which still exists on the little river Devon at a point where it is traversed by the Roman road which once connected the old Foss Road from Lincoln to Leicester, and Ermine Street, which went from Lincoln to Stamford. Not far from this spot stands the church on well-chosen ground, erect and elegant; and being dedicated to the Virgin, and seen for miles round in the Vale of Belvoir, it has acquired for itself the graceful title of the "Lady of the Vale," whilst its monuments, crowding the chancel, have made others describe it as "a corner of Westminster Abbey."

Taking as our guide the late Professor Freeman's rule, to examine first of all the exterior of a building, the general impression we receive is that of the prevalence in the nave and spire of the Early Perpendicular style, with a probable date of 1400, while the eastern jamb of a priest's door in the chancel wall proclaims that part of the edifice, said formerly to have been the nave of a previous church, to be of the earliest type of Early English. The height of the steeple is 210 feet, the length of the nave 75 feet, and of the chancel 60 feet, while the breadth of the nave and two aisles is 53 feet. The most effective feature is the clerestory, occupying the whole wall-space, and having on either side eleven three-light windows, separated by bold mouldings, which terminate in large, grotesque figures.

In the south porch are the remains of a parvise, or priest's chamber, formerly approached by an outside staircase. On entering the church, the imposing effect

produced is due to the loftiness of the nave, the Tudor clerestory windows already referred to, the simple grace of the arcading of the aisles, and the fine western arch. Its restoration took place under Canon Norman, about fifty years ago.

The chief attraction in the church is undoubtedly the magnificent collection of monuments in the chancel. Fortunately these escaped the mutilation of Cromwell's followers, owing to the neutrality of the Earl of Rutland of that period. Each of the eight Earls has his effigy, the whole collection forming a gallery of monumental art in historical continuity from 1543 to 1679, through the eventful reigns of Henry VIII. to Charles II. They proclaim the displacement of solid English monumental architecture in favour of elaborate Italian workmanship, with its high entablatures, its supporting marble columns, its rich panelling and decoration, its exquisitely carved recumbent effigies and attendant kneeling figures. And then suddenly, as if art had exhausted herself in one direction, there emerges the erect, colourless statue of the classic revival, the result being that the closely girt armour of knighthood reposes side by side with the breezy garments, the bare limbs and buskins, and the speaking attitude, of a Roman orator. No detailed description of these tombs is here possible: they must be seen to be understood.

Almost as perfect as the tombs of the Earls, but of greater antiquity, are the two altar-tombs of the Barons de Ros, which were transferred to this Church from Belvoir Priory at the dissolution of religious houses. Each contains a recumbent figure in armour, wearing an S.S. collar of the kind introduced by Henry IV. about 1400, the reduplicated S. being said to be the initial letter of his favourite motto "Soverayne." On the bassinet is inscribed in Old English letters "IHC, NAZARE" (Nazareth). The first of these barons died in 1411, and the barony subsequently became attached by marriage to the Rutland family.

Adjoining one of these effigies is a highly interesting figure in Purbeck marble of diminutive size. Its probable date is about A.D. 1230, inasmuch as effigies in armour are not met with on tombs much before A.D. 1200, and very possibly it is commemorative of William de Albin III., a great-grandson of De Toden, standard-bearer to William the Conquerer.

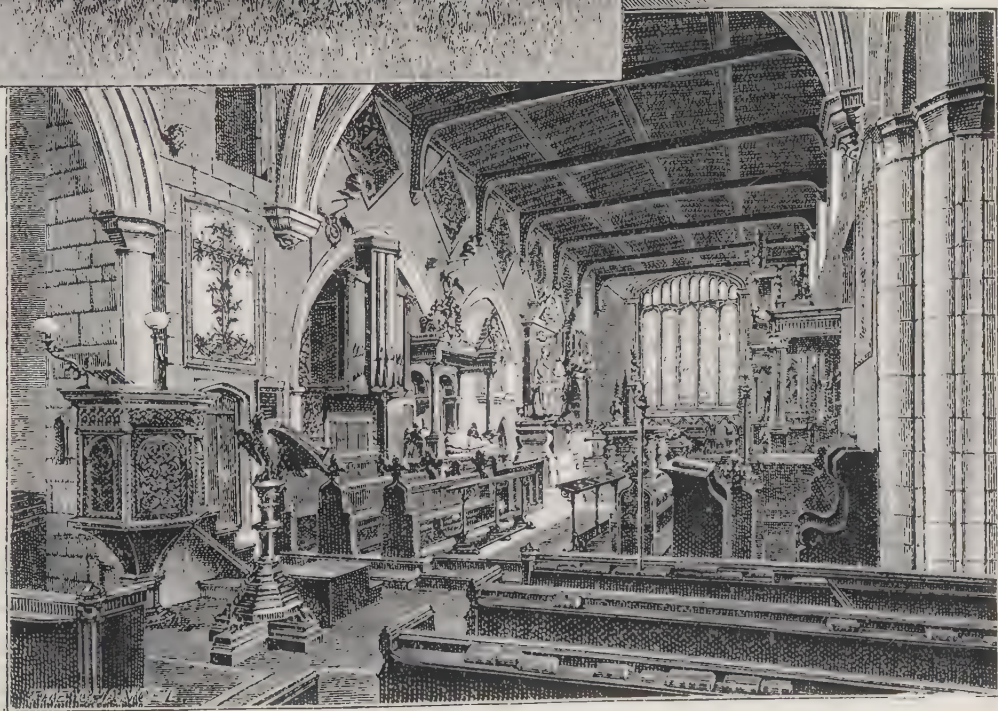
Not far from this curious relic is a slab of freestone which was brought from Croxton Abbey. It bears a Latin inscription in Old English lettering of splendid execution, to the memory of Lord Robert de Roos, who died in 1285, and of Isabella, his wife, who was the heiress of the De Albinis.

Two sepulchral brasses, containing effigies of former Rectors, lie on the chancel floor, each being robed in ecclesiastical vestments. One is of John Freeman, who died in 1420. The other is a fine brass, six feet by three, in excellent preservation, of an insculptured figure standing under a triple canopy and vested in the usual canonical habits of a collegiate foundation. The





TOMB OF BEATRICE WHITE COOPER



ST. MARY'S, BOTTESFORD.

*Specially drawn and engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY.*



—(Engraving of the effigy of Rector, Bishop of Oxtoun and  
Catholick, a Bishop, in the Church,  
St. Stephen's, London.

facing of the cope is richly ornamented with a series of niches, filled with saints. At the four corners of the brass are winged animals, a bird and an angel. The inscription shows that Henry de Codyngton was Rector of Bottesford and prebendary of "Oxtoun and Crophill" in the collegiate church of Southwell, which is now the cathedral church of the diocese of Southwell, and that he died in 1404.

On leaving the chancel, the oak pulpit and reading-desk call for attention. They are excellent specimens of Jacobean workmanship.

The pulpit has the

date on it of 1631. Close to the pulpit steps is a small Tudor doorway leading to the Rood-screen which formerly existed. The upper doorway to the screen is a prominent feature in the wall above.

The stained-glass windows in the chancel are all of recent erection. The east window is a subscription one, and was erected as a memorial to Canon Norman and his wife, Lady Adeliza, daughter of the fifth Duke of Rutland. Two other small but rich windows were erected, one by the sixth Duke to the memory of his sister, the above Lady Adeliza Norman, and the other to the memory of the sixth Duke by the present Duke of Rutland. The old glass has almost entirely perished. Only a few fragments remain in the window of the south transept, where, amongst others, a mitred figure is visible which is probably that of Bishop Marshall. With the warm tints of stained glass and of the fresco of the Last Judgment above the chancel arch, slight traces of which can be observed, the nave would possess in olden time that enrichment it at present lacks.

The transepts formerly contained chantry chapels, which are said to have been erected by the Rectors John and Henry Codyngton. There are three niches in the north transept indicative of the existence of these chapels. In the south transept are two bench ends of the time of Henry VII. Over one of the piers which flank the south transept may be seen a shield giving the bearings of the See of Exeter on the right with those of Llandaff on the left, with the letter *M* in base,

and the figure of a bishop in a kneeling attitude. John Marshall, Bishop of Llandaff from 1478 to 1495, was born in Bottesford in 1420, and was probably of the same family as Henry Mareschall, Bishop of Exeter, who died in 1206, and was also connected with Bottesford. Bishop John Marshall had been chaplain to one of the chantry chapels. He bequeathed "to Sir Thomas Vincent twenty marks for two years' stipend for services in the church of Bottesford, also his best office book, his best surplice and best chalice, and a small missal for his use, and afterwards to whatever priest should celebrate in the said chantry of Bottesford in perpetuity."

Of other Rectors, it may be well to mention that the earliest on record is Ralph, who was instituted by Hugh de Welles, Bishop of Lincoln in 1220. He was followed by several members of the De Albini family; after which appears the name of Peter de Ros, who, whilst only a sub-deacon, was appointed in 1273. The two Codyngtons were appointed in 1349 and 1361 respectively. Dr. Samuel Fleming, afterwards a prebendary of Southwell, was instituted in 1581. A brass tablet records the fact that his brother, a Rector of St. Pancras, London, died while here on a visit. Dr. Thomas White, Rector in 1679, was Vicar of Newark, archdeacon of Nottingham, and afterwards Bishop of Peterborough. He was one of the seven bishops sent to the tower by James II. Sir John Thoroton, Rector in 1782, was knighted by George IV. when Prince Regent. Canon Norman was instituted in 1846, and was succeeded by his son Robert in 1888.

The present Rector, Canon Vincent-Jackson, was formerly Vicar of St. Stephen's, Nottingham. He is an Honorary Canon of Southwell, and is thus attached to the same foundation of Southwell with which his predecessors at Bottesford of exactly three hundred and five hundred years ago were also connected. Bottesford is in the Diocese of Peterborough.

The late Bishop Trollope considered the octagonal bowl of the font to be "very ancient." The balusters supporting it are clearly enough of the type found in the tomb of the second Earl. Decidedly the most ancient part of it is the base, which is ornamented with rude carved heads. The church has a fine peal of six bells. The tenor weighs twenty-seven hundredweights. The registers date back to 1563.

Our illustrations have been specially engraved by Messrs. R. Taylor & Co., from photographs by Mr. Broadhead.

A STATESMAN'S TESTIMONY.—"If by some reasonable, wise legislation we could diminish the facility of recourse to the public-house and gin-shop, what a very large proportion of scores of millions would be diverted from the liquor-trade and would flow over to other trades and industries. All trades would benefit; more food would be purchased and better kinds of food; more clothing would be purchased, and a better kind of clothing; more furniture would be purchased, and better kinds of furniture; more education would be given to children, and a better kind of education. In every way in which money could be diverted from expenditure on the liquor trade the other trades of the country would benefit."—LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, M.P.





A STREET SCENE, JOPPA.  
*Specially photographed for THE CHURCH MONTHLY.*

## A VISIT TO JOPPA.

BY THE REV. S. F. HARRIS, M.A., B.C.L.,  
*Vicar of Walton-le-dale.*

*(Continued from page 210.)*

**I**F the outside appearance of Joppa warranted the name "Beauty," the aspect of the interior warrants the title of the other creature associated with Beauty. The two views—Beauty and the Beast. To use the words of an observant writer who is describing the town: "No thought of drainage crosses the mind of an Oriental; the space before his door serving for a sewer. Dustbins are equally a Western innovation, of which the East has not heard, so that every kind of foulness and abomination bestrews the way, or rises in pestilent heaps at its side. . . . By night you need a lantern, or at least a pilot bearing one before you, to guide you clear of the holes, pools, rivulets of sewage, mounds of rubbish, blocks of stone, and varying uncleanness." The appearance of the people, too, is in strict keeping with that of the town. Soap is one of the chief manufactures; but it strikes one that it is all exported, for there is certainly very little used by the natives. What a motley throng these inhabitants are! Poverty and disease seem to have many victims—the blind and lepers being specially numerous; both, as in days of yore, standing at the gate to beg alms. Thomson, speaking of the squalid appearance of the people of Jaffa, well remarks: "I was reminded of Dorcas, and the widows around Peter exhibiting the coats and garments which that benevolent lady had made. I

devoutly wished she might be raised again, at least in spirit, for there is need of a dozen Dorcas Societies in Jaffa at the present time."

If we are going to explore the town we must not think of doing it by carriage, for a carriage is never seen inside its gates. There are no streets that would allow of a carriage. Says Hepworth Dixon: "No machine on wheels—no drag, coach, stage, gig, van, or barrow—has ever been known within these Jaffa walls. Every one goes on foot: the lady in her veil, the priest in his robes, the peasant in his rags. Everything is carried on the back; the camels being drays, the donkeys carts, the fallaheen trucks, in this primitive system of life and trade."

And what loads these "atals" can manage! English porters would never dream of attempting the like. Boxes, or pieces of furniture, or barrels bigger than themselves, are thought nothing of. With wonderful skill they can make use of their only stock in trade, a piece of rope five or six feet in length. Would it not be a sight of such burden-bearers as these that made our Lord speak of heavy burdens and grievous to be borne, and made Him, too, offer His rest to those that laboured and were heavy laden?

The bazaar street is fairly broad—that is, for an Eastern street—but there are other streets or "clefts" where it is a matter of skill to pass any laden animal.

One remarks the long string of camels and the patience required in waiting until they had passed by. The shops are for the most part mere arches, placed with a charming irregularity. We noticed a brisk trade going on in some, the arrangement of prices being as usual in the East a matter of considerable art and ingenuity and obstinacy. Before passing away from the streets we must render a tribute of praise to those animals which are a disagreeable and yet a most useful feature in the Eastern town. The dogs, if they make the night hideous by their howlings, certainly save the town from much sickness. They are the only scavengers—and their attention to the offal and refuse which are thrown into the road prevents many a doctor's bill or, at any rate, many an illness. (Isaiah lvi. 10, Psalm lix. 14, 15.)

Perhaps most Englishmen connect the word Jaffa with oranges. And the orange-groves are a thing of beauty. There are between three and four hundred gardens round the town, varying in size from three to twelve acres. They produce yearly at least eight million oranges. And what oranges! Some reach seventeen inches in circumference. Our juvenile readers will long for a ticket to Jaffa when they learn that these oranges are sold wholesale for threepence or fourpence a hundred, and retail, ten fine specimens can be bought for the schoolboy's penny. We have a very grateful recollection of these oranges. Those bought on our re-embarkation at Jaffa were a solace for many a maritime woe.

"And now send men to Joppa, and call for one Simon, whose surname is Peter; he lodgeth with one Simon a tanner, whose house is by the seaside." Of course one of the most interesting spots in Jaffa is this house. Whatever may be our degree of confidence about its being *the* house, it is of interest, because its condition and situation correspond with those of Simon's house. And there is much to make us believe that it is the house, or rather, on the site of the house. It is close to the sea-wall. It has its well, which must be of ancient date. It has a flat roof, from the like of which St. Peter saw his vision. Canon Liddon's sister in writing a letter whilst touring with him states what must have been his as well as her conviction: "About this house there seems to be little doubt, the site being well established by history, tradition, and common-sense. The freshwater well close to the seaside, which would have been necessary for carrying on a tanner's business, is still in daily use."

Dean Stanley wrote: "One of the few localities which can claim to represent an historical scene of the New Testament is the site of the house of Simon the tanner, at Jaffa. . . . The rude staircase to the roof of the modern house, flat now as of old, leads us to the view which gives all that is needed for the accompaniments of the house. There is the wide noonday heaven above; in front is the long, bright sweep of the Mediterranean Sea, its nearer waves broken by the reefs

famous in ancient Gentile legends as the rocks of Andromeda. Fishermen are standing and wading amongst them—such as might have been there of old, recalling to the Apostle his long-forgotten nets by the Lake of Gennesareth, the first promise of his future call to be 'a fisher of men.'"

The house is now occupied by Mohammedans, who look upon it as sacred. One of the rooms is used as a place of prayer, to commemorate the fact that "the Lord Jesus here asked God for a meal, and the table came down at once"—the Mussulman distortion of the vision of St. Peter!

A certain house is pointed out as the spot where Dorcas was restored to life. It is about three-quarters of a mile east of the town but no reliance; can be placed on the tradition as to the site. The people of *جافا* are very proud of her memory. On May 25th in each year a festival is held, when the youth of the town spend the day in the orange groves, singing hymns and ballads in her honour.

Want of space prevents us from noticing stirring incidents in the history of the town, such as the prowess of the Maccabees in gaining the town for the Jews, the captures and recaptures during the Crusades, the cruelties of Napoleon Bonaparte. Those reefs have been witnesses of some strange, some sad scenes—not all sacred, many far from it. The modern German colony, founded in 1868 by members of the German Temple sect, the settlement of the Universal Israelitish Alliance, the vigorous work of the Church Missionary Society, with its four to five hundred scholars, are all worthy of more than passing notice.

## OUR NATURAL HISTORY PRIZE.

In the April number we offered a Special Prize of Half a Guinea's worth of Books for the best Essay on "Some of our Feathered Friends." A very large number of papers have been sent in, and the Rev. Theodore Wood, F.E.S., has awarded the prize to Miss Kate Twinch, Chippenham Lodge, Slough. Mr. Wood writes: "Several papers, otherwise good, were put out of court by the fact that the writers included such birds as the ostrich and the stork, evidently from inattention to the terms of the competition. And several others confined their remarks to one bird only. I also return a paper—by James Barnes, Junior, Twyford Farm, near Shaftesbury, an agricultural labourer—which is naturally wanting in literary merit, but deserves a special word of praise owing to the fact that it is entirely the result of personal observation."

"HE GOT MOST NUTS."—"Visiting with my boy the monkey-house in the Zoological Gardens at Marseilles, we were both struck with the very happy and good-humoured expression that was on the face of one of the inmates. There he sat on his hind legs at the bars of the cage, bowing and smiling, while his companions were either fighting or sulking in the background. I asked my boy afterwards if he had noticed the little monkey that was covered with smiles and so civil and good-humoured to every one. 'Yes, I did,' he answered, 'and I noticed that *he got most nuts*.' This made me think how many nuts of different kinds we lose by our bad tempers."—THE REV. E. J. HARDY, M.A.





BISHOP HORDEN.

## SIDE-LIGHTS ON FOREIGN MISSIONS.

BY THE REV. A. R. BUCKLAND, M.A.,  
*Morning Preacher at the Foundling Hospital.*

### II.—MISSIONS AND COLONISTS.

**A**MONGST the facts about Foreign Missions which often escape fair recognition at home, is the relation between the work of missions and the spiritual welfare of colonists and others of our countrymen abroad. People occasionally remember that in some of our colonies isolated groups of settlers, or even single families, are often out of reach of any Church or resident clergy; but it is commonly forgotten that many colonists owe such ministrations as are within their reach to the agents of the Church's missionary societies, and further, that organized efforts to supply spiritual aid to colonists are in their origin and in actual work closely connected with missions to the heathen.

The connection between the two is a very natural one and has always been recognised. The work of the venerable Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has from its foundation in 1698 remembered the dwellers in our dependencies and colonies as well as the mission-field. When the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts was incorporated in the year 1701 it was for the purpose of aiding "the Queen's subjects beyond the seas; for the maintenance of clergymen in the plantations, colonies, and factories of Great Britain; and for the propagation of the Gospel in those parts." But from its first efforts it has steadily aimed at the conversion of the heathen as well as the aid and care of our own people abroad. A single land, very much in our minds of late, will show how this double duty has been carried out. The Society sent a chaplain to Cape Colony as early as 1825. When Bishop Gray was consecrated in 1847, it immediately strengthened his hands by large grants, including a thousand pounds towards the endowment of a college. For years the Society was responsible for the

stipend of a bishop for the Orange Free State, and sent liberal aid to the missions in that diocese. The work in Zululand began under the auspices of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. In the thirteen African dioceses in which the Society was at work last year, both missionary and colonial work were being helped side by side.

The Church Missionary Society in principle confines its work entirely to the heathen and Mohammedan work. But, whilst not setting the help of colonists and other English people before it as an aim, it is able to render them much aid. The life of Bishop Horden upon the shores of the Hudson's Bay is a familiar illustration of the way in which the missionary to the heathen may also be the parish clergyman of the colonists and traders dwelling within reach. The 1896 report of the Society bears repeated witness to the services rendered by the missionaries to the scattered Europeans to be found in most inaccessible corners of the far North-West. From Africa we read of services conducted for marines landed to protect a town on the east coast. From Nagasaki, Japan,

we hear of sailors coming gladly to services arranged for them. These are but scattered notices of work which is taken as a matter of course, and receives little attention because it does not appear amongst the Society's direct aims.

The South-American Missionary Society supplies another illustration. It was started in 1844 as the Patagonian Mission, the heroic Captain Allen Gardiner being the real founder. Its work amongst the people of Tierra del Fuego is amongst the most striking illustrations of the power of the Christian faith. But this work brought into notice the fact that in South America many English merchants, artisans, and others, were living remote from any provision for teaching or worship according to their faith. The Society was thus led to make provision for their needs, a provision which exists to-day side by side with work amongst the Indians of South America.

The Colonial and Continental Church Society is another agency which, whilst caring for the heathen, also befriends the scattered colonists of struggling communities. At the annual meeting of the Society in 1896 Prebendary Webb-Peploe described what he had seen at one of its stations under the Bishop of Saskatchewan. He had preached to a body of colonists, who came long distances to the service, and he had seen the mission-work carried on amongst neighbouring Indians by two old members of his own congregation. The happy union of pastoral and mission work which he saw was only typical of what the Society is doing in many other dioceses.

These illustrations can readily be extended by any who read, as Churchmen should, the magazines and other literature of our missionary societies. They show that workers for Foreign Missions do not forget the colonists; on the contrary, that help to the colonist often began in the work of the mission to the heathen, and that the two still go on side by side, aided from the same sources. It should be added that the colonies are also happily united to the Church in the mother country by sending out missionaries, not only to fields of their own, but also to those worked by the great home societies.

---

WATCH FOR OPPORTUNITIES.—Henry Martyn, with all his zeal, says he lost, through inattention, the best opportunity for usefulness which he had for many months in India. "O that our heads were waters," exclaimed Cotton Mather, "because they have been so dry of all thoughts to do good! O that our eyes were a fountain of tears, because they have looked so little for occasions to do good!"

## ON SPEAKING THE TRUTH.

BY THE REV. HARRY JONES, M.A.,  
*Prebendary of St. Paul's, and Rector of St. Vedast, Foster Lane, E.C.; Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen.*

"Putting away lying, speak every man truth with his neighbour."—EPHESIANS IV. 25.



IT is so easy to tell a lie, and its apparent advantages are often so attractive, that we cannot wonder at its occasional employment and seeming expediency.

Of course, indeed, lies are witnesses to truth. There would be no bad money unless the good were in use. A liar is trusted only when honesty is the rule. Thus, so far, any success in falsehood testifies to the value of fairness.

There are, indeed, some foolish people who yield a sort of admiration for ingenious deceit, like the lord in the parable who commended the unjust steward. But this is bestowed on the cleverness shown by the liar, not on the lie he tells. I am happy to believe that lying is not a prominent English sin. It prevails in Eastern countries abundantly, but, as a rule, English people believe one another.

Still, there is enough of it among us to demand great watchfulness over themselves among Christians, for there are lies and lies, of all shades between black and white, and a habit of deceit is easily formed. Nothing, moreover, breeds faster than a lie. A man who tells one is tempted to tell another to conceal it, and so the string or sum of lies grows on at compound interest, until the liar cannot tell how to get free.

Suppose we look shortly at a few forms of deceit. There is the manufacturing lie, when an article is made of bad materials, in order to look like the good; or when work is scamped, that only which is "seen" being done well. Perhaps a man who behaves thus would not *tell* a lie, but he acts one, which is quite as bad, and sometimes worse.

Then there is the official lie. Of course, no one is bound to volunteer a telling of all that he knows, and reticence is often right; but when, say, an institution is charged with some questionable practices, the purely official mind often sets itself at once to throw dust in the eyes of the accuser, and to conceal defects rather than to cure them. Now, truth is "the account of things as they are," and this is the last thing some officials desire.

A man hears a thing, about a neighbour perhaps, which he cannot resist repeating, especially if it has a spice of naughtiness. So-and-so has said this or that (which probably he soon wishes had been unsaid), or done some foolish thing, as you and I have, many a



time. Perhaps it could hardly be called wrong or sinful, though nothing is insignificant, and small mistakes often bring mischief, just as a slate off a house may let the rain in, and give some one a cold which leads to a dangerous illness. But the hearer of a tale, especially if he or she be a gossip or busybody, about a neighbour's stupid blunder, tells it to a friend, who in turn tells it to another, adding his or her touch to the story, until, at last, the original statement is so swollen and distorted as to convey a false impression, quite unjustified by the facts of the case. No one who has helped to hand the thing on has any intention to deceive, and yet the result is a sort of cumulative lie, made by successive talkers contributing a little flavour of exaggeration to the story as it came to their ears.

The worst of it is that this comes to pass by the exercise of a power which is sometimes useful. I mean that creative ability which gives life to a description. A man hears a thing, and then touches it, often unwittingly, with the colour of his own thoughts. But, as I have said, this may eventually produce disastrous results, and falsely bring mischievous discredit upon the original maker of the small stupid remark, or doer of the foolish little act.

And who is to blame? The thing has grown into a lie, and every one who has thus passed the story on has helped to tell it. We are not, indeed, always bound to keep silence about the faults or foolishness of a neighbour. Social comment is often wholesome and corrective, but if we must needs repeat a tale, it should leave us as, it comes, without any twist or increase of our own. That is doing as we should be done by, "for we are every one members one of another."

Sometimes it is so unpleasant to speak the truth that a man lets his good-nature get the better of his good sense. This is occasionally the case when he is asked to give a "character," or the candidate for a post begs a friend to furnish him with a written testimonial, which perhaps he prints. His friends are glad to say what they can in his favour. One contributes this, another that. The result is sometimes a testimony which announces perfection. Meanwhile, possibly, some who have contributed to it feel secret qualms about the fitness of their friend for the post he seeks. And thus many men are slow to appreciate any written testimonial; and when those who are asked to give one cannot freely speak well of a man, it is best to evade the giving of one at all. We owe a duty to those before whom it goes, "for we are every one members one of another."

As we speak truth, and act it in our lives, so we best discharge our duty to man, and are freed from the deadly harm which follows departure from the law of God.

And to be true, to understand the manifold forms of deceit, and master the many temptations to deceive ourselves or others, there is no spirit to be used but His, Who said of Himself, "I am the Truth."



## THE MESSAGE OF THE FIR-TREES.

BY E. M. UTTERTON.

ONE quiet Sunday afternoon, when the world seemed hushed, and the silence was only broken by the music of the wind as it soughed through the fir-trees, I lay on a soft bank of purple heather and green moss, under the dark pines, which were here and there interspersed by a tall spruce or stately larch. Above me was the deep-blue sky and great, fleecy clouds slowly moving across the heavens, which seemed as if they only veiled the brightness of the angelic host by just a soft white film which now and again parted to let a ray of glory through. Below me lay a little loch reflecting the heavenly blue on its peaceful surface, and which was surrounded by the purple hills in their restful strength.

While I thought and dreamily gazed before me it seemed as if the wind playing in the branches spoke to me; and yet I could not understand its voice.

"The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit." Yes, I thought, and how often do we *feel* the

influence of those whose lives are led by God's Spirit without being conscious of it or able to understand its secret!

Looking up I said half aloud, as if speaking to the fir-trees,—

"Tell me your message—why you are so different from other trees, and what is the secret of your life?"

Then as I listened the sound of the wind seemed to frame the answer:—

"Wouldst thou know the message God sends through us? 'Seek, and ye shall find.' *Look up—straight up—to God alone.* Other trees are beautiful; other trees have great spreading branches, which give shelter and shade from the noonday sun; others bear good fruit; but none point like we do straight to God. As the spire of a church, from the rocky sides of the mountains, or from the deep glades of the valley, our message is the same: neither to the right hand nor to the left, but straight up to Heaven.

"Again, other trees turn colour and shed their leaves when autumn winds blow cold and summer sun gives place to winter's frost and snow; but as long as we have *life* we are ever-green—always the same—always showing forth God's glory and praising Him by wearing the garment which He has provided for us. So, if you would follow our example, put on the garment of His righteousness, and in heat or cold, joy or sorrow, cloud or sunshine, glorify Him. As long as you *live* in Him He will clothe you with the beauty of His grace and cover you with His presence."

"Once more, look at us closely, for we are not all the same. Though we grow side by side and belong to one great family, there are among us the dark fir-tree, the paler spruce, and the graceful larch; so, in like manner, to you—who, separate from the world, are one family in Christ—God gives His special gifts of grace and virtue, though you have not all the *same* beauty: one aim, one object borne out in each individual, linking them together.

"And, lastly, there is the *message* we bear—the sound you hear—a voice different from that of any other tree or flower; and yet it is not our own voice, but the wind breathing through us. So, surely, have not *you* a message to deliver? Not of yourself, but the Spirit of God speaking through you; and the message which is sent forth by the inspiration of God's Spirit can '*never* return unto Him void,' though they who hear it may not always understand the meaning of His voice."

---

HOW HARD IT IS TO BE CONTENT!—A laundress, who was employed in the family of a Governor of one of the Colonies, said to him with a sigh,—

"Only think, your Excellency, how small a sum of money would make me happy!"

"How little, madam?" said the Governor.

"Oh! dear sir, twenty pounds would make me perfectly happy."

"If that is all, you shall have it." And he immediately gave it to her.

She looked at it with joy and thankfulness—and, before the Governor was out of hearing, exclaimed, "*I wish I had said forty!*"

## OUR SUNDAY QUESTIONS.

BY THE REV. W. SUNDERLAND LEWIS, M.A.

*Vicar of St. Mary's, Hornsey Rise, N.; Author of "Festival Hymns," etc.*

### QUESTIONS ON THE BIBLE.

WHERE do we read in Holy Scripture—

1. Of money so found as to fill the finder and all his fellows with fear;
2. Of money found and so used as to occasion the death of its finder, and more than thirty-six others;
3. Of money found and used to supply the requirements of the Saviour Himself;
4. Of a small company of men who found more money than they finally used;
5. Of that found in a "treasure-house" which helped much in building another "house" a long way off;
6. Of certain treasures which surpass all others, both in abundance and value?

### QUESTIONS ON THE PRAYER BOOK.

*(The Collects for the fourth, fifth, and sixth Sundays in Lent.)*

1. In what respects does the teaching of the Collect for the Fourth Sunday in Lent agree with that of Rom. vi. 23?
2. How may the Collect for the First Sunday in Lent help us to understand the latter portion of that for the Fifth Sunday in Lent?
3. How may we compare the earlier portion of the Collect for Palm Sunday with St. John iii. 16, in regard to the extent and depth of God's love?
4. What further proofs of the greatness of God's love may be found in the same passage and in the latter part of that Collect?

### BURIED TRUTH.

In which two of the Psalms, in which three utterances of three different prophets, on what occasions in the Gospel story, and in what special connection in each instance, do we find the second place (only) given to "sacrifice"? Would the statements so made be true of "sacrifice" of every description?

---

### St. Andrew's Day (November 30th).

THEY who nobly died believing,  
Martyrs purpled in their gore,  
Crowns of life by death receiving,  
Rest in joy for evermore.

So may we, with hearts devoted,  
Serve our God in holiness;  
So at last, by God promoted,  
Thrones in Heaven with them possess.

WILLIAM PALMER.



# OLD CAPTAIN.

## I.

Between old Chestnut's stable and a wall where ivy clung,  
In a cosy little corner from the cold,  
Stood the kennel of old Captain in the days when I was young—  
For I never knew him anything but old.

## II.

He lived beside the stable when old Chestnut was a colt;  
He was years and years the senior of me.  
The house might be protected by many a bar and bolt;  
But none was such a faithful guard as he.

## III.

Rare companions were  
we in the summers  
long ago,  
And many a day  
we've spent  
on down and  
hill.  
In thought I love  
to wander  
where the  
gorse and  
heather grow,  
And see old  
Captain romping  
through  
them still.



## IV.

And then there comes  
to memory a sorrow  
great indeed,  
When school-  
days came to  
part me from  
my friend,  
We took one  
final ramble  
through the  
woodland and  
the mead—  
I could not bear  
to think it was  
the end.

## V.

I recollect the parting—I hugged his dear old head;  
My tongue was tied; my throat began to smart.  
His old brown eyes looked up at me, as though they plainly said  
That he was sorry, too, we had to part.

## VI.

I turned round at the corner to wave a last adieu  
Before the house was hidden from the lane.  
He was standing on his kennel to get a clearer view,  
And whining as he tugged against his chain.

## VII.

In after days I pictured the hillsides we would roam  
At Christmas, when the autumn term had sped.  
But oh, my heart was broken when they wrote to me from home,  
To tell me that my dear old dog was dead.

JOHN LEA.

# Advent Hymn.

"REPENT, REPENT!"

Words by the REV. W. H. DRAPER, M.A.  
(Vicar of the Abbey Church, Shrewsbury.)

Music by J. VARLEY ROBERTS, Mus.Doc.  
(Organist of Magdalen College, Oxford.)

*ff* Slow. *mf* Quicker.

1. "Re-pent, re - pent! And be ye clean, God's Kingdom is at hand;" With more than Prophet's pow'r be-  
2. And lo, they come, Sin - la - den souls, to loose their heavy chain; Sin - blind - ed eyes, their vi - sion

- hold him stand, The Lord's own Her - ald, cry-ing thro' the land, "Re-pent, re - pent!" A - men.  
to re - gain; Sin - stain - ed hearts, to wash a-way their stain—They come, they come!

3. O let the cry  
Ring where sin reigns, till every soul is free,  
Till even sin itself hath ceased to be,  
And all the captives look and surely see  
Redemption nigh.

4. If o'er one soul  
Repenting, angels in the Heaven rejoice,  
O with what praise, with what surpassing voice  
Would those quires sing, beholding all men's choice,  
To be made whole! Amen.

## HOMELY COOKERY.

BY M. RAE,

*Certificated Teacher of Cookery.*

| Hominy.                            | Average<br>Cost. |
|------------------------------------|------------------|
| $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. hominy . . . . . | d. $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| 1 pint milk . . . . .              | " 1              |
| 2 tablespoonfuls sugar . . . . .   | " $\frac{1}{2}$  |
|                                    | <u>2d.</u>       |

**W**ASH the hominy in cold water, and soak all night in a pint of cold water. When wanted, allow two hours and a half for cooking. Put it into a saucepan with the milk, and boil very gently two hours; stir often, to keep from burning. When soft, add sugar, and pour into a greased pie-dish, and bake till brown. Serve with golden syrup. Hominy is prepared from maize, bulled and crushed, and is very nourishing, but is not so generally used as its good qualities deserve. If cooked as above described, with a little salt instead of sugar, when cold it can be cut in slices and fried in boiling fat, with satisfactory results. Children like it in this form, and have even been heard to compare it to fried sole.

**OATHS GRATIS.**—The Rev. William Romaine, a well-known London clergyman in the last century, hearing a man call on God to curse him, offered him half-a-crown if he would repeat the oath. The man started, and indignantly replied,—

"What, sir, do you think I would curse my soul for half-a-crown?"

Mr. Romaine answered, "As you did it just now for nothing, I could not suppose that you would refuse it for a reward."

The poor fellow was struck with the reproof and said,—

"May God bless and reward you, sir, whoever you are! I believe you have saved my soul. I shall never swear again."

**HOW MUCH OUGHT I TO KEEP?**—In conversing with a friend to the Foreign Mission cause a few days ago, he said, "I have often asked myself what I ought to *give* to the Mission cause. I have recently been thinking, and asking myself, **WHAT OUGHT I TO KEEP?**"

This is the question every Christian ought to ask himself. We may keep *some of the comforts of life*, but are not at liberty to indulge in luxuries, and give little or nothing for spreading the Gospel. For the use we make of money "every one of us must give account of himself to God." Let every one ask, "*How much ought I to keep?*"

**THE TONGUE.**—There is a world of meaning in the following, from an old scrap-book:—

"If thou wishest to be wise,  
Keep these words before thine eyes:  
What thou speak'st, and how, beware;  
Of whom, to whom, when, and where."



## THE COMING OF AUGUSTINE.

BY THE REV. THOMAS MOORE, M.A.,

*Rector of St. Michael Paternoster Royal, and St. Martin Ventry, College Hill, with All-Hallows-the-Great-and-Less, Thames Street; Author of "The Englishman's Brief," etc.*

XI.—AUGUSTINE AND THE EVANGELISATION OF THE  
ANGLO-SAXON PEOPLE.



WE have been anxious gratefully to commemorate the coming of Augustine to Britain, and to accord to him his just measure of praise for all the good work that he did in founding the English Church in the kingdom of Kent. We must guard, however, against giving him and his Roman companions credit for the work of the evangelisation of the great body of the Anglo-Saxon people, a work which was carried out, not by Augustine and his fellow-labourers, but by other agencies, the principal of which were those of the Scotie Missionaries and their Anglian disciples.

Augustine's work and influence were to a great extent confined to the kingdom of Kent. He no doubt exercised a temporary influence upon Saeberd and Eorpald—the kings of the East Saxons and of the East Anglians; but such influence never permanently affected their kingdoms.

Whatever the reason of Augustine's missionary inactivity may have been, it is a fact that he never personally ventured to enter upon evangelistic labours amongst the heathen people of neighbouring kingdoms.

This was notably so in the case of the kingdom of Sussex, which, though so closely adjoining Kent, was the last of all the kingdoms of the heptarchy to hear and to receive the Gospel. So that really, of all the seven kingdoms of heathen England, Augustine can only be credited with the permanent conversion of the one small kingdom of Kent.

The kingdom of East Anglia—which included the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk—owed its conversion to a Gaulish Bishop named Felix, and Fursey, an Irish monk.

Wessex was indebted for its evangelisation to Bishop Birinus, also a native of Gaul, who had studied theology in the Irish Church. Subsequently the influence of the Scotie Missionaries—exercised through King Oswald of Northumbria—largely contributed to the conversion of the King and people of Wessex to the Faith of Christ.

In the case of Northumbria, though a portion of it, in the first instance, was evangelised by Paulinus—one of the Roman Missionaries—under the reign of King Edwin, on that king's death, in battle, it apostatised from the Faith, and was subsequently reclaimed from heathendom and restored to the Faith of Christ exclusively through the labours of St. Aidan, his companion Scotie Missionaries, and their Anglian disciples.

The conversion of the kingdom of Mercia was almost entirely the work of Anglian Home Missionaries, who were indebted to the Scotie Missionaries—Aidan and others—for their conversion, religious education, and their preparation for and their call to the work of the evangelisation of their Anglian heathen brethren.

The South Saxon people were indebted for their conversion, not to any of the Roman Missionaries in the

closely adjoining kingdom of Kent, but to Bishop Wilfrid, a northern Anglian, a subject of the Northumbrian kingdom, who owed his conversion to the Faith of Christ, as well as his Christian education, to the Scotie Missionaries.

Thus the plain truth is that though we are indebted to Augustine and his companions for the conversion of the Jutes and for the laying of the foundation-stone, in the kingdom of Kent, of the English Church, we certainly are not indebted to him and his fellow-labourers for the conversion of six of the Anglo-Saxon kingdoms.

The large-mindedness and large-heartedness of Gregory in his cherished conceptions and plans for the conversion of the people of the Angles to the Christian Faith cannot be exaggerated. The English people owe him a debt of boundless gratitude; but as for Augustine, he utterly failed to give practical expression, in the shape of actual Missionary work, to Gregory's high ideals of a Mission to the Angle people in Britain.

What, then, is the result? It is this. The founding of the Church of England in all the heathen Anglo-Saxon kingdoms was not the exclusive outcome or result of Augustine's Mission from Rome, nor of the Mission of Bishop Felix to East Anglia, nor of the Mission of Bishop Birinus to Wessex, nor of the Mission of Aidan to Northumbria, nor of the Home Missions of converted native Anglians to Northumbria, Mercia, and Sussex—but it was the result of the combined efforts of all these Missions; so that the Church of England, from her very beginning, was the product of various contributive agencies and influences, which left their impress upon her, an impress which she still retains to this day, as a unique national Church, which in her beginning, subsequent history, and characteristic independence, has no parallel in Christendom.

## OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

## XXXI. JUMBLED VERSE.

Leru Nniiaatbr tnaniaibr Srieu teh Vws:a  
Son trib verne nreey aishl eb ssela.

## XXXII. TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. Letters three make me;  
I'm sharp and pointed.  
Transpose and then suppose  
A biting frost appointed.
2. Letters four, no more;  
A wound so sad.  
Transpose, cricket galore,  
If stumps and ball we add.
3. Letters five, as I'm alive,  
So nice at dinner.  
Transpose, think how we strive  
To beat the cheating sinner.

## XXXIII. DECAPITATION.

I am very sweet and good to eat: behead me and curtail me I become a most important figure: cut off my tail again and I remain on: cut off my tail once more and I cannot help being an exclamation.



## “THE BLESSED DEAD.”

(ALL SAINTS' DAY, NOVEMBER 1ST.)

“The Lord deal kindly with you, as ye have dealt with the dead.”—RUTH i. 8.

**H**OW oft we wish, with vain but passionate longing,  
That the dead past might but be lived again,  
When sweetest memories round our hearts are thronging  
Of dear ones now at rest from sin and pain!

We loved them well—perchance at times too blindly;  
With tender touch we soothed the fevered brow;  
But did we always deal with them as kindly  
As, if it might, our love would tend them now?

Were there no hasty words in anger spoken?  
No gentle deeds of love left all undone?  
Where was our sympathy with spirits broken?  
GOD pardon all our faults through Christ His Son!

Dear Saints of GOD! your warfare now is ended,  
Your toil and tribulation all are o'er;  
In pastures green, by the Good Shepherd tended,  
Ye rest from all your labours evermore!

Rough billows crossed, ye now have reached the Haven  
That ye desired with straining eyes to see;  
Your last sweet words are on our hearts engraven:  
When shall we gain your perfect victory?

“A little while”—for days and years are speeding  
Their onward flight, and we your bliss shall share  
In God's dear Land of rest and peace exceeding;  
Oh, how we long to go and meet you there!

R. H. B.







"IN THE CHILDREN'S WARD" (page 275).

Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by H. JOHNSON.



## THE WORSHIP OF THE CHRIST-CHILD.

### A CHRISTMAS MEDITATION.

BY THE VERY REV. CHAS. W. STUBBS, D.D., *Dean of Ely.*

"O come, let us worship, and fall down: and kneel before the Lord our Maker!"—PSALM xcvi. 6 (Prayer-Book Version).

**S**ONS and daughters of God! by adoption and grace of the first Christmas Day, once more we gather at the cradle of the Christ-Child to "worship and fall down, and kneel before the Lord our Maker." Once more the spirit of Hebrew poetry, the sacred canticle, the burst of lyric song, is vocal above the manger-throne of Bethlehem, and a still stranger, sweeter music falls upon it from the starry heaven. Once more, as we read the story of the first Christmas Day, we seem to walk under a sky of magic, and the Pastoral Symphony of the Shepherds, and the *Gloria in Excelsis* of the Christmas angels, gives a new and deeper meaning to the familiar music of our Daily Matin-song—"Venite exultemus Domino"—"O come, let us worship, and fall down: and kneel before the Lord our Maker!"

And yet when we place these words of the *Venite* side by side with those other words which record the simple surroundings of the scene of the Nativity—the stable-cave, the manger-cradle, to outward aspect so commonplace, so disappointing, so inglorious—how marvellous seems the contrast between that call to worship and this fulfilment: "And when they were come into the house they saw the young Child with Mary His mother!" "The Lord, our Maker!" "The young Child with His Mother." Think of the contrast on Christmas Day! How marvellous is the message of it! how strange! how unexpected! But oh! how beautiful is this revelation of the character of our God! "The Lord our Maker" revealed in "the little Child with His Mother."

Do you realise the mystery of the miracle? Ah, no! We do not even realise the lesser miracle of the Mother and Child, the mystery of simple human birth. For if we did we should have solved the mystery of life itself.

"Flower in the crannied wall,  
I pluck you out of the crannies:—  
Hold you here, root and all in my hand  
Little flower—but if I could understand  
What you are, root and all, and all in all,  
I should know what God and man is."

Some of you have wandered, as I have wandered, through the great churches and picture-galleries of Italy, where the immortal genius of Giotto and Luini and Raffaele, and Andrea del Sarto, and Botticelli and Bellini, and a host of other painters, has left its work. And over and over again we have seen one subject painted in a thousand different forms. It is the young Child and His Mother: the young Child enthroned at His Mother's knee, cradled against her bosom, fed at her breast, borne in her arms. Over and over again, of every nation have brought all their genius, all

their skill, all their humanity, all their love, all the cunning of their craft, all the loveliest harmonies of colour, all that seemed to them purest in feature, tenderest in grace, and loveliest in expression, to paint that one simple group—the young Child with His Mother. And why is this?

Is it not because all these men, in striving to paint the ideal beauty of humanity, and to illuminate, each in his own way, the great mystery of life, the Child and His Mother, are all, consciously or unconsciously, paying homage to the story of the Incarnation, that marvellous Humiliation of the little Child, as the most beautiful of all the self-disclosures of God to man.

\* \* \* \* \*

And the practical lesson from Christmastide for each of us, is it not this?

That we must begin our eternal work where the Son of God was pleased to begin His—in Humility, in lowliness of heart, in child-like sincerity and truth. We must be "born again" in Bethlehem. We must become as little children. For the gate of the Kingdom of Life, of Eternal Life, is so small and narrow and low that only a little child can enter it. But a little child *can* enter it, and those who have hearts like little children. We must learn the lesson of patient waiting while time moves on slowly, and keeps us still from much that we stretch our fingers to grasp: we must learn the lesson of patient resolution, willing to face the facts which make us conscious of the scantiness of our power and knowledge, the poverty of our character, the ill-success of our endeavours: we must learn the lesson of patient determination to learn and bear the truth about and against ourselves: we must learn the lesson of patient courage to feel that we are but beginners in the discipline of the Eternal life. For through such discipline, in the dull, dreary, disappointing struggle against our own faults and selfishness, the long labour of self-conquest and self-mastery, the trouble of watchfulness and self-correction, the often-wasted and yet ever-repeated prayers—there is no other royal road—do human characters wax strong and holy and fit for their Master's service and their Master's triumph.

"O come, let us worship, and fall down: and kneel before the Lord our Maker!" Let us beseech Him, Who took the first step of His everlasting triumph by the incalculable humiliation of the manger-cradle of Bethlehem—let us beseech Him to convert us to become as little children, full of lowly trust and purity and simpleness, and cheerful readiness and merry-hearted Christmas joy; that we may one day "grow up to Him in all things, to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

# OLD ROGER'S BIT OF PRIDE.

BY RUTH LAMB,

*Author of "The Real Owner of Swallowdale," etc.*

## CHAPTER XI.

### REVELATIONS.



**C**LINDERSES was stirred to its inmost depths by Old Roger's illness. There was always a group of watchers to note the coming and going of the doctor and of the lady, who never

missed a day, but sometimes came both morning and evening to the archway chamber. The nurse and Dick were waylaid and plied with questions, and if in any cottage there was better fare than common, a portion was always offered for the patient's dinner. Not that he could eat what was brought; but there were kind hearts beating under ragged bodices, and these were never wounded by the refusal of their gifts. Miss Fielden would have it so. "It makes them happy to offer out of their little," she said. "We must not deny them the pleasure of sharing in a ministry of love."

Days wore slowly on, and Roger had been ill a fortnight before he awoke to a full knowledge of his position. The sight of a stranger nurse in the room which for so many years had not known the sound of an outsider's footfall, the many additions to the furniture, the tempting food, with all the little appliances for an invalid's comfort, taken together, quite bewildered the old man.

By slow degrees, and as he could bear to listen, Dick told him everything. Dick's face was the one absolutely familiar object on which Roger's eyes feasted without knowing weariness, and he lay holding the boy's hand in his trembling grasp, as if he could not bear to let it go for a moment. He recognised the lady of "The Green," too, though not at first. Dick and Miss Fielden had to draw together the weak threads of memory until they wove again the scene in the little park, on that last day of Roger's active life.

More happiness for the old man to know all this. More still when Miss Fielden told him Mr. Rawson had called to say that Dick had won the scholarship, and that his darling's name stood first on the list of hard

workers. And still more when he heard that, without his asking, Mr. Fielden had promised to give Dick the chance his industry merited and to care for his future.

"Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace," murmured old Roger softly. Had not the news he had just heard answered many a prayer and given him the desire of his heart? He was more than content. His unselfish thought was, "The boy would be better without me. It would be a lettin' down to him when he's a bit older to call Old Roger Grandad."

Dick heard the old man's prayer, though he could not read the thoughts which followed it.

"Don't say that, Grandad," he pleaded. "I do so want you to live. Nobody could ever make up for the being without you."

"Well, then, we'll both say, 'God knows what is best. Think how good He has been, and let us trust Him always.'"

Dick was fain to be content, outwardly, at any rate, but his longing cry to God was ever the same, "Only spare Grandad, and help me to make him happy and do all I can for him."

No one told the boy that there was hardly any hope that Roger would get well again. There had been conferences with the doctor, who had become greatly interested in his patient, quite apart from the fact that Mr. Fielden and his daughter desired to spare nothing in order to promote Roger's recovery. He was doing his utmost, but he frankly owned that was but little. "The old man's strength was almost exhausted when he was taken ill, and, in spite of having everything to tempt the appetite, now he can take but little nourishment. He does not make progress, and though I should like him to be removed to some quiet country place or the seaside, a journey must not be risked. He might die on the road," was the opinion expressed.

Miss Fielden was greatly distressed. All through Roger's illness she had counted on seeing the dear old man so far restored that he might have a season of rest and peace, whilst Dick should work and win new laurels, to the endless delight and innocent pride of Grandad. Her father had entered into all her hopes and plans.

Glinderses had seen Mr. Fielden come, and wondered who this stately looking gentleman could be who came to visit Old Roger. They guessed he was the lady's father, and many were their speculations as to whether the two could be akin to Dick's mother.

"Our lady might ha' been daughter to the best gentleman in the land, and not have shamed her relations," was the generally expressed opinion.

"If they are so kind to Old Roger, why did they never come to Glinderses to see *her*? It would better ha' become them than to make the fuss they're doin' now, if she was a relation."

"Maybe they'd quarrelled with her."

"And are sorry now, and tryin' to make up to the boy and the old man, because he's been good to him."

These speculations were far from hitting the mark.



Neither Mr. Fielden nor his daughter had ever heard of Mrs. Holgate's residence in their midst. And yet there was an unsuspected link between the two and Dick Holgate.

It happened a little later that the boy and Roger were alone, much to the satisfaction of both. Miss Fielden had taken the nurse for a drive, "to blow away the cobwebs that hung about everything in Glinderses," she said.

Roger had been lifted on to an invalid couch near the window. Dick thought this move from bed to couch was a most hopeful sign, and was exultant accordingly.

The window had been draped with a little cheap muslin. A little basket of greenery, with long sprays hanging from it, was suspended in the centre, and flowers were on the sill—all brought from Mr. Fielden's garden.

"They've made our room a perfect picture," Dick said. "Doesn't it make you feel better to see that even Glinderses can show a bright side, in return for a little trouble?"

"And money," added Grandad. "In places like this people have to buy what they can't do without; but for all that, you'd wonder if you knew how the poorest, that have been used to better places, will deny themselves to buy a flower or two. And the children do so love them. Many a time I haven't known how to help giving what I couldn't afford, when I've seen their looks at my basket of flowers."

"What a sweet day it is! The air is not too hot. Don't you love to feel it coming in at the window?"

Roger smiled, but did not answer. His thoughts might have been far away from Glinderses. More than once he was about to speak, then hesitated and remained silent.

"What is it, Grandad? Have you something on your mind?" asked Dick, for Roger's face began to wear a troubled look.

"Yes, something I wasn't to tell, but I feel half afraid. I must speak. I may not have another chance."

Dick thought he meant the chance of being alone with him, but Roger's words had a deeper meaning.

"You must promise, my boy, that you'll never *let on* to anybody what I'm goin' to tell you. Honour bright, lad," said the old man.

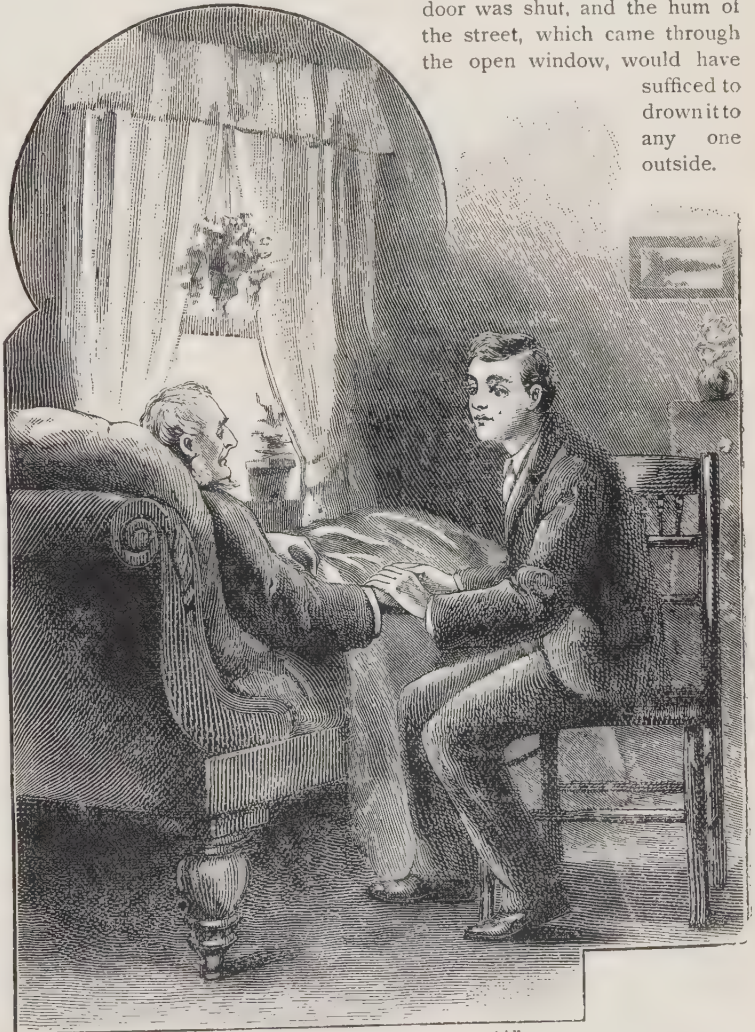
"Grandad, you may trust me. I never broke my word. Be sure I'll not repeat anything you say."

"Aye, Dick, I can trust you. I'm thankful I can. There's nothing to be ashamed of, only, poor old man as I am, I've a bit of pride left in me. You'd wonder how I could, after so many years in Glinderses, and the hard life I've led."

"Too hard, dear Grandad, too hard! And it has been through me and for my sake."

"Well, the bit of pride has been saved up for you, lad, not for myself. Bend your head so as you can hear me whisper."

There was no fear of the feeble voice being heard save by the one listener, for the door was shut, and the hum of the street, which came through the open window, would have sufficed to drown it to any one outside.



"WHAT A SWEET DAY IT IS!"

The whispered words fell slowly on the boy's ear. "I'm your real Grandad, Dick. *Your real Grandad* Do you understand?" asked Roger tremulously, for Dick was startled, and did not at first answer. "Say you're not very sorry, if you can. If you *are* sorry, I shall wish I hadn't told you. But nobody knows, only you and me, and you've promised not to tell. I've been proud for you, that's why I never let on. I thought it wouldn't be right to die without telling you, and it would be sweet to hear you call me Grandad just once, *knowing*—"

"Sorry," cried Dick, with a face that told of nothing but pleasure. "Sorry that you are my very own, dear Grandad! Why, if you could have known how every day of my life I have wished it was my right to call you so, you would have told me long ago."

"Don't you see how glad I am?" continued the lad. "You say it was a bit of pride kept you from speaking. You have made me very proud by telling me. *My own, dear, good Grandad.*"

The boy's tongue lingered over the word, and the sound of it was sweetest music to Roger, though he was half bewildered as he listened. In his humility he had placed himself on a far lower level than the boy of his own blood, but whom he regarded as his superior, through being the son of his gentle mother and by virtue of the advantages he had toiled so hard to secure for him.

Dick kissed the old man's thin hands. He bent over him and kissed the worn face, waiting for Roger's trembling lips to return the caress.

"I never thought to be so happy," said Roger.

"No more did I, Grandad."

A looker-on would not have been able to say whether the worn, old face, or the young one, glowing with health, showed most gladness.

"Were you my mother's father?" asked Dick.

"Yes, thank God, though it's hard to look at me and believe it. She was so different."

"You were alike in all the best things. I have always felt that. You had the same gentle, kind, polite ways," insisted Dick; "only you had given mother a good education, the same as you have worked to give me."

"I didn't give it her, though seein' it in her showed me the vally of it. I must tell you all the story now, if I only have strength."

"I married, when I was twenty-five, a good and a pretty girl who was only twenty-one. She was the daughter of a farmer, but he had been unfortunate, and they said trouble brought him to the grave in the prime of life. His wife married again, but the girl did not go to her stepfather's house. An aunt brought her up."

"I had a nice little shop in the fruit and vegetable line, and my wife was a great help to me in the business. We had two such happy years together. Then your mother was born and——"

Dick waited, then said, "Don't tell me, Grandad."

"I must, lad. My precious wife died, leaving me a baby girl, fourteen days old."

"I was nearly out of my mind with grief, and the sight of the little creature made me feel worse. I loved her, the innocent darling that had cost her mother's life, but no human being ever felt more helpless. How could I care for her properly?"

"Then a temptation came. A lady customer that always liked my wife, came to me and offered to take the child. She had lost two girls—all the family she had—and wanted to adopt a baby. If I would let her take mine, it should be brought up as her own, and be well loved, well educated and provided for. Only she must have her altogether."

"The lady and her husband—she had the money—were going to live in a beautiful new place she had bought, eighty miles away. The baby would go there with them, but not be seen in the place they were leavin'. You see, she hoped in a fresh neighbourhood the child would be taken for hers. I was never to claim my little girl, never to let her know that I was her father, but I was to see her four times a year, and be sure that she was being well done to."

"It was fit to break my heart to part with all that my dear Annie had left me, but I did it for the child's sake—and hers that was gone. The child was christened after her mother the day my Annie was buried, but the lady was rather pleased. It was her own name, and one of her little girls had been called Annie, so it seemed all the more natural."

"Mrs. Hilton—the lady, I mean—was as good as her word. She spared nothing where my little Annie was concerned, and she loved her dearly. She had a warm heart, a warm temper, and she could be a bit firm—hard, maybe, sometimes. She could not bear to be crossed, as seems usual where the lady holds the purse, and it a heavy one."

"Think, lad, what it was to see my child grow up right on till she was a beautiful young woman of twenty and, though four times a year I saw her face, I was no more to her than a stranger."

"Things did not go well with me after my wife died. She had been such a help in my business and a favourite with customers. Paid help could not make up for what she had been, and, though I was but seven-and-twenty when she died, I never could bear the idea of putting another in her place. How could I? My heart was full of her. Now it fair throbs again at the thought that, before very long, there will be the three of us, father, mother, and daughter—a complete family—in some little corner of our Father's house with its many mansions."

Dick's eyes were overflowing, but Grandad's were bright and full of gladness. The boy felt that it was best not to interrupt, so he showed his sympathy by a loving pressure of the old man's hand between his own.

"In time," continued Grandad, "I had to give up the shop and begin my life behind the barrow. I was only



twenty-nine then, and I couldn't bear to stop near my old home, so I hid myself in Glinderses. Oh, lad! you can never understand how I used to count the days till I could see my child's face. Mrs. Hilton was sometimes better than bargain, for she would send me orders for plants and seeds of special sorts, which I was to take to Hill-side Park myself, and then Annie, from the time she was a toddling thing, had flowers from my hand, and used to chatter to me in her pretty way. I think Mrs. Hilton made my goings and comings a bit irregular on purpose, but I gained by that. It was known that some rich lady had adopted my motherless baby, but things had been well managed and no one knew who she was. For a long time I felt it dreadfully when I heard the child call Mr. and Mrs. Hilton 'father' and 'mother,' but afterwards, when your mother grew up so pretty and had such 'lady ways,' it seemed that it must be a dream that one like her could be Roger Platt's daughter. I've only been 'Old Roger' in Glinderses. In the neighbourhood where my shop was, I was Mr. Platt. When you move right away from one quarter of a big city to another, you're soon lost sight of and forgotten. Nobody near my old home would know me now."

The old man was getting weary and Dick wanted him to rest, though he was longing to hear the story to the end.

"Give me a dose of the medicine that I'm to take when I feel a bit low; then I shall get through my tale," said Roger.

Dick obeyed, and, revived by it, Grandad continued:—

"Mrs. Hilton had set her mind on marryin' my girl to a nephew of hers. He was rich enough, but he was her next of kin, and she did not like to leave her money past him, yet she wanted Annie to share it. If they married, all would be right. However, all went wrong.

"The nephew had set his mind on some one else, and he was rich enough to please himself. He liked Annie almost the same as a sister, for they had been thrown a great deal in one another's way, and he was content that she should have his aunt's money. He told Mrs. Hilton so, and said, 'You've brought the girl up as your own, and she knows no different. Act to her as if you didn't know that you are not her real mother.'"

"It was good of him, and Mrs. Hilton felt all the more sorry that he hadn't chosen Annie. Everybody made sure the daughter, as she was thought to be, would have a great fortune. Where there's honey flies swarm. Where there's money, suitors are always in plenty. Besides, you know what your mother was, Dick, in spite of all she'd gone through; but nobody could guess what she was as a girl of twenty-one.

"Maybe a bit fond of having her own way—and little wonder, for everybody had made it their study to please her. Anyway, when it was a question of picking a husband, she chose the wrong one.

"It nearly breaks my heart to tell you this of your

own father, Dick, but he was one that had been a sore trouble first to his mother, a widow, and to relations that did their best for him. He spent his fortune before he ought to have handled it; by ways I don't understand, thank God, but which young men sometimes know all about too soon. He was one that did, more's the pity!

"When he had tired out those that would have helped him back to the right road, he began to look about for a girl with plenty of money, and, as ill luck would have it, he met your mother. Believing her to be the Hiltons' own daughter, he made love to her and she got to be fond of him, for he had wonderfully taking ways when he liked.

"Friends warned her against the man. Mr. and Mrs. Hilton tried coaxing and reasonin', and at last they got angry and said if she listened any more to Richard Holgate they would disown her and never leave or give her a penny. Mind you, they did not leave my poor Annie in the dark as to what the man's character was, though they could not tell her all they knew about him.

"You're too young to understand these things, Dick, but it often happens that an innocent girl will sooner believe anything the man she loves chooses to tell her, than she will listen to a word against him from those that would give their lives to save her from sorrow."

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE END OF THE STORY.



OLD ROGER'S story was interrupted by the sound of footsteps on the stairs. Miss Fielden and the nurse had returned from their drive. The young lady stayed for a short time, and then left, with a promise to come again in the morning.

Nurse thought her

patient needed attention, and at once busied herself on his behalf. She gave him such food as he could take, little in bulk, but of the most nourishing description. Then, whilst Roger lay resting, she and Dick had tea together.

Nurse thought the boy more silent and absent-

mannered than usual, but she fancied he might be tired of staying so long indoors. This was not the case. He was thinking of all that Grandad had told him, and finding it very difficult to speak on any subject but that with which his mind was occupied.

All was so strange and unexpected. Roger's story had brought such a mixture of pleasure and pain. Dick was sincere in the joy he had expressed at knowing of his relationship to his best friend. He entered into his sorrows as only one could do who knew the loving nature of the man. He realised what it must have cost him to see his child grow up to womanhood, and to feel that each year increased the distance between them.

There were other chapters of this life-story still to be told, and when nurse would fain have sent Dick out to do some needed shopping, he begged to stay beside Grandad.

"I was out for a long time this morning, but if you would rather stay in I will go," said Dick.

"It is not that. I thought you would like to get into the air for a while."

Nurse noticed how her patient held the boy's hand, as if loth to let him go, so she at once prepared to do the shopping herself, and soon left the two together.

"Time is precious, Dick. One can never tell——"

"Tell what, Grandad?"

"When we may be quite by ourselves, for one thing; and I want to finish.

"I told you that Mrs. Hilton had a strong will of her own, and that Annie had been indulged till it seemed natural she should have whatever she set her mind on.

"Richard Holgate laughed when Annie told him of Mrs. Hilton's threat. He did not believe she would act up to it, and he persuaded my poor girl to agree with him and be married unknown to those who had been such good parents to her, though they were not her real ones. No doubt he deceived himself, too. If he had not felt sure that Annie would be forgiven, he would have left her altogether.

"He found out his mistake and so did she.

"I said Mrs. Hilton could be hard, and it was no wonder that she turned against Annie when you think what she had done for her. She closed her doors against her once and for all, and the two never saw one another again after Annie left Hillside Park for her runaway marriage. Everything in the way of clothes and ornaments was sent after her, but no word written or spoken. The next news was that Mr. and Mrs. Hilton had gone abroad for two years, and would be mostly travellin' about from one place to another. Their fine house was left to the care of some old servants. When my Annie's husband knew the mistake he had made, he was nearly mad with anger. I don't like to tell you this, for he was your father, and, in his way, he was fond of your mother; but he never meant to marry a poor girl. He had no means to keep a wife."

"What did they do, Grandad? Did my father begin

to work? Mother said something about him and a beautiful home, just at the last, I remember."

"She would be thinkin' of Hillside, and how she was persuaded to run away from it. But she and your father had a nice home. It was provided for them by a relation of his who had tried always to do him good. He thought the young wife would be a tie to him and he would steady down with her; so he gave them a pretty house and furniture, and your father was to be in his office and have a salary, only he was to do something for it.

"For a year things went better. Then your father broke out again and——"

Grandad's voice trembled and he paused.

"Don't tell me. I can guess the rest, I think. Mother was a widow when she came here to Glinder-sees and I was a tiny boy of four, and fatherless."

Grandad assented. After a short silence he continued:—

"Your father had tired out all his friends. After his death, your mother could not bear to go again to those he had rob—— I mean those who had done so much for her husband, and got nothin' but ingratitude back from him. She made one more trial to soften Mrs. Hilton, and wrote, callin' her 'mother,' for she knew no different at the time.

"Mrs. Hilton sent an awful cutting letter back, tellin' her she was no child of hers, but the daughter of the man who used to bring plants and seeds to Hillside. 'Your real name, before you changed it for that of a worthless scoundrel, was Annie Platt, but as you had always borne our name as our adopted daughter, that fact does not make your marriage unlawful. Your conduct shortened my husband's days, for he and I once loved you as a daughter. His death has made it impossible for me to forgive you. It is meet that you should reap as you have sown.'

"I remember the very words in that letter as well as if I could always see them in front of me. More than that, Mrs. Hilton told Annie that she was sorry an honest man, like Roger Platt, should be disgraced by being akin to her."

"How hard! How hard!" exclaimed Dick. "To think of my mother being treated in such a way!"

"We mustn't forget, lad, that she had done wrong by those who had been like the best of parents to her for twenty-one years. Your poor mother was truly penitent, and many a time she told me she had deserved far greater punishment than had come upon her, for bein' so ungrateful. She could never bear to blame Mrs. Hilton, though she would have done anything in the world to get her forgiveness.

"Mrs. Hilton used to send letters for me to a particular place in the market, with orders for plants, and sometimes Annie had written them for her. When she knew all, she called to mind the address and wrote to me.

"I knew about her marriage, and the trouble about it at Hillside, though I never went there after Annie left.



I heard that your father's friends had found a home for him and her, but I never saw it. I kept my promise always, and I would have died rather than have disgraced her before her husband by claimin' her for my child. Even Mrs. Hilton never told *him*, and he died thinkin' that Annie was her daughter. I got a few lines from your mother saying just this:—

"Mrs. Hilton has told me that I am your child. My husband is dead and, except my little boy, I have nobody in the world to care for me. I am glad to think that when you used to come to Hillside I always liked you and loved to see your kind face. Will you be a father once more to your own daughter Annie?"

"Would I? My heart was so full I had no patience to send a letter. I left my business, I came home and tidied myself. I put on my good Sunday suit and I went straight to your mother, without losin' a minute. Dick, I never felt so rich in my life as I did when she came straight to me, looking at me with my wife's eyes, though they were shinin' with tears.

"'Father,' she said, 'how good you are to the child that never knew you had a right to the name till now! We have been parted all our lives, but we may love one another now, mayn't we?'"

"It was so strange to think this beautiful young lady in her black gown, and with that proud-like manner, could belong to Roger Platt. I don't mean she was proud; only she looked and moved so different from the people I saw most of, she might have belonged to another world. I declare I was fit to shrink back when she held out her arms as if to put them round my neck. It seemed too much for her to stoop to me.

"A sorrowful look came over her face, and then she ran and fetched you, and lifted you up, saying with

tears runnin' down her face, 'You'll kiss my boy, won't you, father?' I understood then that she thought I was not over pleased with her; but she soon knew that it was myself I thought little about, not her.

"I needn't go into every little matter. She had a good house of furniture and she'd kept out of debt at home. What your father owed was for bets and such-like. Part of the furniture was chosen to suit the cottage here, but it was first taken and stored for a bit.

Afterwards, it was carted here by a stranger man, as if it was for me. The rest was sold, and the bit of money helped towards the living for years after.

"All your mother wanted was to get clear away from everybody that had known her, and to be near me. Glinderses would have frightened most ladies, but it didn't frighten your mother. Only such a cheap place could be afforded; and here, sure enough, nobody she'd ever known was likely to pass under the archway into the Court. I made her promise, though, that she would never let on to anybody that we were akin to each other. This was Old Roger's bit of pride for your mother and for you. And it's lasted, Dick, and will last, to the end. Only you know now, and you call me 'Grandad,' *meanin' it*."

The smile on the weary old face was

lovely, and Dick bent and kissed it again and again.

"Now, Grandad, I'll finish," said the boy, "for I know the rest. Mother earned what she could, and you fetched materials, and took the work home, and brought her the money. It was very little, and you toiled and slaved for both of us, letting nobody know; then, when she was gone, you brought me home and toiled on to bring me up as my mother would have wished to do. Mother was right when she said you were one of the best and kindest men in the world,



"I NEVER SAW THEM TILL NOW,"

and a real gentleman. I tell you nothing would make me so glad and proud as to tell everybody that you are my grandfather."

"You mustn't, Dick, you mustn't. You've promised."

"To be sure I have; but is no one to know—ever, I mean?"

"I couldn't think of dying without tellin' you; and, in one way, it seems a bit mean to keep it secret, for people have thought I was workin' for a boy that was no kin to me, and praised me for it. All the while, there was no credit in workin' for my own Annie's boy, for I'd a right to do that. Still, for her sake, you mustn't let Glinderses know. We must never let the lady of the Court down in the neighbours' eyes. They'd begin saying, 'Though she was so fine, an' we called her our "lady," she was only Owd Roger's daughter after all. To think as *he* should ha' kept it dark all these years!' So keep your promise; only this much you may do. When I'm—I mean if I don't get better, you must open that little box that was your mother's, with the key I gave you to take care of. Inside the box you'll find a sealed parcel. Open it and you'll see a book with your father's name in it, and two photographs—his and your mother's. They're coloured, and done so well. They cost a lot, I've heard her say. You'll see what a handsome face it was that won your mother's fancy, and what she was like when she was married. Show the name written in that book to Miss Fielden, and then, if she and her father want to know more, tell them all I have told you."

Dick had only time to promise obedience when Nurse entered. For some days afterwards all were hopeful about the old man, he was so bright and always said he had no pain, he was only tired.

"I must stop here till God calls me," he said. "I love to think how Jesus knew what it was to be tired. *It's so homely like*. You remember when you put that thought in my mind, Miss?" said Roger, looking up with a smiling face at Miss Fielden.

Yes, she well remembered their talk in "The Green," and now she was beginning to feel that Roger's weariness would never be cured on earth. It would only cease when he had entered on the "rest that remaineth for the people of God."

He had not long to wait for it. He passed away whilst Dick sat beside him holding his hand, and the passing was like the falling asleep of a tired child.

Norah, who could do nothing by halves, begged that Dick might go home with her until after the funeral, and then they could arrange for his future according to the promise which had gladdened Old Roger's last days.

The old man had told Miss Fielden where his wife was buried. It was in a pretty village churchyard, a few miles outside the city. There, too, Dick knew that his mother lay, though her name was not on the headstone erected by Roger to his wife's memory.

When Dick accompanied Miss Fielden home, he

took with him the sealed packet, and opened it that evening in his bedroom. His heart was already full to overflowing, but at the sight of his mother's face in all the beauty of girlhood, his hand shook, his breast heaved, and he utterly broke down.

He opened the book and read his father's full name—"Richard Fielden Holgate"—on the fly-leaf. At once he judged that there must have been some connection between his dead father and his present friends, and, knowing it, Grandad had decided to ask help for him from Mr. Fielden.

Dick could not keep his secret any longer, but, carrying with him the book and portraits, he laid them before Miss Fielden.

"I never saw them till now," he said. "Grandad told me to open the parcel if he did not get better. These are portraits of my father and mother, and this was my father's name," pointing to the words on the fly-leaf.

Miss Fielden's face became deathly pale as she looked at them.

"Then your name must be Richard Holgate," she said, with a tremulous voice. "I must tell my father everything. I may show him these, may I not?"

Dick assented, and Miss Fielden, greatly agitated, went to the library and, after preparing him for what was coming, laid the portraits and book before her father.

"So the lad is poor Fielden's son. There can be no doubt of it. We have found the boy in this unexpected way after having so long sought for him and his mother. Too late in her case. Thank God, not too late in his."

Dick was brought to the library, and that which Roger had not told was quickly revealed.

Richard Fielden Holgate, always called by his second Christian name, was the son of Mr. Fielden's only sister, dead long ago, but not forgotten. For her sake, he had watched over his spendthrift nephew, paid his debts repeatedly, given him chance after chance of regaining his position, but all in vain. At last he had closed his doors against him, and refused to give him money, hoping that necessity might prove a good teacher where kindness and plenty had failed. Mr. Fielden did not at first hear of his nephew's death, for Dick's mother shrank from appealing to him again after all he had done for her husband. Glinderses swallowed the widow and her child, and Mr. Fielden's search was vain.

Dick had lost Grandad, but found an uncle and cousin in Mr. Fielden and Norah. Henceforth his home would be with them, and his future, humanly speaking, was assured.

Owd Roger's "bit of pride" has been respected, and, though the whole story is known to the Fieldens, it has gone no further. They and Dick can talk of Grandad together, and they all agree with his daughter's opinion that, despite the absence of "larnin'," his humble station, and his poverty, he was one of the best and kindest men in the world, and a real gentleman.

THE END.



# IN THE CHILDREN'S WARD.

(See ILLUSTRATION, page 266.)

**T**HE walls are decked with coloured flags,  
The wards are bright and gay  
And many a feeble laugh rings out  
For joy at Christmas Day;  
Round pillared arch, on every cot,  
The holly-berries glow,  
And tiny convalescents dance  
Beneath the mistletoe.

Last night the children slept so well  
No passing sounds they caught,  
But every one awoke to find  
The gifts the Christ-Child brought.  
It only is on Christmas Eve  
Such charming things befall,  
For each has just the treasured toy  
He longed for most of all!

There drums can beat, and trumpets bray,  
Here soldiers are outspread;  
And there a woolly rabbit sits  
And gravely nods his head;  
And here are dolls for little hands  
To clasp and dress and feed,  
And games and picture story-books  
For all who love to read!

The old walls echo eager cries  
Of wonder and delight—  
"I wish, dear Nurse," sighs thoughtful Ruth,  
"We'd kept awake last night:  
We might have seen Him as He passed  
With all those lovely things—  
Or did His Angels carry them  
Beneath their shining wings?"

"We should have liked to thank Him so"—  
And then she paused and smiled—  
"He knew exactly what we want,  
*For He was once a Child!*"  
Ah, children, by your simple trust,  
Our questioning faith looks dim;  
Yet are you very dear to us,  
For you are dear to Him.

At Christmastide to you in truth  
The Blessed Christ-child came  
In kindly thoughts and gentle deeds  
Of those who love His Name:  
And surely Life has no such joy  
As theirs to whom 'tis given  
To labour for their Lord on earth  
As Angels do in Heaven.

CHRISTIAN BURKE.

A Happy Christmas and a Bright New Year to  
all Our Readers, Old and Young, Rich and Poor,  
at Home and Abroad.



"DADDY!"

"See my cap! my 'brella! shoes!  
Mother dear, I'm 'Daddy.'  
"Dress is nought, you roguish pet!  
You're my little 'Laddie'!"

## SOMETHING FOR YOUR BOOKSHELF.

**W**ITH this month's number another volume of our Magazine is completed. We know that many of our readers always keep the monthly numbers together, and have them bound up as a volume at the year's end; others, however, seem to be unaware that handsome cloth cases in scarlet and gold are provided at a very low cost for this purpose. Whoever supplies you with the magazine monthly can give you particulars as to these special binding arrangements. Thousands of volumes were sent in to be bound last year, and we hope that there may be a further increase this year. As the local news of the parish is, of course, bound up with the magazine, the book becomes of permanent interest as a record of Church work.

## SOME HINTS ON HOSPITAL VISITING.

BY MRS. CALVERLEY BEWICKE.

OME fourteen years ago I was startled by a call from one of my husband's brother officers at the unconventional hour of nine o'clock in the morning. Thinking that something must have gone wrong, I hurried into the library to hear a terrible tale of woe. It appeared that as Captain W—— was going out to dinner the previous evening, his cabman had had the misfortune to drive over a child. Poor Captain W—— was in terrible distress, and, like the good-natured sailor that he was, had taken the child to the hospital, given up his dinner-party, and spent the evening doing what he could to comfort the boy's mother.

Captain W—— had called to tell me of the accident, and as he was to be on duty all that day, he begged me to go and see little Tom Jones. To this request I willingly acceded, and as soon as I had finished my morning's work I set off on a long tramway journey to the hospital. On arriving at the door I asked the porter for Tom Jones, and was informed that it was not "visitors' day."

"Not visitors' day," said I; "why, what do you mean?"

"I mean that the patients can only see their friends on Fridays and Sundays between two and four o'clock. Bless you, ma'am, we can't have people running about the hospital all hours of the day."

The announcement took me completely aback, and so much the more as I had come some miles. I begged to see the matron, in the hope that she might relax the rules on my behalf. After a long, cold interval of waiting in a draughty corridor, I was shown into the matron's presence; she filled me with awe, and it was some moments before I dared make my humble request to be allowed, for once, to see Tom Jones at an unlawful hour. The Sister of the ward was sent for, and after she and the matron had had a whispered conference I was told that I might accompany the Sister into the ward. I never felt more nervous. There is something about a hospital ward, with its many beds filled with sufferers, that makes the heart ache and leaves the beholder speechless. The Sister kindly gave me a chair, and when I dared look up I found myself seated next little Tom's bed; he had been taken into the accident ward, and all the other beds were filled with grown-up men. Tom was not at all seriously hurt, though he piteously explained, "The time goes slow, ma'am: it did not take a moment to break my leg, and the doctors say it will take three weeks to mend; my eyes is tired of looking at picture-books, and I can't sleep."

Wondering what I could do to amuse him, I asked him if he liked music, and suggested singing to him some of Mr. Alfred Scott Gatty's children's songs; he

was delighted, and as I had been in the habit of singing them to my young nieces and nephews, I had a large stock that I knew by heart. As I left the ward, I was very much surprised at the men thanking me, and begging me to come and sing to Tom again—"a song to help to pass the time, ma'am; and it gives us something to think about." I did not find the matron at all cordial, or anxious that I should repeat my visit (probably because I had come at a most inconvenient hour), and if it had not been for the entreaties of the poor sick folk, I do not think I should have cared to do so.

Since this, my first venture, I have had fourteen years' constant experience in visiting hospitals, and I have thought that a few suggestions may be useful to others interested in their suffering fellow-creatures, and anxious to beguile the weariness of their lives. I am convinced that many more ladies would visit and amuse the poor patients, were they only assured that the Sisters and the nurses of the wards were pleased to see them, and did not find them in the way. To these ladies I would offer the advice:—

Never on any pretence whatever to go into a ward without first finding the Sister or nurse, and asking permission.

Never to enter a ward where there is a doctor, even if the Sister has given you permission.

To avoid talking to the patients about their ailments.

Never repeat the tales told you by the patients about the nurses, doctors, food, or anything else. Many patients are hypochondriacal, and it is quite impossible to judge of the truth of their statements.

On one occasion I remember a woman who had been three weeks in the hospital telling me that "she was being starved to death. Not one mouthful of food had been given her since her entrance," etc. I was seriously alarmed, as the patient looked starved, and evidently thought she was speaking the truth. On inquiry I found that she had had a tumbler of milk with an egg beaten up in it every two hours since her arrival, and that there was not the remotest chance of starvation while she received this nutritious fare.

To ladies who desire to visit a hospital I would say, by all means take grapes, fruit, sponge-cakes, etc., to a hospital; but never give them to the patients yourself. Place them at the disposal of the Sister, to distribute as she thinks best.

Old books are always welcome, though newspapers and magazines are perhaps the best, as they are light for the feeble hands to hold, and can easily be burnt when hopelessly thumbed. A few freshly cut flowers to see and to smell are a great delight; but be *sure* you do not leave them on the beds to be littered about, to stain the sheets, or to fall on the floor and make work for the nurses.

The beds are so tidy that we are apt to forget that the patients are ill and that it is necessary to be on the alert to leave the ward at a moment's notice. The nurse will be sure to call you back if you are



*Drawn by A. JOHNSON.**[Engraved by R. TAYLOR & Co.]*

interesting the patients or doing any good work on their behalf.

Never stay more than twenty minutes or half an hour in any ward.

Do not keep your eyes on a book, but observe what is going on, and ask the nurse if you think you are tiring any of the patients.

Always visit the hospital on the days, and at the hours, that the Sister tells you are most convenient to her.

Short stories, reciting and singing from memory are, according to my experience, highly appreciated by the patients. You will find all kinds of songs are liked, from "Oh, rest in the Lord" and hymns, to "Sally in our Alley"; and a good comic chorus meets with great success.

If you have time to add a few hours in the week to

visiting the wives of the men who have met with accidents, you will be doing a great kindness, and will find yourself well repaid by the gratitude you will receive. Many patients retard their recovery by anxiety about their belongings, and as you continue your work there will be a hundred and one ways in which you can relieve their anxiety, and be of help. For instance, the doctors often find it absolutely necessary to send a patient out of the hospital before he is properly well. They have done all they could for him, and his bed is needed for a much more serious case. You know that this poor, weak man must work before he can pay for a bed; a Sister has told you that although he has been six weeks in the hospital no friends have come to see him on "visitors' day," and that he has not received or written any letters. If the hospital chaplain believes the patient to be a good man,

and the doctor vouches for his steadiness, you will no doubt be able to procure a few shillings for his immediate help from the "Samaritan Fund." This is a small and blessed fund, established only a few years ago, in connection with most hospitals, on purpose to help the patients on leaving, and fortunately not managed by a committee, but in the hands of the chaplain and matron, from whom you may procure immediate help at the moment when it is of such vital importance, instead of having to wait for a committee meeting. It is often advisable to write to the clergyman of the parish to which the patient belongs, and I have also found that when the Charity Organisation Society, after many inquiries, does undertake to help a case, it bestows its assistance most thoroughly.

At most hospitals the patients have tea at half-past four o'clock, and there is, as it were, a slack time till seven. If you can make it convenient, therefore, to visit the wards during the later hours of the afternoon, you will seldom see a doctor, and will be doubly welcome, especially in the winter, when your visits will cheer the patients during the long, dark evenings.

It is not necessary to change your dress when you are going to a hospital, as you would to visit a district at the East End of London. The wards are always clean, and a bright, cheerful face and dress will help much in the success of your work.

For obvious reasons, it is not advisable for quite young girls to visit the hospitals, unless they confine themselves to the children's wards.

By attending to the above suggestions, you will ensure a most hearty and grateful welcome, not only from the patients, but also from the matron and Sisters; and you will be able to count on the help and co-operation of both in your efforts to make the wards of the hospitals more cheerful than they now are.

## THE CHILDREN ON THE STAIRS.

BY THE REV. H. D. MADGE, LL.M.

**T**HE streets were dingy and dark,  
The evening was damp and chill,  
And the rain was dripping drearily, wearily,  
From gutter and window-sill.

The wan-faced children played  
On the great, gaunt Building's stair;  
They wrote on the wall, and I paused to see  
What it was they had written there.

"We are talking of Jesus," it said,  
"Who came for our sakes to earth;  
He was born in a manger in far Bethlehem:  
Good angels sang at His birth."

Ah! grimest of cities, thy grasp  
Cannot stifle the heart of a child!  
And the frown of the world will not alter the hope  
That somewhere or other God smiled.

How blest ye that see, through the dust,  
The radiance the sunbeams fling,  
And hear, 'mid the hurry of bustling feet,  
The sound of an angel's wing.



ST. SAVIOUR'S, SOUTHWARK.

## REPRESENTATIVE CHURCHMEN.

### VIII.—THE BISHOP OF SOUTHWARK.

**T**HE Right Rev. Huyshe Wolcott Yeatman, D.D., is a member of an old Dorsetshire family. He was educated at Winchester and Emmanuel College, Cambridge, where he was Dixie Scholar, and graduated in 1867. At Winchester he was captain of the second six at football, and shot in the Wimbledon eleven for two years. He was also a Prefect, and in the Sixth Form. It was intended that he should enter the diplomatic service, but after reading under Dr. Vaughan at Doncaster and the Temple he was ordained in 1869, and while Curate of St. Edmund's, Salisbury, became Chaplain to Bishop Moberly, his old master, and was Honorary Secretary to the Diocesan Synod. In 1877 he became Vicar of Netherbury, Dorset, and in 1891 succeeded Bishop Legge as Vicar of St. Bartholomew's, Sydenham, where his "Parsonage Sunday School" for the children of the gentry was a feature of his work. He has always taken great interest in educational matters, and constructed two groups of schools at Netherbury. In 1880 he became Secretary of the Rochester Diocesan Conference, and was elected Proctor for the clergy of the Diocese in Convocation, and appointed Examining Chaplain to Bishop Thorold. In 1891, on the nomination of Bishop Davidson, he was consecrated Bishop of Southwark. The illness of the diocesan placed very heavy responsibilities upon Bishop Yeatman, especially in South London. He has given much attention to the subject of popular education in the Diocese, and has taken a leading part in the attempt to found in St. Saviour's,



## THY HOLY CHILD, JESUS.

"Stepping out into the dark, with our hand in the Hand  
of Christ."



HE summer flowers are dead, the year grows old ;  
But through the storm-clouds wild  
There smiles a pure, sweet Face of Love untold,  
In form a Little Child !

A Little Child ! O Love surpassing kind,  
That God should dwell below !  
Eternal Love in Human Form enshrined,  
Sorrow and pain to know.

A Little Child ! Who in our hearts would dwell ;  
Who fain would hold our hand,  
And guide us on to know and love Him well  
In His Eternal Land.

A Little Child ! Who came to recreate  
The world from depths of sin ;  
To live and die, lost man to reinstate,  
And thus our pardon win.

A Little Child ! He condescends to give  
Himself in mystic sign :  
Thus God Incarnate deigns in us to live ;—  
The Lord our Strength Divine.

A Little Child ! He comes to us ! to thee !  
He stoops to humblest home :  
And so to those who know humility  
Jesus will surely come.

A Little Child ! Thou com'st to us, our King !  
And we will come to Thee !  
Dear Lord, our gold, myrrh, frankincense, we bring,  
Thine, all Thine own, to be !

E. M. TESTER.

## HOMELY COOKERY.

BY M. RAE, *Certificated Teacher of Cookery.*



QUARTER of a pound of macaroni, 1*d.* ; a tablespoon-  
ful of flour and a teacupful of milk, 1*d.* ; three  
tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, 3*d.* Total, 5*d.*

Put a large saucepan, three parts full of water, over  
the fire to boil ; add a dessertspoonful of salt. Break  
the macaroni into inch lengths, and boil for thirty or  
forty minutes ; then strain through a colander. Some  
kinds of macaroni require longer boiling than others  
it should be quite tender before straining. Put the flour  
in a small basin, stir in the milk by degrees, and mix to a  
smooth paste ; put this in the saucepan, stir till boiling, boil  
three minutes, add half the cheese, and the macaroni. Stir  
for a few minutes, till the cheese is melted turn into a  
greased pie-dish, sprinkle over it the rest of the cheese ;  
then brown in a quick oven, or before the fire.



THE BISHOP OF SOUTHWARK.

[From a photograph by Russell & Sons, Baker St., W.]

Southwark, a cathedral centre for church work in South  
London. He has also founded the College of Women  
Workers, commonly called "The Grey Ladies," and the  
Bishop's College near his house at Blackheath. During  
his time as Vicar of Sydenham, nearly £100,000 passed  
through his organisations for Church purposes in the  
Parish, or Diocese, or Church at large, and the com-  
municants became a remarkable proportion of his  
population, 1000 being the attendance on Easter Day.  
He married, in 1875, Lady Barbara Legge, daughter  
of the Earl of Dartmouth. He is patron, in his private  
capacity, of three livings, and is now owner of Stock  
Gaylard, the old family seat in Dorset.

## ON KEEPING CHRISTMAS.

"Who taught mankind, on that first Christmas Day,  
What 'twas to be a man : to give, not take ;  
To serve, not rule : to nourish, not devour ;  
To help, not crush ; if need, to die, not live."

C. KINGSLEY.

"Follow the Christ the King :  
Live pure : speak true : right wrong : follow the king :  
Else wherefore born ?"

TENNYSON.



## TIME'S PACES.

BY THE REV. CANON TWELLS, M.A.,  
*Author of "At even, ere the sun was set," etc.*

**W**HEN as a child I laughed and wept,  
 Time crept.

When as a youth I dreamt and talked,  
 Time walked.

When I became a full-grown man,  
 Time ran.

When older still I daily grew  
 Time flew.

Soon I shall find, in travelling on,  
 Time gone.

O Christ! wilt Thou have sav'd me then?  
 Amen!

## THE COMING OF AUGUSTINE.

BY THE REV. THOMAS MOORE, M.A.,  
*Rector of St. Michael Paternoster Royal, and St. Martin  
 Vintry, College Hill, with All-Hallows-the-Great-and-Less,  
 Thames Street; Author of "The Englishman's Brief," etc.*

### XII.—THE EPISCOPAL AND DIOCESAN ORGANISATION OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH.

**W**HEN Gregory learnt, through a letter from Augustine, of the conversion of Kent, he formulated a plan, which he sent to Augustine, for the Episcopal and Diocesan organisation of the "New Church of the English."

That plan was that there should be two ecclesiastical provinces, London and York, and that there should be an Archbishop for London and an Archbishop for York, with twelve Bishops under each Archbishop; that Augustine, during his life, should have the precedence of the Archbishop of York, but that on his (Augustine's) decease the

precedence of the two Archbishops should be determined by the dates of their consecration.

Now it so happened that Augustine, through circumstances, as the first Bishop of the English Church, naturally made Canterbury—and not London, as Gregory had intended—the seat of the first Archbishop of the New Church of the English people in Britain. Moreover, so far as we know from any records that have come down to us, Augustine never attempted to give effect to Gregory's plan for Episcopal and Diocesan Organisation. The fact is that Pope Gregory, who had sent Augustine to Britain, seems to have been uninformed as to the actual state of the Anglo-Saxon people—their divisions into kingdoms, and the circumstances which might lead to their conversion. Anyhow, Gregory's plan was never carried out, and Augustine, contrary to Gregory's plan, chose Canterbury, and not London, as the seat of his Archbishopric.

Thus, from the very beginning, the "New English Church"—founded in Kent—according to her own plans, shaped her own history, altogether independent of any suggestions from Rome.

The same course was pursued in all the Anglo-Saxon kingdoms on their conversion to the Christian Faith, with respect to the creation of Bishoprics.

In the kingdoms of the East Saxons, Northumbria, East Anglia, Wessex, Mercia, and Sussex, on their conversion to Christianity all shaped their own course and determined their own Episcopal and Diocesan Organisation, without any reference to Rome. The Diocese in each case, in the first instance, was the kingdom, and the Bishop and King ruled, ecclesiastically and civilly, over the same geographical area. All the newly founded Bishoprics were, in the first instance, entirely independent of Canterbury as well as independent of each other. Each Bishop was answerable only to the King of the kingdom in which his Bishopric and Diocese were situated.

This state of things continued until 669, when Theodore, the seventh Archbishop of Canterbury, sent to England by Pope Vitalian, took possession of the Archiepiscopal chair. For three years Theodore travelled throughout the whole of the Anglo-Saxon kingdoms, with the object of welding together into one Church, under his Archiepiscopal rule, all the hitherto distinct and separate Churches in the different kingdoms. In this he succeeded to a marvellous extent. Everywhere he was enthusiastically received, both by the Kings and Bishops of the various kingdoms. He was the first Archbishop of Canterbury who claimed allegiance from the Bishops in all the kingdoms, and he was the first Archbishop of Canterbury whom all the English Kings and Bishops professed their willingness and readiness to obey, and did obey.

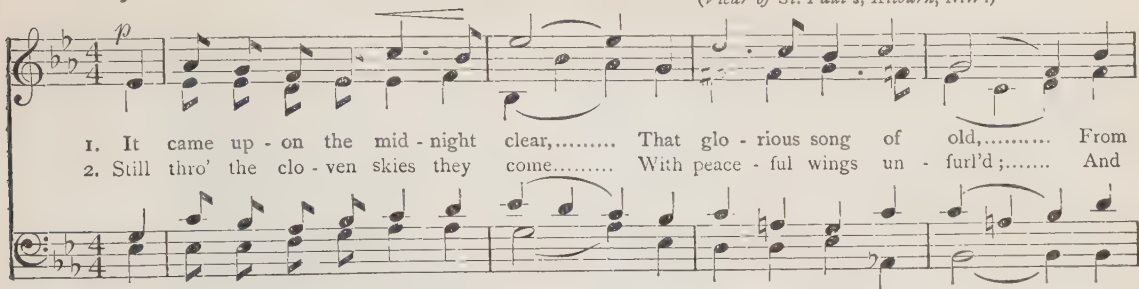
Archbishop Theodore, without any regard to Pope Gregory's cherished plan of Diocesan Organisation, by the revision of the original arrangement of Dioceses and Bishoprics of the English Church, and by the creation of new Dioceses, settled the ecclesiastical organisation of the English Church as she has come down to us in the present day, so that while the Scotch Missionaries and others may be chiefly credited with the evangelisation of the English people, and the founding of the English Church, to Archbishop Theodore belongs the honour of her permanent and effective re-organisation.



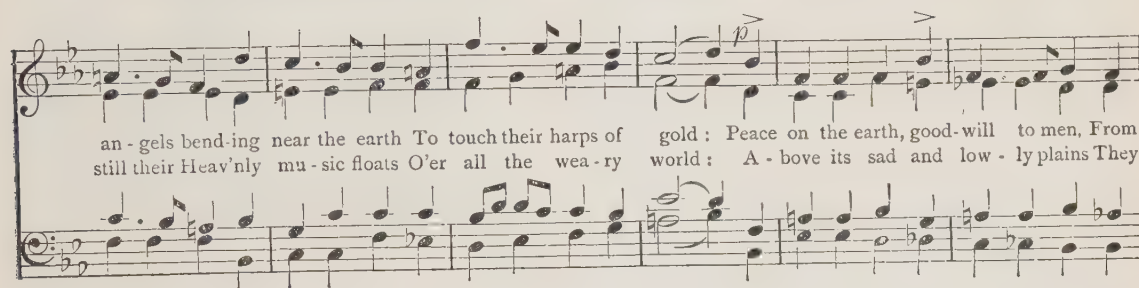
# It came upon the Midnight Clear.

Words by E. H. SEARS.

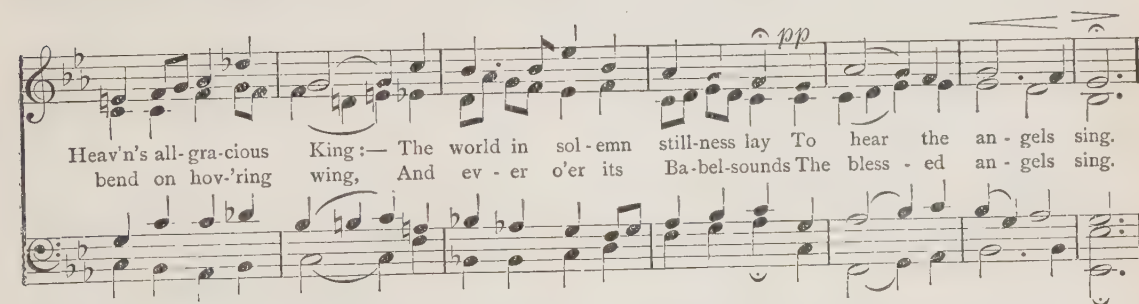
Music by the REV. H. G. BONAVIA HUNT, Mus.D.  
(Vicar of St. Paul's, Kilburn, N.W.)



1. It came up - on the mid - night clear,..... That glo - rious song of old,..... From  
2. Still thro' the clo - ven skies they come..... With peace - ful wings un - fur'd;..... And



an - gels bend - ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold : Peace on the earth, good - will to men, From  
still their Heav'nly mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world : A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They



Heav'n's all - gra - cious King :— The world in sol - emn still - ness lay To hear the an - gels sing.  
bend on hov'ring wing, And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel - sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing.

3. O ye, beneath life's crushing load  
Whose forms are bending low,  
Who toil along the climbing way  
With painful steps and slow—  
Look now, for glad and golden hours  
Come swiftly on the wing :  
O rest beside the weary road,  
And hear the angels sing.

4. For lo, the days are hastening on,  
By prophets seen of old,  
When with the ever-circling years  
Shall come the time foretold,  
When the new Heaven and earth shall own  
The Prince of Peace their King,  
And the whole world send back the song  
Which now the angels sing.

## THE THORNLESS ROSE.

"Our Saviour Christ was born  
That we might have the Rose without the thorn;  
The cruel crown was placed upon the brow  
That smiles upon us from His glory now.  
And so He won—to make them ours—  
Sweet, thornless, everlasting flowers:  
Then praise the Lord, Who came on Christmas Day,  
To give the Rose and take the thorns away."

F. R. HAVERGAL.

## A CHRISTMAS MOTTO.

"Work as your Saviour worked when here,  
Breathing a blessing everywhere;  
And do the best within your reach,  
Each for all, and all for each."

H. A. DUFF.

## A CHRISTMAS PRAYER.

"O Holy Child of Bethlehem!  
Descend to us, we pray;  
Cast out our sin and enter in—  
Be born in us to-day!"

BISHOP PHILLIPS BROOKS.

"DON'T FORGET THE OLD FOLKS!"—Since last Christmas Day many sons and daughters have left home to seek their fortune. For the first few weeks of their new life the old home was very much in their thoughts, but now, alas! the novelty of their surroundings has worn off, and the dear old mother is almost forgotten. If this should catch the eye of a young man or young woman living from home, will they accept a friendly hint: "Don't forget the old folks!" A letter with some small gift, and your Christmas wish for father and mother, will be such a comfort to them in the old home on Christmas morning!

HOW TO KEEP CHRISTMAS.—There can be no better keeping than that taught in our Prayer Book words: "Godly," "Righteously," "Soberly." "TO THE GLORY OF THY HOLY NAME."

THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS.—Christmas is the time when the heart of every Christian child should be made glad. Fathers, mothers, elder brothers, and sisters, remember the little ones! You can find no truer joy than in making the little folk happy.

A CHRISTMAS TEXT.—"Send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared."

## AFTER TEN YEARS.

**W**ITH this number THE CHURCH MONTHLY completes the tenth year of its existence. Its establishment was a work of serious responsibility, for there were already before the public many magazines intended for the use of Church folk, and it remained to be seen whether there was room for an addition to their number. Being of the opinion that the Church was entitled to the best Literature and the highest Art obtainable, THE CHURCH MONTHLY was launched with the idea that it should contain nothing of a second-rate character: that every article should be expressly contributed to its pages, and that the "scissors-and-paste-pot" method of editing should be rigidly left alone. As with the Literature, so with the Art. It was decided to produce original pictures, and the illustrations were entrusted to one of the most competent engravers of the day, none but the finest wood blocks being employed. All this, of course, meant a great increase in the cost of production. Had we proceeded on the usual lines, making up the reading matter by snippings from books without any payment for original contributions, and had the pictures simply been second-hand electros of blocks which had already done duty in other magazines (or, worse still, the very cheap and nasty process blotches which are now appearing as "pictures" in many commonplace publications), our monthly expenditure for Literature and Art would have been kept within a hundred a year, instead of reaching, as it does, some thousands per annum.

That our policy was the right one, has been abundantly proved, by the measure of public support which our efforts have received. The Clergy, the Press, and the intelligent Laity have alike cordially helped our endeavours, and we feel that we cannot sufficiently acknowledge our indebtedness to them. We believe that our experience is almost unique among modern publications, inasmuch as, so far, every month has registered a continuous increase in our circulation.

Side by side with this steady growth, has come the inevitable result, that more than one of our contemporaries regularly pay us the compliment of servilely imitating our methods, without, however, bringing to their support two essentials which have been aptly termed by the *Church Times*, "brains and capital."

During our ten years' work, we have been enabled to carry into the homes of the people specially contributed papers by three Archbishops, twenty-three Bishops, eight Deans, eight Archdeacons, twenty-two Canons, and upwards of fifty distinguished Clergymen; while conspicuous among the well-known Laymen who have been contributors to our pages have been the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, Sir Fredk. Bridge, Mus. Doc., Sir George Martin, Mus. Doc., Dr. W. G. Grace, W. Chatterton Dix, W. Digby Thurnam, G. A. Spottiswoode, F. M. Holmes, H. C. Hogan, and Edward Step, F.L.S.

Unfortunately death has deprived us of a goodly band of eminent contributors, among whom may be named Mrs. C. F. Alexander, Mrs. Linnæus Banks, Bishop Harvey Goodwin, Bishop Thorold, Bishop Walsham How, Bishop Blomfield, Canon John Ellerton, Canon West, Prebendary Tuttiett, Prebendary Gordon Calthrop, the Rev. J. G. Wood, the Rev. R. Brown-Borthwick, Sir B. W. Richardson, John Francis Waller, Sir Joseph Barnby, Sir George Elvey, Jacob Bradford, Mus. Doc., and Robert Barnes, R.W.S. Some of the most characteristic work of these brilliant minds has appeared in our pages.

THE CHURCH MONTHLY has ever given a wide berth to the wearisome "appeals for funds" which are so irritating to the reader, and we have strictly excluded all puffing paragraphs of books, for, however good in their way, these should, in our judgment, appear as advertisements, instead of encroaching upon the space which the readers have a right to expect to be devoted to literature.

During this eventful year many portraits of Her Majesty have been published, but THE CHURCH MONTHLY occupied the unique position of issuing a picture specially lent by the Queen personally, instead of one obtained in the ordinary way by purchase or arrangement with a photographer.

Our efforts to revive the practice of presenting Easter Offerings to the Clergy have met with great success, and many of the letters which we have received with regard thereto are greatly prized by us, as tributes to the power of the Press to awaken the Laity to a sense of their obligations to the Clergy.

We have endeavoured to produce a magazine which should be acceptable to all ranks and ages, and, unlike certain noisy notoriety-mongers, have studiously refrained from taking any part in the base attempt to set class against class. It would have been an easy matter to range ourselves with the writers who find a frequent crisis absolutely necessary to their existence, but we have felt that we could best serve our day and generation by a loyal allegiance to the well-tried and more sober methods of the Church of England. The cultured and the unlettered alike are among our constant readers, and it has been our steady aim to merit the criticism passed upon THE CHURCH MONTHLY a few years ago by the leading journal.\*

This is an age of programmes, but we have none to issue. It will be sufficient to say that our motto is still "Forward," and our purpose is to introduce from time to time such new features and improvements as may serve to keep THE CHURCH MONTHLY in the front rank of periodical literature. We look upon our next year's work as the beginning of a new era, in which all our efforts shall be earnestly fixed upon reaching the highest possible standard of excellence. Will every reader kindly endeavour to get one new friend to become a subscriber? if so, I shall be most grateful.

FREDK. SHERLOCK.

\* The *Times* said: "THE CHURCH MONTHLY is excellent."





THE REV. S. P. H. STATHAM, B.A.

*Specially engraved from a photograph by Martin Jacobette, Dover.*

## OUR PARISH CHURCHES.

## IX.—ST. MARY-IN-THE-CASTLE, DOVER.

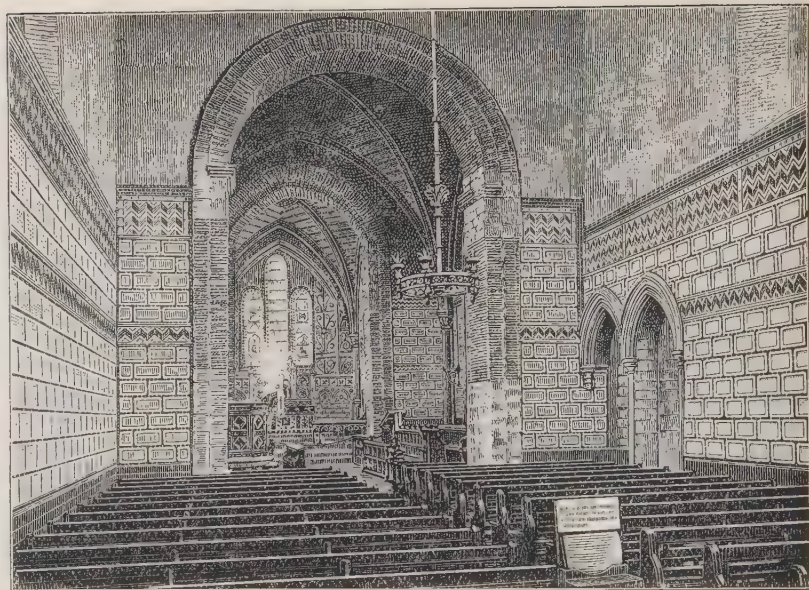
**T**HIS is probably one of the oldest buildings used for Divine Service in Christendom. There is no record existing which enables the exact date of its erection to be fixed, but its architectural features point to a very early period. The oldest testimony which has yet been found is a manuscript in the Library of the College of Arms, written by the Rev. W. Darell, Chaplain to Queen Elizabeth. It is therein stated that Lucius, who reigned A.D. 159, "erected in honour of Christ, and for His worship, a magnificent church, on the top of the hill, or cliff, on which the Castle is built. When he had finished and secured it against the inroads of an enemy, by a strong wall and deep ditch, he appointed three priests to perform Divine service in it, and assigned for their maintenance the tolls paid by the shipping." Close to the west door stands an ancient building, commonly called the Pharos. It was originally joined to the main structure, as may be seen in many old prints. This Pharos, the

nave, and the tower, are the oldest parts of the building, and in many of their characteristics are distinctly Roman. By many people it is believed that the original use of the edifice was that of a place of defence, and in support of this theory may be quoted Mr. Darell's statement that Julius Cæsar built "a prætorium for the residence and accommodation of the chief commander of the forces, resembling those fortifications that were in use among the Romans." If this be true it is evident that Lucius did not build a new church, but converted an existing fort into a place of Christian worship. The original work has, of course, been much altered, the Pharos, for instance, having been covered with a casing of flint, which is carried up to an octagon superstructure. This was probably done in the year 1259, when Richard de Grey was Constable of the Castle. The church also shows evident signs of alteration having been made in early English and Norman days. There is a small window close to the west door which has a curious origin. One of the statutes of Stephen de Pencestre, constable in the reign of Henry III., enacts; "There shall be one sergeant and one guard, elected in full garrison assembled, who shall be sworn to leal keeping of that light in Holy Church, which is not burning inside the chancel." The light in question was burning before the soldiers' altar in the south-east corner of the nave, and could be seen from the small window above referred to. The various points of interest in this ancient building are too numerous to recapitulate here, and can be best appreciated by a personal inspection. To the indelible shame of the responsible authorities, the church was allowed to fall into ruins towards the end of the



ST. MARY-IN-THE-CASTLE, DOVER.

seventeenth century, and for a long time was used as a coal-cellar! In 1860 it was restored, under Sir Gilbert Scott, by a grant from the House of Commons; and in 1888 it was further restored and embellished, under Mr. Butterfield, chiefly through the munificence of Mr. Martin Gibbs. As it now stands the church is cruciform in shape, the Holy Table being higher than the nave by seven steps. The reredos is after a Saxon pattern, but the mural decorations are Roman. The seating accommodation is about five hundred, and the services are peculiarly hearty and congregational. The present incumbent is the Rev. S. P. H. Statham, one of H.M. Chaplains to the Forces.



ST. MARY-IN-THE-CASTLE, DOVER.

Our illustrations have been specially engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by Messrs. R. Taylor & Co.

## OUR SUNDAY QUESTIONS.

BY THE REV. W. SUNDERLAND LEWIS, M.A.

WHERE do we read in Holy Scripture—

1. Of one who was both prophet and priest at a very dark time of the history of Judah;
2. Of one who was both prophet and priest when away from the kingdom of Judah;
3. Of one who acted as both just before the time of our Lord;
4. Of one who is called a prophet in the New Testament and a king in the Old—the latter many times over;
5. Of one who is described as both priest and king in three different parts of the Bible;
6. Of one who was prophet and priest and king?

## QUESTIONS ON THE PRAYER BOOK.

(The Collects for Good Friday.)

1. How may we learn from the First Collect for Good Friday (1) what Christ has done for His people; (2) in what spirit He did it?
2. How may we learn from the Second Collect for Good Friday (1) what God expects from His people (see Acts xiii. 36); (2) in what direction He expects it (see Church Catechism); (3) how alone they can do it? (see Catechism again).
3. In what respects are those outside the Church of Christ unlike one another according to the teaching of the Third Collect for Good Friday?
4. In what respects are they alike?

## BURIED TRUTH.

Where do we read of one of whom it may be said, that he spoke, first, with his lips, to one; then, with his hand, to a multitude; then, with his fingers, to not so many; then, with his lips again, to the faith of the world? Also, to what "great" one—so described by an angel—who was to speak in turn of a still greater one, did this same man speak at that last-mentioned time?

## OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

### XXXIV. CHARADE.

At Christmas time in village and in city  
The singers think my *first* so pretty,  
For *second*, say a fish resembling cod,  
Join both together; then—'tis odd—  
For *whole* 'twill Christmas music bring,  
Such as makes midnight echoes ring!

### XXXV. RIDDLE.

All the world over by day,  
All the world over by night,  
Man at his work and child at his play,  
Counting the time by my flight.

### XXXVI. HIDDEN NAMES.

1. Did you see the J? Oh, no; it flew away.
2. Ma, rye bread is most wholesome.
3. Sheath, O mast, thine head.
4. Hero, berth thy luggage.



# S. Andrew's Parish Magazine.

JANUARY, 1897.

## CLERGY.

*Priests* { The Rev. H. V. S. ECK, M.A.  
(Curate in Charge).  
The Rev. L. L. EDWARDS, M.A.  
The Rev. G. BERENS, M.A.  
The Rev. H. MOSLEY, M.A.  
*Deacon*: The Rev. M. P. GILLSON, B.A. } *The Vicarage.*

## DEACONESSSES.

(Of the All Saints East London Diocesan Community).

SISTER EDITH, 5, Wilmot Street.  
SISTER MARY, 5, Wilmot Street.

## PARISH NURSE.

Nurse WILLIAMS, 9, S. Andrew's Street.

## CHURCH WORKERS.

Miss BIRLEY, 9, S. Andrew's Street.  
Miss CRUMP, }  
Miss JAMES, } 5, Paradise Row.  
Miss A. NASH, }  
Miss HARINGTON, } S. Margaret's House.  
Miss A. M. HARINGTON, }  
Mrs. IRELAND, 10, S. Andrew's Street.  
Mrs. JACKSON, 118, Finnis Street.  
Miss MCKENZIE, 227, Corfield Street.  
Miss NASH.  
Mrs. QUICK, 89, Wilmot Street.  
Miss WARING, 134, Bishop's Road.

## Church of S. Andrew.

### CHURCHWARDENS.

Mr. COOKMAN, 10, Finnis Street.  
Mr. UNWIN, 380, Bethnal Green Road.

### SIDESMEN.

Mr. CROOKS, Mr. McQUEEN, Mr. MUDD, Mr. F. NEWLEY,  
Mr. W. NEWLEY, Mr. WRIGHT.

### ORGANIST.

Mr. F. P. PARKER.

## SERVICES.

DAILY .. .. 7.30. Mattins.  
8.0. Holy Communion.  
7.30. Evensong.  
SUNDAYS .. .. 8.0. Holy Communion.  
10.45. Mattins.  
11.30. Holy Communion (Choral)  
and Sermon.  
3.15. Children's Service.  
6.30. Evensong and Sermon.  
SAINTS' DAYS .. 6.30. Holy Communion.  
7.30. Mattins.  
8.0. Holy Communion.  
7.30. Evensong.  
FRIDAYS .. .. 8 p.m. Service of Intercession, with  
Instruction.

HOLY BAPTISM { Wednesdays, 7.30 p.m.  
Sundays, 4.30 p.m.

CHURCHINGS—BEFORE any Service.

All seats in S. Andrew's Church are free and unappropriated. Prayer and Hymn Books will be found on the shelves at the west end of the Church, and it is requested that they may be replaced there after Service.

Care of the Church—Mrs. MIZEN.

Care of the Sanctuary—Sister MARY and Sister EDITH.

## S. Andrew's Hall.

### SERVICES IN THE CHAPEL.

SUNDAYS .. 8.0. (3rd Sunday in the Month.) Holy  
Communion.  
8.15 p.m. Mission Service.  
MONDAYS .. 6.0 p.m. Children's Service.  
TUESDAYS .. 7.30 p.m. Evensong and Holy Baptism.

### GUILD OF S. ANDREW.

Secretary—Mr. H. ROBERTS, 45, Mape Street.

Meetings { 1st Tuesday—Committee.  
3rd Tuesday—General.

## SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

*Superintendents.*

S. Andrew's Insti- (10 a.m. . . . Rev. G. BERENS.  
tute, Parish Hall { 3 p.m. (Boys) Rev. M. P. GILLSON  
Hague Street { 3 p.m. (Girls) Miss BIRLEY.  
Board School { 3 p.m. (Infants) Miss A. M. HARINGTON  
S. Andrew's Hall (10 a.m. . . . Rev. H. MOSLEY.  
(Boys and Girls) { 3 p.m. . . . Rev. H. MOSLEY.

## SUNDAY CLASSES.

S. Andrew's { 3 p.m. (Boys) Rev. G. BERENS.  
Institute { 3 p.m. (Girls) Miss CRUMP.  
S. Andrew's Hall { 3 p.m. (Girls) The SISTERS.  
(6.45 p.m. (Boys) Rev. H. MOSLEY.

## MEETING FOR MEN.

Institute (No. 6 Room), }  
Sunday, 8.15 p.m. } Rev. L. L. EDWARDS.

## WOMEN'S BIBLE CLASS.

Institute No. 6 Room), }  
Thursdays, 2.30 p.m. } Rev. G. BERENS.

## MOTHERS' MEETINGS (on Mondays at 2.30).

S. Andrew's Institute { Ground Floor—Miss WARING.  
First Floor—Miss BIRLEY.  
Parish Hall—Miss HARINGTON.  
S. Andrew's Hall . . . . . The SISTERS.

## CLUBS.

*President*—Rev. H. V. S. ECK.

### MEN'S CLUB.

S. Andrew's Institute. { *Secretary*—Rev. L. L. EDWARDS.  
Nightly, 8—11. { *Treasurer*—Rev. G. BERENS.  
Saturday, 5—11. { *Librarian*—Mr. J. H. ROSE.

### BOYS' CLUBS.

S. Andrew's Institute, { *Secretary*—Rev. G. BERENS.  
Nightly, 8—10. { *Librarian*—Miss WARING.  
S. Andrew's Hall, { *Superintendent*—Rev. H. MOSLEY  
Thursday, 8—10. }

### GIRLS' CLUB.

S. Andrew's Institute, { *Superintendent*—Miss CRUMP.  
Monday & Thursday, { *Secretary*—Miss BROADBEAR.  
8—10. { *Librarian*—Miss BOWYER.

### Temperance Society—Secretary

„Senior Girls' { S. Andrew's Inst.—Miss WHITWORTH.  
Band of Hope. { S. Andrew's Hall—Sister MARY.  
Junior { S. Andrew's Inst.—Rev. L. L. EDWARDS.  
Band of Hope. { S. Andrew's Hall—Rev. H. MOSLEY.  
Foreign Mission Association. { *Secretary*—Rev. L. L. EDWARDS.  
Home Mission Association—*Secretary*—Rev. G. BERENS.  
Work Party { S. Andrew's Institute—Mrs. UNWIN.  
S. Andrew's Hall—The SISTERS.

# S. Andrew's Parish Magazine.

JANUARY, 1897.

---

## In Memoriam.

GEORGE WYNNDHAM KNIGHT-BRUCE.

THE death of Bishop Knight-Bruce came as a great shock to many at S. Andrew's; although it is ten years since he left us his memory is still dear to many of our people, and it is not too much to say that all who work and worship in this place owe him a great debt of gratitude for the foundation which he laid during the time that he was with us. He was appointed Curate-in-Charge of S. Andrew's by Bishop Walsham-How in 1884, and though he was only here for such a short time the work that he was able to do was such as to bear lasting results, and by the time that he left, S. Andrew's was no longer the same place as when he came to it. He was appointed Bishop of Bloemfontein in South Africa in 1886, and was consecrated in S. Mary's, Whitechapel, on Lady Day of that year; after five years work at Bloemfontein he became Bishop in 1891 of the newly-formed missionary diocese of Mashonaland, a sphere of work which brought with it great privations and many dangers. When the Matabele war broke out the Bishop went with the troops to the war, though he refused to take the position of Chaplain to the forces, because he said that the Matabele were under his spiritual charge no less than the troops fighting against them, and to both sides alike he ministered in things both temporal and spiritual with the utmost devotion. His health, never very strong, completely gave way owing to the constant exposure, and it was found impossible for him to continue his work as Bishop of Mashonaland; he returned to England in 1894, and since then has been helping the Bishop of Exeter as Assistant-Bishop; last year he became Vicar of Bovey Tracey, in Devonshire, but, as a writer in the *Times* newspaper says, "the comparative rest of the last two years came too late to save a life spent in ceaseless struggle for the fulfilment of noble and unselfish aims."

The news of his illness only reached S. Andrew's just before that of his death; he was prayed for among the sick at the Holy Communion on Wednesday morning, December 16th, and a few hours afterwards the telegram arrived containing the sad news of his death. To us of S. Andrew's the

words of the Book of the Revelation, in which it is said that the works of the blessed dead do follow them, are indeed true of Bishop Knight-Bruce; many a one still living and many a one at rest with him in Paradise thank God for his life and work here, and the presence of Father Adderley, the first Head of the Oxford House, at the service in S. Andrew's Church on the morning of the Bishop's funeral bore witness to the fact, sometimes forgotten, that the Oxford House in this parish looks back to Dr. Knight-Bruce as its founder. On the day on which the Bishop's body was laid to rest in the churchyard at Bovey Tracey the Holy Eucharist was celebrated in S. Andrew's Church at 8 o'clock, and in the afternoon at the same time that the funeral was taking place, the Burial Service was read in S. Andrew's in memory of him who had so often and so faithfully ministered to S. Andrew's people.

Mrs. Knight-Bruce in a letter to Mr. Eck says, "the place of all others where the Bishop would have wished to be remembered that Saturday (the day of the funeral) would be S. Andrew's. He never forgot it and its people, and all the friends and fellow-workers that made the life there one of his happiest memories. He was getting better when the relapse of malaria came on as it always did when anything weakened him, and under that the heart suddenly failed, so that to him there was no consciousness of death, only he left as his last message a look of the most wonderful joy that I have ever seen on any face. He had been speaking to me about Enoch, and as one saw him one could only feel that the end had simply been that God took him. . . . Will you tell the people how he cared and cares for them, and that his love was always theirs."

---

Grant him, O, LORD, eternal rest;  
And let everlasting light shine upon him.

---

## Parish Almanacks.

THE sale of the Parish Almanacks has been so successful that we have ordered a second instalment of 500, the first 500 having been sold in a very short time. We hope that by the time the January Magazine appears the Almanacks will have arrived, and that they will soon be in the hands of the parishioners of S. Andrew's.



## Church Conference.

At a meeting held on Sunday, Dec. 20th, the following were elected to represent S. Andrew's at the Church Conference of the Rural Deanery of Spitalfields: Mr. F. Crawley, Mr. E. Earwaker, Mr. Want, and Mr. Widdicombe.

## The Mothers' Union.

THE meeting was held on the last Tuesday in November, instead of the Wednesday as usual. The attendance was unusually small, owing probably to the fact, being in the midst of our S. Andrew's Festival, our mothers could not spare another afternoon from their home duties. Miss Waring said a few words about Confirmation and Holy Communion, reminding mothers of the necessity of themselves training their children from their earliest infancy for Confirmation; of bringing them up to look forward to Confirmation as a natural sequence to Baptism. She endeavoured to show them that unless they did this they were not carrying out what they had undertaken to do when they gave their infants to Christ and His Church at Holy Baptism.

The Meetings of the Union will in future be held on the *first* Wednesday instead of the *last* Wednesday of each month. The next Meeting will therefore be on Wednesday, February 3rd.

## S. Andrew's Tide.

THE week preceding S. Andrew's Day was a busy one for all connected in any way with S. Andrew's Church, and the organisations which have grown up around it.

On Saturday, Nov. 21st, as was recorded in our last issue, the Men's Club Dinner took place.

This was followed on the Monday by the Annual Parish Tea. Efforts had been made to make this, as much as possible, a thoroughly family party; and with such success that we may safely say that, of the 250 people who sat down to tea in the Parish Hall at 8 p.m., there was scarcely one who was not either a regular attendant at the Church, or a member of one or other of the Societies connected with it.

It was a smart piece of work to get the Hall transformed into a Concert Room by 9 o'clock, but with the help of many willing hands this was

successfully accomplished, and in a few minutes the Hall was packed with an audience, which must have delighted the kind friends who came down to give us an entertainment. We are again indebted to Mr. Pilkington for the excellent Concert which kept us all pleased and amused till a late hour. Most of the performers have been to S. Andrew's Parish Tea before, and we are, therefore, all the more grateful to them for again coming down to us, and giving us so right good a Concert.

Tuesday was the day of the Annual General Meeting of S. Andrew's Guild, of which sufficient mention was made in the December Magazine.

On Wednesday the Work Party held its Annual Sale of Work, for an account of which we refer our readers to a separate paragraph under the heading "Work Party Sale."

Saturday evening was set apart as a Quiet Time for Sunday School Teachers and other Church Workers. There were three separate services held, at each of which the Rev. H. G. Daniell-Bainbridge, of Westminster Abbey, gave very helpful addresses.

Sunday, Nov. 29th, was Advent Sunday, but as its Evensong was also the first Evensong of S. Andrew's Day, that service was of a thoroughly festival character. The preacher was the Rev. A. W. Robinson, Vicar of All Hallows', Barking, who spoke very simply but very forcibly of the duty of confessing Christ before men.

S. Andrew's Day itself began for us with a Choral Celebration of the Holy Communion at 6 o'clock. This was followed by a second Celebration at 8, Children's Service at 6 p.m., and Evensong with Sermon at 8.30 p.m.

The preacher at Evensong was the Rev. C. E. Grenside, Vicar of Pinner, whose subject was the very appropriate one of Church Worship.

Mention was made in the last issue of the gift to the Church of the two magnificent candlesticks which stand before the Altar, and which add so much to the dignity of the Sanctuary. For yet another gift we have to thank an anonymous donor: the gift of a movable desk for the pulpit. Formerly the preacher, whether short or tall, or whatever the range of his vision, had to make the best of a desk which was immovable; but with the new adjustable desk which this kind friend has given to the Church these disadvantages no longer exist.

## Work Party Sale.

THE best on record! such is the encouraging result of the Work Party Sale of 1896. It is true that this year the sale received an addition in the shape of a stall furnished by S. Andrew's Hall Work Party, which made a net profit of nearly £4 10s. to be added to the profits made by Mrs. Unwin and her band of helpers.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Young again furnished a sweet-stuff stall; and Mrs. Mizen, as in former years, a refreshment and toy stall, both of which added materially to the receipts, and for which we are very grateful. The Hon. Robert Lawley also contributed £2 to the total. But with these additions the fact remains that the Work Party has done exceedingly well, and is to be heartily congratulated on the result of its year's work.

The following statement of accounts may be of interest:—

| RECEIPTS.          |     |       | EXPENDITURE.    |     |       |
|--------------------|-----|-------|-----------------|-----|-------|
|                    | £   | s. d. |                 | £   | s. d. |
| Cash taken at      |     |       | Messrs. Hopkins |     |       |
| Stalls .. ..       | 64  | 17 5  | & Peggs ..      | 5   | 4 0   |
| Sale of Tickets .. | 4   | 15 0  | Mr. Taylor ..   | 35  | 7 9   |
| Hon. R. Lawley     | 2   | 0 0   | Balance .. ..   | 35  | 8 5½  |
| From S. Andrew's   |     |       |                 |     |       |
| Hall .. ..         | 4   | 7 9½  |                 |     |       |
|                    | £76 | 0 2½  |                 | £76 | 0 2½  |

The Balance was equally divided between the Mashonaland Mission and the East London Church Fund, a cheque for £17 14s. 3d. being sent to each.

It was a great pleasure to all present at the opening of the Sale to see the Hon. Mrs. Portman on the platform. Mr. Eck briefly explained the objects of the Sale, and declared it open in Mrs. Portman's behalf. During the afternoon business seemed to be more brisk than is usual at that time, and in the evening the scene was a very busy one.

We can only hope that so encouraging a result this time may stimulate the Work Party to still greater efforts during the coming year, and may lead to fresh members finding their way regularly to Room No. 1 of the Institute on Tuesday evenings between the hours of 7 and 9.30.

After a short spell of rest the work will be recommenced on Tuesday next, January 5th.

## S. Andrew's Work Guild.

THIS, as has been before explained in the pages of S. Andrew's Parish Magazine, is an association of ladies living in various parts of the country, who

contribute a small annual subscription and a certain number of garments to the Sick and Needy Fund of S. Andrew's Parish.

The Hon. Mrs. Portman, "Hestercombe," Taunton, is the Secretary of the Guild, and will be glad to give information to any lady who wishes to become a member.

Of late years the garments contributed have been sold to members of our Mothers' Meetings at very low prices.

The sale last year took place on Wednesday, December 16th, and the amount realised was about £20. This, with the sum of £19 12s. from subscriptions, made a very welcome addition of nearly £40 to the Sick and Needy Fund.

The money is badly needed, as constant demands are being made on the Fund; so we venture to appeal through the Magazine for new members of the Work Guild.

The number of garments this time was less than in previous years, and as many of the mothers were disappointed, and as funds are low, we hope to be able to have an additional sale of clothes, new and old, before very long.

Will our readers, especially at a distance, kindly look over their wardrobes and send us any garments which they can spare, addressed to Mr. Eck, at the Vicarage.

We may add that boots and shoes, especially children's, are always in demand.

## Foreign Missions.

ZULULAND Missionary Boxes are due now, and will all who hold them please send them in to the Vicarage, if they have not already done so, at once. We have a good deal to do if we are to pull 1896 up to our average of past years, so please send your boxes in, however small may be the sums they contain.

## Guild of S. Andrew.

THE Quarterly Service of the Guild was held in the Church on Tuesday, December 15th, at 8.30 p.m.

The address was given by the Rev. H. Holden, Curate of Hackney Parish Church, on the subject of "Christ's dealings with His disciples"; a subject upon which the Bible Readings for the preceding quarter had borne.



### Home Missions.

ON Monday, December 14th, we held our meeting as announced, and a fair number turned up to hear the Rev. D. C. Boyle, but unfortunately a telegram was received about two hours before the meeting saying that he was unable to come, so the Secretary took his place, and in the course of his remarks touched upon a scheme for Mission Work which had been successfully started in a parish; and it was this, instead of having a Home and a Foreign Mission Association in a parish there should be one Mission Association including both, and the money contained in the boxes should be equally divided between Home and Foreign Missions; thus not confining any one to one branch only of Mission Work, but affording an opportunity of supporting both.

The majority of the boxes have come in, and we were able to send up £9 16s., which is a few shillings less than last time.

### Christmas.

WE sincerely hope that all S. Andrew's folk have spent a very happy Christmastide.

Those engaged in decorating the Church did their best to make it look as beautiful as possible, and they certainly succeeded.

The Choir, too, did their best to render the music of the Services as well as possible.

Eyre's music was sung for the Choral Celebration, with the exception of the Benedictus, and the Agnus Dei, which were from Gounod's "Messe Solennelle"; at Evensong "Bethlehem" was sung as an anthem, and carols after the service.

Carols will be sung at Evensong on the next two Sundays, January 3rd and 10th, and on the festival of the Epiphany, Wednesday, January 6th.

### C. E. C. S.

#### S. ANDREW'S BRANCH.

OUR temperance meetings for 1896 did not end very happily; neither members nor friends turned up at the meetings held in December except in very small numbers. At the meeting at S. Andrew's Hall there were almost as many S. Jude's folk present as S. Andrew's; and in the Parish Hall on December 21st there were almost certainly more of S. Mary's, Whitechapel, than of S. Andrew's.

However 1896 has gone and now we are in 1897, at any rate we can prevent a repetition of such meagre attendances as we had in December.

Members, we look to you to be the backbone of the meetings, and it is part of your work to make a point of being present.

The first meeting of the year is to be on Monday, January 11th, in the Parish Hall, when there will be an address and an entertainment.

The entertainment is to be given by "The Dalston Darkies."

### Offertories.

|                                                                   |     |    |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|----|-----|
| 1st Sunday in Advent.....                                         | £3  | 1  | 0   |
| S. Andrew's Day (S.P.G.) .....                                    | 2   | 12 | 10½ |
| 2nd Sunday in Advent .....                                        | 2   | 17 | 8½  |
| 3rd " " .....                                                     | 2   | 15 | 9¾  |
| 4th " " .....                                                     | 2   | 16 | 10¾ |
| Christmas Day (East London Nursing Society) .....                 | 7   | 3  | 4½  |
| Sunday after Christmas : S. John the Apostle and Evangelist ..... | 2   | 9  | 0¾  |
|                                                                   | £23 | 16 | 8¾  |

### Boys' Club.

ON Saturday, December 19th, we held another of our "Free and Easy" nights, which went off as successfully as usual, a good many members doing their best to keep the others amused.

On Saturday, December 13th, we got up a scratch team to play football against some friends who had challenged us. We played on the Marshes in a pouring rain with the ground partly under water, and retired defeated by one goal to none from a penalty kick.

Lately there has appeared in the Club a piano; its appearance is most welcome, as it will be used for our "Free and Easies," and also during instruction in the art of dancing.

The Band has suffered a little from Christmas, and the attendance has not been quite so good; we have received what seems to be an annual invitation, to play for the Senior Band of Hope early in the year.

### S. Andrew's Hall.

ST. ANDREW'S-TIDE brought some valuable and much needed gifts to the Chapel. First of all we have to gratefully acknowledge the gift of a small Pulpit: previously we have had no sort of reading desk, and the pulpit both by its size and shape, is not only suitable, but considerably adds to the appearance of the Chapel. Over the pulpit two other friends have placed a Crucifix. It is a very

beautiful representation of the crucifixion, the figure in the Cross having been carved by the peasants at Oberammergau. It certainly beautifies the Chapel, and cannot but be a help to those who worship there. We have also to thank another giver for an Ewer for the Font.

### S. Andrew's Men's Club.

*Athletic Club.*—The Athletic Club still holds the foremost place among the Sub-Societies connected with the Men's Club, and maintains its reputation, as the following report shows:—

On Saturday, December 19th, an Inter-Club Run with the Thames Iron Works Athletic Club took place, over a five miles cross-country course from the "Spotted Dog," Barking, for which the Thames Iron Works offered a medal to the first man home.

S. Andrew's was fortunate enough to carry off the medal, and to come in with eight men out of the first ten.

The winner of the medal was G. F. Cleveley (S. Andrew's), A. W. Dupree (S. Andrew's) being second, whilst A. J. Willing (Thames Iron Works) came in third.

The run was followed by a tea and social evening.

The other event of importance during the past month was a Five Miles Handicap from the Forest Hotel, Forest Gate, for which the trail was laid by the Essex Beagles.

There was a grand entry of 25, of whom about 20 turned out. The first prize was a Silver Watch, presented by Vice-President J. H. Bishop. The handicapping was done by H. Rogers, whilst Mr. King, of the Essex Beagles, acted as judge and time keeper. Unfortunately the majority of those who started lost the trail owing to darkness.

Appended are the positions and starts of the first three:—

- 1st—G. F. Cleveley—Scratch.  
2nd—A. W. Dupree—25 secs.  
3rd—A. J. Dowden—1 min. 50 secs.

A Four Miles Handicap from the Institute has been arranged for Thursday, January 21st, for which Vice-President W. Murphy has kindly three prizes.

### Hague Street School Penny Bank.

Report for the three months ending Christmas, 1896, for the years 1896-97.

|                         | 1895     | 1896      |
|-------------------------|----------|-----------|
| No of deposits .....    | 972      | 439       |
| Amount deposited.....   | £33 18 9 | £62 10 5½ |
| No. of repayments ..... | 157      | 105       |
| Amount .....            | £60 9 9  | £104 3 6½ |
| In Post Office.....     | £57 9 0  | £27 11 0  |

Rule No. 4 states "That no boy will be allowed to have in this Penny Bank, at one time, more than £5 in all." This Rule has been enforced, and many accounts have been transferred to the Post Office. This Rule will for the future be carried out, and the Bank will only be open to the scholars of the three departments.

Signed, R. TOMLINSON.

21st December, 1896.

### Baptisms.

|      |    |                                       |
|------|----|---------------------------------------|
| Nov. | 25 | Thomas Bramley                        |
|      | 26 | George Rayment (private)              |
|      | 26 | Charles Rayment "                     |
|      | 29 | Ernest Bentley                        |
|      | 29 | Henry John Pomeroy                    |
|      | 29 | Ethel Coates                          |
|      | 29 | Henry Joseph King                     |
| Dec. | 1  | Albert Bruce                          |
|      | 6  | Louisa Rose Benton                    |
|      | 6  | Maud Rose Walker                      |
|      | 6  | Mary Ann Elizabeth Abercrombie        |
|      | 6  | Arthur Edward Sheppard                |
|      | 6  | Charles Henry Baker                   |
|      | 9  | Bertie Harvey                         |
|      | 9  | Charlotte Blanks                      |
|      | 13 | Louisa Rose Ingleton                  |
|      | 13 | Rose Elizabeth Twigger                |
|      | 13 | Henry George Grey                     |
|      | 13 | Maud Louise Tellbrook                 |
|      | 15 | Arthur James Cook                     |
|      | 16 | Frederick Charles Newman              |
|      | 16 | Arthur Starkey                        |
|      | 16 | Elizabeth Caroline Baker              |
|      | 16 | Alfred William Norton Born            |
|      | 16 | Rose Elizabeth Mason                  |
|      | 20 | George Edward Grant                   |
|      | 20 | Mary Ann Elizabeth Pratt              |
|      | 20 | Ellen Kate Tipper                     |
|      | 20 | Maud Elizabeth Tarran                 |
|      | 20 | Albert Zachariah Fell                 |
|      | 20 | Ellen Beatrice Barratt                |
|      | 22 | James Frederick Denman                |
|      | 23 | Grace Lillian Walker                  |
|      | 23 | Florence Sarah Edwards                |
|      | 23 | William Benjamin Allwinkle            |
|      | 23 | Catherine Alice Donovan               |
|      | 23 | William Clarke                        |
|      | 25 | Albert George Stanley Tyler (private) |
|      | 26 | Arthur Brealey                        |

### Marriages.

|      |    |                                                |
|------|----|------------------------------------------------|
| Nov. | 24 | George William Young Bewick and Alice Keen     |
|      | 29 | John Fish and Hannah Phoebe Mary Ann Dixon     |
|      | 29 | George James Henley and Ann Hayday             |
| Dec. | 1  | William Henry Freeman and Anne Morris          |
|      | 6  | Henry Walsby and Hepzibah Ashley               |
|      | 20 | George Barnes and Emily Martin                 |
|      | 20 | William Sullivan and Ellen Eliza Redfern       |
|      | 20 | James Nicholas and Elizabeth Ann Trafford      |
|      | 24 | Frederick Randall and Frances Barnes           |
|      | 24 | Richard George Young and Margaret Hyde         |
|      | 25 | William Thomas Clark and Susan Sophia Guy      |
|      | 25 | Henry Maguire and Ann Alice Jessop             |
|      | 25 | Arthur Cutbert and Elizabeth Hannah Outram     |
|      | 25 | Thomas Henry Budgen and Ada Emma Buckingham    |
|      | 25 | William Henry Kenec and Priscilla Dennis       |
|      | 25 | Thomas Fitzpatrick and Louisa Elizabeth Murphy |
|      | 25 | George Charles Pollard and Emma Mary Walker    |
|      | 25 | William Wail and Maria Elizabeth Wallis        |
|      | 25 | Myer Michael Appleton and Harriet Colechin     |
|      | 25 | Walter King and Emily Herdsfield               |
|      | 25 | William Gardiner and Lilian Eliza Frost.       |



# S. Andrew's Parish Magazine.

FEBRUARY, 1897.

## CLERGY.

*Priests* { The Rev. H. V. S. ECK, M.A.  
(Curate in Charge).  
The Rev. L. L. EDWARDS, M.A.  
The Rev. G. BERENS, M.A.  
The Rev. H. MOSLEY, M.A.  
*Deacon*: The Rev. M. P. GILLSON, B.A. } *The Vicarage.*

## DEACONESSSES.

(Of the All Saints East London Diocesan Community).

SISTER EDITH, 5, Wilmot Street.  
SISTER MARY, 5, Wilmot Street.

## PARISH NURSE.

Nurse WILLIAMS, 9, S. Andrew's Street.

## CHURCH WORKERS.

Miss BIRLEY, 9, S. Andrew's Street.  
Miss CRUMP,  
Miss JAMES, } 5, Paradise Row.  
Miss A. NASH,  
Miss HARINGTON,  
Miss A. M. HARINGTON, } S. Margaret's House.  
Mrs. IRELAND, 10, S. Andrew's Street.  
Mrs. JACKSON, 118, Finnis Street.  
Miss MCKENZIE, 227, Corfield Street.  
Miss NASH.  
Mrs. QUICK, 89, Wilmot Street.  
Miss WARING, 134, Bishop's Road.

## Church of S. Andrew.

### CHURCHWARDENS.

Mr. COOKMAN, 10, Finnis Street.  
Mr. UNWIN, 380, Bethnal Green Road.

### SIDSMEN.

Mr. CROOKS, Mr. McQUEEN, Mr. MUDD, Mr. F. NEWLEY,  
Mr. W. NEWLEY, Mr. WRIGHT.

### ORGANIST.

Mr. F. P. PARKER.

## SERVICES.

DAILY .. .. 7.30. Mattins.  
8.0. Holy Communion.  
7.30. Evensong.  
SUNDAYS .. .. 7.0. Holy Communion (1st and  
3rd Sundays).  
8.0. Holy Communion.  
10.45. Mattins.  
11.30. Holy Communion (Choral)  
and Sermon.  
3.15. Children's Service.  
6.30. Evensong and Sermon.  
SAINTS' DAYS .. 6.30. Holy Communion.  
7.30. Mattins.  
8.0. Holy Communion.  
7.30. Evensong.  
FRIDAYS .. .. 8 p.m. Service of Intercession, with  
Instruction.

HOLY BAPTISM { Wednesdays, 11 a.m. and 7.30 p.m.  
Sundays, 4.30 p.m.  
CHURCHINGS—BEFORE any Service.

All seats in S. Andrew's Church are free and unappropriated. Prayer and Hymn Books will be found on the shelves at the west end of the Church, and it is requested that they may be replaced there after Service.

Care of the Church—Mrs. MIZEN.

Care of the Sanctuary—Sister MARY and Sister EDITH.

## S. Andrew's Hall.

### SERVICES IN THE CHAPEL.

SUNDAYS .. 8.0. (3rd Sunday in the Month.) Holy  
Communion.  
8.15 p.m. Mission Service.  
MONDAYS .. 6.0 p.m. Children's Service.  
TUESDAYS .. 7.30 p.m. Evensong and Holy Baptism.

### GUILD OF S. ANDREW.

Secretary—Mr. H. ROBERTS, 45, Mape Street.

Meetings { 1st Tuesday—Committee.  
3rd Tuesday—General.

## SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

*Superintendents.*  
S. Andrew's Insti- (10 a.m. .. .. Rev. G. BERENS.  
tute, Parish Hall { 3 p.m. (Boys) Rev. M. P. GILLSON  
Hague Street { 3 p.m. (Girls) Miss BIRLEY.  
Board School { 3 p.m. (Infts.) Miss A. M. HARINGTON  
S. Andrew's Hall (10 a.m. .. .. Rev. H. MOSLEY.  
(Boys and Girls) { 3 p.m. .. .. Rev. H. MOSLEY.

## SUNDAY CLASSES.

S. Andrew's { 3 p.m. (Boys) Rev. G. BERENS.  
Institute { 3 p.m. (Girls) Miss CRUMP.  
S. Andrew's Hall { 3 p.m. (Girls) The SISTERS.  
{ 6.45 p.m. (Boys) Rev. H. MOSLEY.

## MEETING FOR MEN.

Institute (No. 6 Room), }  
Sunday, 8.15 p.m. } Rev. L. L. EDWARDS.

## WOMEN'S BIBLE CLASS.

Institute No. 6 Room, }  
Thursdays, 2.30 p.m. } Rev. G. BERENS.

## MOTHERS' MEETINGS (on Mondays at 2.30).

S. Andrew's Institute { Ground Floor—Miss WARING.  
First Floor—Miss BIRLEY.  
Parish Hall—Miss HARINGTON.  
S. Andrew's Hall .. .. The SISTERS.

## CLUBS.

*President*—Rev. H. V. S. ECK.

### MEN'S CLUB.

S. Andrew's Institute. { *Secretary*—Rev. L. L. EDWARDS.  
Nightly, 8—11. { *Treasurer*—Rev. G. BERENS.  
Saturday, 5—11. { *Librarian*—Mr. J. H. ROSE.

### BOYS' CLUBS.

S. Andrew's Institute, { *Secretary*—Rev. G. BERENS.  
Nightly, 8—10. { *Librarian*—Miss WARING.  
S. Andrew's Hall, } *Superintendent*—Rev. H. MOSLEY  
Thursday, 8—10. }

### GIRLS' CLUB.

S. Andrew's Institute, { *Superintendent*—Miss CRUMP.  
Monday & Thursday, { *Secretary*—Miss BROADBEAR.  
9—10. { *Librarian*—Miss BOWYER.

### Temperance Society—Secretary

Senior Girls' { S. Andrew's Inst.—Miss WHITWORTH.  
Band of Hope. { S. Andrew's Hall—Sister MARY.  
Junior { S. Andrew's Inst.—Rev. L. L. EDWARDS.  
Band of Hope. { S. Andrew's Hall—Rev. H. MOSLEY.  
Foreign Mission Association. } *Secretary*—Rev. L. L. EDWARDS.

Home Mission Association—*Secretary*—Rev. G. BERENS.  
S. Andrew's Institute—Mrs. UNWIN and  
Miss. A. M. HARINGTON.  
Work Party { S. Andrew's Hall—The SISTERS.

# S. Andrew's Parish Magazine.

FEBRUARY, 1897.

## Letter to the Parishioners.

DEAR PEOPLE OF S. ANDREW'S:

We are very thankful to be able to tell you that there will be a Confirmation in our own Church this year during the second week in May. It is our earnest hope and prayer that many who are as yet unconfirmed may take advantage of the great privilege which will then be offered to them. Confirmation is not, as so many think, the undertaking of additional duties or responsibilities; it is rather the bestowal of increased grace and strength for the performance of duties and responsibilities which are already ours, whether confirmed or not. In Confirmation there is freely offered to all the sevenfold gifts of the Holy Spirit; it is the sacramental rite which gives to all baptized Christians the full possession of their rights as "fellow-citizens with the Saints and of the household of God." We, therefore, most earnestly beg of you not to allow this great opportunity to pass by without availing yourselves of it. We, for our part, are ready to do all in our power to help any who are desirous of preparing to receive Confirmation, and we shall be glad if the names of those who are so desirous may be sent in to us, whether directly or through one of the Church-workers, as soon as possible. Classes will be formed for the instruction of those who desire to learn more about Confirmation, and we shall also be glad to give instruction separately to any who may find it inconvenient to attend a class.

We are,

Your Servants in the Lord,

H. V. S. ECK.  
L. L. EDWARDS.  
G. BERENS.  
H. MOSLEY.  
M. P. GILLSON.

## Services in the Church.

THE Litany will be said in future at 11 o'clock on Wednesday mornings, and the Clergy will be prepared at the same time to administer the Sacrament of Baptism to any infants whose parents find it impossible or very difficult to bring them on Wednesday evenings or on Sunday afternoons, which will continue to be the regular times for Baptisms and Churchings.

## Church of England Temperance Society.

A VERY good meeting of the S. Andrew's Branch, both as to performers and audience, was held on January 11th in the Parish Hall. Our entertainers were the "Dalston Darkies," who kept their audience thoroughly amused the whole evening. The Address was given by Mr. Berens at very short notice, though the shortness of the notice did not prevent him from saying just what was needed at the time. Taking as his text the sad way in which the great Festival of Christmas was marred by the sad scenes and sounds of drunkenness which is so terrible a blot on East London, he begged his hearers to think seriously of the need of banding together to fight against it, and answered shortly, but very clearly, some of the objections to total abstinence which are commonly urged against it. We feel sure that all who were present at this meeting must have gone away feeling that, both as to address and entertainment, and audience, the first meeting of the New Year was one which it would require a good deal to beat. We hope that it will be followed by many as good if not better.

The following are the fixtures for next month:—

FEBRUARY 8th.—Meeting in the Parish Hall.  
Entertainment by St. Andrew's Men's Club  
"Snowdrop Minstrels."

FEBRUARY 27th.—Service in Church, followed by  
Social Gathering for Members only.

MARCH 1st.—Meeting in Parish Hall. Particulars  
to be announced.

## S. Andrew's Guild.

THE Monthly Meeting of the Guild was held in the Parish Hall on January 19th, when the Rev. L. L. Edwards gave a most interesting and instructive lecture on the history of the "First Prayer Book of Edward VI.," which was put forth in 1549.

In treating of so large a subject in one lecture, Mr. Edwards was unable to go into great detail, but he showed us clearly what were the motives with which the reformers approached their work of the revision of the Service Books.

For many years the nation had felt that it was intolerable that all public services should be performed in Latin, a language which was understood



by comparatively few priests and far fewer laymen: and although Henry VIII. would not hear of any doctrinal reform, he was not averse to simplifying the services and allowing portions to be read in English, so that in 1544 we find the first Litany in English was published, which remains to-day almost exactly as it first appeared. At Henry's death the more important work of drawing up a simplified Prayer Book in the English tongue was undertaken by Archbishop Cranmer and six other bishops. It was not their object to write a new book of devotions for the English people, but to take the old Service Books of the Church and sweep from them all errors which had grown up during the middle ages, retaining, without prejudice, only what was Catholic Truth. They took the Bible and the belief of the Christian Church for the first five centuries as their standard in doctrinal matters, and so far as was consistent with these principles, they retained the ancient forms, adding nothing which had not some authority in ancient precedent.

At the next meeting of the Guild a lecture will be given treating of the three subsequent revisions which have given us the Prayer Book as we have it to-day.

After the Address had been given, and questions had been asked and answered, the warden was able to tell us that the Bishop of Stepney has most kindly promised to come and speak to us about S. Augustine on May 31st, a date and a subject which are especially appropriate, as at that time the Church will be commemorating the thirteen-hundredth anniversary of St. Augustine's landing in England, and of his Baptism of the King of Kent. He also suggested that for this reason Canterbury would be an appropriate place for the Guild Excursion this year, if it could be arranged.

### The Teachers' Tea.

SUCH it is commonly called, but in reality it is more than this, for it is a gathering together each January, at the invitation of a host and hostess who prefer to remain unknown, though their identity can be inferred by most, of all the Church workers of the Parish. Moreover, it is always looked forward to as being the occasion of the year when we expect to meet some of the former workers whom circumstances have removed from our midst.

This most happy party met this year on Monday,

January 25th, and it was made memorable by the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Lawley among other guests.

After tea, at which 120 guests sat down, Mr. Eck, who presided, spoke a few words both to and for those who were present. He said that he was thankful this year to have to announce no impending change. The Parish had passed through a great change during the last year, but though Mr. Lawley's departure had made a great difference yet he was thankful it had not been the cause of others leaving the Parish. He would like, before asking Mr. Lawley to say a few words, to thank their host and hostess for their hospitality.

Mr. Lawley, who was most warmly greeted, said that he also was most thankful to see just the same faces round him with which he was so familiar, for he felt that, although he had left them, it was only the departure of an individual, and that the work and the workers were still going on just as usual.

After these two short speeches the tables were speedily cleared and packed away, and the rest of the evening was spent in a thoroughly happy fashion.

### S. Andrew's Men's Club.

It was felt by the Committee that as Christmas week was a slack time with many of the Club members, it would be well to organise a social evening as a sort of wind-up of the Christmas festivities. Consequently a tea for members was arranged to take place on Saturday, January 2nd, to be followed by a Social Gathering of members and friends.

Some 70 members availed themselves of the opportunity, and a very successful evening was spent in the Parish Hall; Messrs. Allen and Buckey, assisted by members of the Committee, acting as stewards in their usual indefatigable way, and Mr. Blyth rendering good service as pianist.

THE QUARTERLY GENERAL MEETING of the Club was held in the Parish Hall on Friday evening, January 15th. There was a fair attendance of members, and the absence of any burning questions seemed to indicate that the members were well satisfied with the position and prospects of the Club.

The Treasurer's balance sheet was of a very satisfactory character, shewing a fair balance of receipts over expenditure, even after the deduction of the £2 10s. now paid quarterly by the Club as rent for its rooms.

Eleven members only having been duly nominated to serve on the Committee for the ensuing quarter, they were declared elected, and it was decided that they should subsequently co-opt a twelfth to make up the full number.

The following now form the Committee: Messrs. Allen, F. Booty (co-opted member), Bartlett, Francom, Franklin, Greenwood, J. Hill, Jun., Luck, G. Moore, Pearce, Rogers and Tyler.

A letter was read from Mr. Bramwell, explaining that his departure from the Oxford House necessitated his giving up the Assistant Secretaryship, and expressing his regret at this necessary retirement.

**PROVIDENT SOCIETY.**—One of the most important and, it is hoped, most useful steps taken for some time past by members of the Club, has been the establishment of a Provident Society on the lines of the Loan and Investment Societies so well known in the neighbourhood.

It is intended later on to extend its usefulness by the addition to it of a Savings Bank department, in which the members' shares may remain, if they so wish, at the end of the year.

The fact that out of a Club numbering some 230 members 68 should have already taken shares in this new venture, seems to show that it meets a distinct need.

The President of the Club is Treasurer, whilst the Secretary is also Secretary of the Provident Society. Mr. J. Hill, Jun., is a most efficient Assistant Secretary, whilst Messrs. Allen and Tyler give their services as Stewards. There is a small Committee of Management, consisting of the above officers, together with Messrs. J. Hill, Sen., Luck, F. Johnson, and T. Thompson.

As all the work done in connection with the Society is voluntary, expenses will be merely trifling, and it is confidently expected that at the end of the year a satisfactory state of things will be declared.

**THE MINSTREL TROUPE.**—The "Snowdrops" having been steadily practising week after week, fulfilled an engagement on Thursday, January 14th, at S. John's Schools, Peel Grove, and may now be fairly regarded as being once more before the public. This entertainment passed off well, and gave great pleasure to the audience on that occasion. They have accepted an invitation from the Committee of S. Andrew's Temperance Society, and are to give a performance in the Parish Hall, on Monday, February 8th. We hope that as they become more widely known other engagements will follow.

## **Boys' Club.**

OUR monthly "Free and Easy" came off on Saturday, January 23rd. This time we were allowed the use of the Parish Hall, and invited friends. For over two hours we were kept amused by the efforts of some of our fellow members of the Club.

In connection with the Gymnasium we should like to draw attention to the fact that on February 10th our instructors are bringing their friends to give a gymnastic display. There will be a small charge for admission, and we hope that parents and friends will patronise us on that date.

The Band has been in evidence during the festival season. On Saturday, January 2nd, we went down to S. Andrew's Hall to play for the Senior Band of Hope, and on January 9th we appeared at the Parish Hall for Miss Whitworth's Band of Hope. On both occasions we were treated more like guests than performers, being invited to tea first, and allowed at intervals to join in the dancing. On Friday, January 15th, we had a march out; we turned up in good force, and gained a favourable verdict by our efforts.

We have just started a Draughts Competition, with a view to discover players who can compete with other Clubs.

## **Foreign Missions.**

OUR contributions to S.P.G. for Zululand for the quarter ending December 31st, 1896, have amounted to the sum of £7 5s. 6d., making a total for the year of £27 15s. This is slightly less than the total for 1895, but on the whole shows that our efforts as an Association are well sustained. Still, we must ever remember that the needs are great, and that even if we were to increase our support tenfold, we should only be doing a little to touch the great mass of heathenism, which is waiting for the leaven of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Will Members please accept this short notice of our next Quarterly Meeting, to be held on Monday, February 1st, at 8.45 p.m., in the Parish Hall. We shall be glad to welcome, not only Members of our Association, but others also.

## **Christmas Parties.**

THE beginning of this year has been no exception to the general rule in the matter of the various treats connected with the organisations of the parish. We have had three or four very busy



weeks, and almost every vacant evening has seen one or another party of pleasure in the Parish Hall. Mrs. Mizen and her helpers have had hard work to keep pace with it all, but everything has gone off happily, and we would congratulate all concerned on the success of their efforts.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOLS led the way on Monday and Tuesday, January 4th and 5th, when the boys and girls respectively met for their annual winter Tea and Entertainment. The entertainment was given by a small Dramatic Company, consisting of old members of the Boys' Club. It was a repetition, with variations, of the Pantomime given last year. There were our old friends the Policeman, the Pantaloon, the Lodging House Keeper, and the Cat, considerably grown in the twelve months' interval, and in addition, the famous Li Hung Chang, who came in for such treatment as he certainly never has experienced off the stage. All that need be said about the Pantomime is that it kept the audience, both young and old, in fits of laughter; and what more can be wished for at a Christmas Party?

THE INFANT SUNDAY SCHOOL, under the superintendence of Miss A. M. Harington, had their turn on the following Thursday. They made a large and merry party; and after tea and a good romp were dismissed at a seasonably early hour with a toy each to take home with them as a reminder of their Christmas treat.

THE SENIOR BAND OF HOPE mustered in goodly numbers on the Saturday evening for an early tea, followed by a dance. The party was considerably increased by the addition of several guests of Miss Whitworth's and of the Drum and Fife Band. This latter body was present on business intent, and rendered good service during the evening, but we fancy that the musicians managed to combine a considerable amount of pleasure with business. The evening appears to have been thoroughly enjoyed by all, and Miss Whitworth is to be congratulated on the success of her large party.

THE JUNIOR BAND OF HOPE had its innings on the following Wednesday, January 13th. There was of course the usual tea, then came a magic lantern, and this was followed by the Christmas Tree and a visit from Old Mother Hubbard, whose remarks added greatly to the pleasure of those who came up to receive presents. Miss Waring presented the Captains with special gifts, but all received something; and we trust all went home well pleased with their treat this year.

THE GIRLS' CLUB had its first Winter Party, since coming under Miss Crump's superintendence, on Saturday, January 16th. But, although under new management, the Club was not forgotten by old friends, for Miss Buller was one of the guests, and Mrs. Graham Robertson's kindness made it possible for the Committee to engage a band of musicians, whose presence added much to the enjoyment of the evening. Everything passed off most happily; and the combination of past and present seemed to augur well for the future prosperity and success of the Club.

THE MOTHERS' MEETINGS came last, but not least, on Monday, January 18th. It was a fine sight to see the large Hall at tea time filled from end to end by some 230 mothers from the four meetings, and finer still to see the mothers at play after tea had been cleared away.

On looking back over all the Winter Parties we are pretty certain that for genuine merriment the mothers carry off the prize, and perhaps it is because on their shoulders falls most of the wear and tear of daily life.

The evening's entertainment wound up with a Concert and a Dramatic Performance, entitled, "Family Jars," which kept everyone in a thoroughly good temper till the very end. For this entertainment we have again to thank the Helpers' Club, and we are all the more grateful to them for coming as most of them were strangers to Bethnal Green, and had to go considerable distances to their homes at a very late hour.

### Children's Country Holiday Fund.

LAST year in the Children's Country Holiday Fund a good many children who had put their names down were unable to go, as they could not pay the small amount they were asked to. To prevent this occurring again we have decided that we will give the parents and children an opportunity of paying in small sums now, and the place where names can be given and money received is the Parish Institute, S. Andrew's Street; and the day, Wednesday from 12—12.30.

### Offeratories.

|                               |     |     | £   | s. | d.    |
|-------------------------------|-----|-----|-----|----|-------|
| 2nd Sunday after Christmas... | ... | ... | 2   | 11 | 5     |
| 1st Sunday after Epiphany ... | ... | ... | 2   | 18 | 5½    |
| 2nd                           | "   | "   | ... | 2  | 13 0  |
| 3rd                           | "   | "   | ... | 2  | 12 9½ |

£10 15 8

### S. Andrew's Hall.

FIVE Christmas Treats in one week is, it must be acknowledged, a very fair average, even for S. Andrew's Hall; and although this alarming rate of dissipation was not maintained throughout the month, yet certainly January has been more or less devoted to entertaining ourselves. The first to lead off in the round of gaieties were the Senior Band of Hope; they held their Party on January 2nd. At the request of the Band of Hope, Sisters Edith and Mary had invited the members of the Institute Drum and Fife Band to tea, and to provide the music for the evening. They responded most cordially, and a hearty tea and still heartier music was the result. Amongst other guests we were glad to welcome were Mr. Berens, Miss Waring, Miss Whitworth, and Miss Leeke.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 7TH, was the day chosen for the Sunday School Treat. Owing perhaps to the higher scale of children's payments, the number was slightly less than last year; but all those who had attended school regularly and who had saved up their halfpennies, and so came to the Treat, we are sure regretted nothing. The programme was similar to the other Sunday School Treats held earlier in the week at the other end of the Parish. Only we flatter ourselves, that being the last night of the Pantomime, we had a much more perfect performance. The way in which we clapped and cheered showed our thanks to Mr. Berens and the old members of the Boys' Institute for making us laugh so much.

MONDAY, JANUARY 11TH, we had the "Catechism Festival," *i.e.*, a Treat for the children of the Catechism which is held on Monday evenings. We began with Evensong in the Chapel at 6 p.m., then we adjourned to the Hall, where Mrs. Stables had provided tea. After tea there took place the distribution of rewards to those who had done the best analyses and compositions, and then by the kindness of Mr. Farr and another friend from S. Bartholomew's, we were treated to a most excellent entertainment. This was our first Festival of the Catechism and a most successful one.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 12TH, the Junior Band of Hope had their Party—Tea, romp, Christmas Tree and presents given by Old Mother Hubbard. The most regular attendants were also presented with medals.

One of the nicest of all Treats is the Infants' Party, and this year was no exception to the rule. Tea, of course, began the afternoon, and so

enticing is the tea that every infant lapses into solemn silence, and devotes every energy to disposing of the good things strewn before it. Then follows a romp, and then Old Mother Hubbard comes in. The infants, in a circle on the floor, gazed at a heavily laden Christmas Tree, and at the hands of Miss James and Old Mother Hubbard each received a present.

The reception of Mother Hubbard by the infants was worth seeing, and those who have never seen an Infants' Treat and Christmas Tree should do so at the first opportunity.

Only one more Festival Tea remains to be chronicled, and that is the Senior Classes' Party held on the 16th. This, though coming last, was not least; in fact we were going to say it was the best, but that would make so many jealous that we will not further describe its many good qualities, but simply pronounce it excellent.

Quite separate from the ordinary Christmas Teas is the Work Party Supper, which was held on January 13th. This is unique from the fact that it alone rises to the historic turkey and other equally Christmas fare. A party of about 40 sat down to a most sumptuous spread. Mr. Eck presided, and he and Mr. Mosley were kept hard at work attacking the birds. After supper there followed music and dancing, and a very happy evening was brought to a close by a short Thanksgiving Service in the Chapel.

### Marriages.

- Jan. 10. Henry Sparks and Matilda Maria Dallinger.
- 24. Alfred Bradley and Daisy Jewess.
- 24. Thomas Noble and Susan Bean.

### Baptisms.

- Dec. 30. Edward James Bawcutt
- 1897.
- Jan. 3. Annie Eliza Smith
- 3. John Edward Silverton
- 10. Horace Victor Knowlden
- 13. Eliza Caroline Delieu
- 13. Stephen Delieu.
- 17. Maud Ethel Mildenhall
- 17. Walter Albert Churchyard
- 17. James George Flight
- 17. Samuel Johnson
- 17. Sidney Brooker
- 17. Bertha Louisa Draude
- 17. George Henry Forecast
- 17. William John James Bush
- 17. Alice Minnie Robinson
- 17. Clara Miriam Budd
- 20. Emma Lydia Eldridge
- 20. Alfred Joseph Toms
- 20. Lydia Elizabeth Sparks
- 20. Ethel Cox
- 24. Catherine Muran Dundrow
- 24. Gertrude Ethel Lee
- 24. Elsie Mary Cornwell
- 24. Harriet Janie Duffel
- 24. Margaret Ann Ames
- 24. Edith Sophia Holgate
- 24. George Alfred Fitzpatrick
- 24. Arthur William Watt
- 24. Charles James Conley
- 24. James Morgan



# S. Andrew's Parish Magazine.

MARCH, 1897.

## CLERGY.

*Priests* { The Rev. H. V. S. ECK, M.A.  
(Curate in Charge).  
The Rev. L. L. EDWARDS, M.A.  
The Rev. G. BERENS, M.A.  
The Rev. H. MOSLEY, M.A.  
*Deacon:* The Rev. M. P. GILLSON, B.A. } *The Vicarage.*

## DEACONESSSES.

(Of the All Saints East London Diocesan Community).

SISTER EDITH, 5, Wilmot Street.

SISTER MARY, 5, Wilmot Street.

## PARISH NURSE.

Nurse WILLIAMS, 9, S. Andrew's Street.

## CHURCH WORKERS.

Miss BIRLEY, 9, S. Andrew's Street.

Miss CRUMP,

Miss JAMES, } 5, Paradise Row.

Miss A. NASH,

Miss HARINGTON,

Miss A. M. HARINGTON, } S. Margaret's House.

Mrs. IRELAND, 10, S. Andrew's Street.

Mrs. JACKSON, 118, Finnis Street.

Miss MCKENZIE, 227, Corfield Street.

Miss NASH.

Mrs. QUICK, 89, Wilmot Street.

Miss WARING, 134, Bishop's Road.

## Church of S. Andrew.

### CHURCHWARDENS.

Mr. COOKMAN, 10, Finnis Street.

Mr. UNWIN, 380, Bethnal Green Road.

### SIDESMEN.

Mr. CROOKS, Mr. McQUEEN, Mr. MUDD, Mr. F. NEWLEY,  
Mr. W. NEWLEY, Mr. WRIGHT.

### ORGANIST.

Mr. F. P. PARKER.

## SERVICES.

DAILY .. .. 7.30. Mattins.  
8.0. Holy Communion.  
7.30. Evensong.  
SUNDAYS .. .. 7.0. Holy Communion (1st and  
3rd Sundays).  
8.0. Holy Communion.  
10.45. Mattins.  
11.30. Holy Communion (Choral)  
and Sermon.  
3.15. Children's Service.  
6.30. Evensong and Sermon.  
SAINTS' DAYS .. 6.30. Holy Communion.  
7.30. Mattins.  
8.0. Holy Communion.  
7.30. Evensong.  
FRIDAYS .. .. 8 p.m. Service of Intercession, with  
Instruction.

HOLY BAPTISM { Wednesdays, 11 a.m. and 7.30 p.m.  
Sundays, 4.30 p.m.  
CHURCHINGS—BEFORE any Service.

All seats in S. Andrew's Church are free and unappropriated. Prayer and Hymn Books will be found on the shelves at the west end of the Church, and it is requested that they may be replaced there after Service.

Care of the Church—Mrs. MIZEN.

Care of the Sanctuary—Sister MARY and Sister EDITH.

## S. Andrew's Hall.

### SERVICES IN THE CHAPEL.

SUNDAYS .. 8.0. (3rd Sunday in the Month.) Holy  
Communion.  
8.15 p.m. Mission Service.  
MONDAYS .. 6.0 p.m. Children's Service.  
TUESDAYS .. 7.30 p.m. Evensong and Holy Baptism.

### GUILD OF S. ANDREW.

Secretary—Mr. H. ROBERTS, 45, Mape Street.

Meetings { 1st Tuesday—Committee.  
3rd Tuesday—General.

## SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

### Superintendents.

S. Andrew's Insti- { 10 a.m. . . . Rev. G. BERENS.  
tute, Parish Hall { 3 p.m. (Boys) Rev. M. P. GILLSON  
Hague Street { 3 p.m. (Girls) Miss BIRLEY.  
Board School { 3 p.m. (Infants) Miss A. M. HARINGTON  
S. Andrew's Hall { 10 a.m. . . . Rev. H. MOSLEY.  
(Boys and Girls) { 3 p.m. . . . Rev. H. MOSLEY.

## SUNDAY CLASSES.

S. Andrew's { 3 p.m. (Boys) Rev. G. BERENS.  
Institute { 3 p.m. (Girls) Miss CRUMP.  
S. Andrew's Hall { 3 p.m. (Girls) The SISTERS.  
6.45 p.m. (Boys) Rev. H. MOSLEY.

## MEETING FOR MEN.

Institute (No. 6 Room), }  
Sunday, 8.15 p.m. } Rev. L. L. EDWARDS.

## WOMEN'S BIBLE CLASS.

Institute No. 6 Room), }  
Thursdays, 2.30 p.m. } Rev. G. BERENS.

## MOTHERS' MEETINGS (on Mondays at 2.30).

S. Andrew's Institute { Ground Floor—Miss WARING.  
First Floor—Miss BIRLEY.  
Parish Hall—Miss HARINGTON.  
S. Andrew's Hall .. . . . The SISTERS.

## CLUBS.

President—Rev. H. V. S. ECK.

### MEN'S CLUB.

S. Andrew's Institute. { Secretary—Rev. L. L. EDWARDS.  
Nightly, 8—11. { Treasurer—Rev. G. BERENS.  
Saturday, 5—11. { Librarian—Mr. J. H. ROSE.

### BOYS' CLUBS.

S. Andrew's Institute, { Secretary—Rev. G. BERENS.  
Nightly, 8—10. { Librarian—Miss WARING.  
S. Andrew's Hall, { Superintendent—Rev. H. MOSLEY  
Thursday, 8—10.

### GIRLS' CLUB.

S. Andrew's Institute, { Superintendent—Miss CRUMP.  
Monday & Thursday, { Secretary—Miss BROADBEAR.  
8—10. { Librarian—Miss BOWYER.

## Temperance Society—Secretary

Senior Girls' { S. Andrew's Inst.—Miss WHITWORTH.  
Band of Hope. { S. Andrew's Hall—Sister MARY.  
Junior { S. Andrew's Inst.—Rev. L. L. EDWARDS.  
Band of Hope. { S. Andrew's Hall—Rev. H. MOSLEY.  
Foreign Mission Association. { Secretary—Rev. L. L. EDWARDS.  
Home Mission Association—Secretary—Rev. G. BERENS.  
S. Andrew's Institute—Mrs. UNWIN and  
Miss A. M. HARINGTON.  
Work Party { S. Andrew's Hall—The SISTERS.

# S. Andrew's Parish Magazine.

MARCH, 1897.

## **LENT ✠ 1897.**

**W**E desire to call attention to the following arrangements for Lent, which we hope may be useful to many of our people. We venture to express a hope that good use will be made of the Daily Services of the Church at this time, and especially of the Friday Service of Intercession for the Parish. The Service for Children on Saturday Mornings is intended for children belonging to the Sunday School (NOT INFANTS): we hope that parents may be able to spare them on that day at that time. There will be a special Service for Adults on Wednesday Evenings.

## **S. ANDREW'S CHURCH:**

### **ASH WEDNESDAY—**

|                                |     |     |     |     |     |                 |
|--------------------------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----------------|
| Holy Communion                 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 6.30 and 8 a.m. |
| Mattins                        | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 7.30 a.m.       |
| Litany                         | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 11 a.m.         |
| Evensong and Holy Baptism      | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 7.30 p.m.       |
| Commination Service and Sermon | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 8.30 p.m.       |

### **LENT—**

WEDNESDAYS, 8.30 p.m., Devotional Service with a Series of Meditations on "The Sorrows of the Son of Man."

FRIDAYS, 8 p.m., Service of Intercession, with Instructions on "Some Key-words of the New Testament."

SATURDAYS, 9.30 a.m., Children's Service.

SUNDAYS, 11.30 a.m., a Course of Sermons on "The Holy Communion,"  
,, 6.30 p.m., a Course of Sermons on "The Mystery of Sin."

The Litany will be said on Sundays in Lent, at 11.30, immediately before the Choral Celebration.

## **S. ANDREW'S HALL:**

SUNDAY NIGHTS, 8.15, Mission Service, with a Course of Sermons.

## **PARISH HALL:**

### **LANTERN LECTURES—**

(Arranged by the S. Andrew's Branch of the Church Temperance Society),

MONDAYS, 8.30, March 15th, 22nd and April 5th—

March 15, The Queen's Reign. (1) The Progress of the Church at home.  
March 22, The Queen's Reign. (2) The Progress of the Church abroad.  
April 5, The Queen's Reign. (3) The Temperance Movement.



### S. Andrew's Guild.

THE Monthly Meeting was held in the Parish Hall, on February 16th. After the Office had been said, Mr. Edwards continued his account of the History of the Prayer Book, taking up the history at the point at which it had been left last month, namely, the account of the causes which led to the revision of 1552. Having described the points in which this revision was so far inferior to the first Prayer Book, especially in the Communion Service, he showed how the next revision, under Queen Elizabeth, was a great improvement, though still inferior to the first. After some slight revision in the reign of James I., and after being altogether abolished during the Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell, the Prayer Book reached its present form in the year 1662, when it received its final revision after what is known in history as "The Savoy Conference." Two points came out very clearly in Mr. Edwards' addresses (1), that our Prayer Book was no new book made up at the Reformation, but rather the descendant, in an English form, of the old Latin service-books of the ancient English Church, and (2), following from that, that our Prayer Book is true to the teaching and practice of the Holy Catholic Church: as the English Church is Catholic, so too is her Prayer Book.

After some questions had been asked and answered, the Warden announced that the cost of the Excursion to Canterbury would be 4s., including tea, and that the Dean of Canterbury had promised to afford facilities to the Guild for seeing the Cathedral, and would perhaps himself be able to give a short address on some of its most interesting features. It was decided to make the Excursion on Whitsun Tuesday, June 8th, and it is hoped that many of the members will be able to join it.

### Mothers' Union.

ON the afternoon of Friday, January 29th, many of us were present at a meeting held in S. Mary's Schoolroom, Haggerston, to which we had been specially invited to meet Mrs. Sumner, our President, and the foundress of our Union.

It was a meeting calculated to cheer us on and inspire us to fresh efforts as members of the Mothers' Union. The great number of mothers assembled there made us realize more fully that the Union does not consist merely of our own little band of mothers, but that we are only a very small part of a very large body banded together for the

same purpose as ourselves, viz., to gain greater strength, by our unity of prayer and effort, in the training of our children for God.

Mrs. Sumner gave a most helpful and interesting address, or rather she *talked to us* in a motherly way and gave us excellent advice. She began by expressing her pleasure at seeing so many mothers present, and wishing that as many *Fathers* could be got together to consider this all-important subject of the training of their children; as, after all, the fathers have almost as much to do with it as the mothers, and they too should try to realise their responsibilities.

She then read the rules on the members' cards, saying a few words about each, dwelling especially on the need of teaching children to be obedient, truthful and pure, and of watching over them and keeping them away from public-houses and out of the streets at night; of having them baptised, seeing that they attend a Church Sunday School and are presented for Confirmation as soon as they are old enough. Above all she urged us to keep the rule of setting them a good example, in word and deed, ourselves, example carrying so much more weight with it than precept alone.

We left the meeting with a determination to get more mothers to join the Union, and to try to get fathers to see that they have other duties in connection with the bringing up of their children beyond the handing to "mother" of the weekly sum for the clothing and feeding of the youngsters.

We held our own Monthly Meeting in the Institute on Wednesday, February 3rd. Miss Birley, in her address, urged any mothers who were members of the Union and had not already been Confirmed, to come forward and join the classes which are now being formed; that they may, at any rate, learn a little about Confirmation, and our reasons for considering it so necessary. After that they will be able to decide whether they should offer themselves as candidates.

Our next meeting will be in the Institute, on Wednesday, March 3rd, at 2.30 p.m.

### Foreign Missions.

THE Quarterly Meeting of S. Andrew's Foreign Mission Association, held in the Parish Hall, on Monday, February 1st, was but thinly attended. No doubt the shortness of the notice, and the fact that January had been a busy month, had a good deal to do with this.

Mr. Edwards gave some account of the work of

Bishop Gray, of Cape Town, the pioneer of the now flourishing Church of South Africa. The Bishop's twenty-five years in South Africa strikingly exemplify the value of the two-fold work which the S.P.G. undertakes. (1) The care of our own fellow countrymen who have settled down in other lands; (2) The more distinctly Mission work among the heathen with whom the Church comes in contact in these countries. The record of what was accomplished in both these directions in a period of only a quarter of a century is full of encouragement to all who are labouring and praying for the work of the Church abroad.

At the close of the meeting Mr. Edwards explained a scheme, which it is proposed to adopt shortly, for the amalgamation of our Home and Foreign Mission Associations.

In this event there will be but one Missionary box for the two branches of Missionary work, the contents being equally divided between the two.

It is hoped that it may be possible to adopt this plan at midsummer, before which date some further explanation of it will be given to all concerned.

### **The Work Party.**

ONE of the Christmas Parties which could not be recorded in our last month's magazine was the Annual Tea, to which Mrs. Unwin invited the members of the Work Party on Tuesday, January 26th. There was a good muster of members and friends, and it was quite late before the party broke up.

This was one of the happiest of our winter gatherings, and everyone seemed to be in the best of spirits.

The members are keeping well to work on Tuesday evenings, in Room No. 1, with a view to the sale next November. There is room however for more to join, and recruits will be welcomed by Mrs. Unwin any Tuesday evening between 7 and 9.30 p.m.

### **S. Andrew's Men's Club.**

IN the Federation Winter Games' Competitions, S. Andrew's has received a severe blow in the defeat of Bartlett in the fourth round of the Billiard Competition. He succumbed to Poole, of Christ Church Club, Cumberland Street, W., by only two points, and this in spite of having made a magnificent break of 54.

But against this defeat we have to set a victory at Cannon, in the fourth round of which Bartlett

and C. Dupuy managed to remain in, Bartlett contributing a break of 63 unfinished.

In the Club itself matters have been running smoothly during the past month, and the great question now is how to secure better accommodation for the members, who number between 230 and 240.

It is proposed by a little judicious re-arrangement to make room for a second billiard table, and it is hoped that, if this can be accomplished, it will add greatly to the attractions of the Club.

The alterations will entail the expenditure of some £10 at least, in addition to the expense of the new table; and if any friend of the club has a ten pound note to spare, now is the time for ensuring that it shall be spent wisely and well.

MINSTREL TROUPE.—The "Snowdrops" have been busy lately, both in S. Andrew's Parish and outside.

They are arranging for an Irish Night on S. Patrick's Day, Wednesday, March 17th, in the Parish Hall.

Will all who are interested in this please make a note of it and secure a programme in good time.

ATHLETIC CLUB.—The great event of the past month has been a Boxing Competition, held on Monday, February 15th, in the Parish Hall.

There was a large gathering of members and friends to witness the competitions, which throughout were conducted in a most orderly manner. The greatest credit is due to the Committee for the admirable way in which the arrangements were made and carried out, and also to Mr. Pratt for the efficient manner in which he discharged the duties of M.C.

Space will not permit our giving full details of each round, but the results may be summarised as follows:

In the 7-st. 10-lbs. Competition the victors in the first round were G. F. Cleveley, H. Rogers, W. Ayling and T. Adcock.

In the 9-st. first round: J. Westwood, R. Barrett and C. Dupuy.

In the Catch Weights first round: G. Moore, A. Downes and J. Moore.

In the second rounds of the 7-st. 10-lbs. Competition, Rogers and Adcock remained victorious; of the 9-st., Westwood and C. Dupuy; and of the Catch Weights, Downes and J. Moore.

In the finals, H. Rogers, J. Westwood and J. Moore were victorious in their respective classes.

Of coming events in connection with the Athletic Club we have to announce a Road Handicap, fixed for March 11th; and the Annual Benefit Concert, to be held in the Parish Hall on Saturday, March 27th.



## Church of England Temperance Society.

### S. ANDREW'S BRANCH.

THE Parish Hall was well filled on February 8th, when an entertainment was given by the Snowdrop Minstrels, one of the Sub-Societies of our Men's Club. The programme was in two parts, and the interval was occupied as usual by a Temperance speech, the speaker being Mr. Dixon, of S. Bartholomew's, and by refreshments. We are sure that the efforts of the Snowdrop Minstrels were heartily appreciated by their audience, to judge at least by the applause and laughter which greeted their jokes, and it is always a matter for satisfaction when one parochial organisation is able to help another in this way.

On March 1st, the last Monday before Lent, there will be an entertainment in the Parish Hall, by the Oxford House Club Dramatic Society. The meetings arranged by the Temperance Society during Lent will be found on another page.

### Boys' Club.

**GYMNASTIC DISPLAY.**—On Wednesday, February 10th, we had a real treat; our instructors, Messrs. Cox and Burney, kindly offered to arrange with their Club, the "Spartans," from the Seven Dials Mission, to give a display to us. Our own Club members were busy in selling programmes, so that at 8.30 there was a very fair audience. The programme consisted of musical drill, with dumb bells, bar bells, Indian clubs, varied with exercises on the horizontal bar, parallel bars, and the rings. What was most striking was the cutlass drill, under the direction of Chief Petty-Officer Cowen, in full sailor costume. This and the Indian club drill were the most attractive, but everything was done very well, and gave evidence of careful preparation and complete discipline. The two clowns introduced a lighter vein into the proceedings, in their attempts to help, and perform on the apparatus.

It made us feel envious, and has, we hope, inspired us with a desire to give a display ourselves, instead of looking at one given by others.

**ANNUAL TREAT.**—This year we tried a new experiment. As a rule we have had a tea and then gone West to some public entertainment, but it was felt that our members were rather too many for an "excursion" like this, so after due consultation, we decided on a supper. On Saturday, February 13th, it came off, and about 60 members sat down to a

repast prepared right well by Mrs. Mizen, and we did full justice to what was provided for us. After a slight interval we reassembled for an entertainment. In this, unfortunately, we had been disappointed almost at the last, and so we had to get what we could rather than have nothing. We were entertained for about two hours by a ventriloquist, a cartoonist and a juggler, winding up with a short sketch, of which it was rather hard to follow the plot. To this the elder members of the Club were allowed to bring their friends, and some few availed themselves of the permission.

We have started our Draughts Competition, and hope that it will produce players able to compete with other Clubs.

### Children's Country Holiday Fund.

We would once more remind parents that we are taking children's names, and weekly payments if it is preferred, on Wednesday, at 12.15, in the Institute, S. Andrew's Street. We would advise all parents, who wish their children to go, to come and put their names down at once, even though they do not intend to pay by instalments, as there will be perhaps disappointment when the holidays come.

### S. Andrew's Hall.

We are very thankful to be able to report this month that, at last, the work of painting and decorating the chapel has been done, and that through the kindness of an old friend, all the work in the chancel which was left unfinished has been completed. The result is more than satisfactory, and we certainly now have a chapel which is worthy of its great purpose, namely, the worship of God.

Our appeal in the magazine has also been heard, and we gratefully acknowledge gifts of a violet veil and burse, and also of fair linen for the altar.

Once again the hall found itself used for the last of the treats, and on Saturday, January 30th, the choir and members of the Boys' Bible Class united for the purpose of enjoyment. Of course they all arrived punctually to the minute, and found awaiting them a most attractive looking tea. Somehow or other boys generally manage to get the best of such things, for in the opinion of one who had been present at many such repasts, from mothers' parties to infants' teas, this was the most sumptuous. The evening, however, did not begin and end with tea, but we left the hall about half-past six, and in a body found our way up to the Agricultural Hall for

a performance of the Mohawk Minstrels. Though we had not booked our seats, we were treated most kindly, and allowed reserved seats, each of us having an arm chair to lean back in.

The performance was first rate, we liked ourselves much, and returned home at a disgracefully late hour.

The Junior Band of Hope were, on February 9th, honoured with a visit from some of the members of the All Saints Mission Band of Hope, in the Parish of Christ Church, Hackney. When Miss Gardiner kindly promised that she would bring some of their children to perform, we had no idea we were in for such a treat. We invited the Institute Band of Hope to join us as spectators, so the hall was well filled with a most enthusiastic audience. The play or pantomime was called the "Bear Prince." From start to finish it went without a hitch; the singing and dancing of the very small fairies was delightful, and the acting and singing of the leading characters really good. The "Bear" was popular, and came in for much applause. We shall look forward to another pantomime from our visitors next year, if Miss Gardiner will come, and we thank them very much for giving us such a happy evening.

### Confirmation.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON will administer Confirmation in S. Andrew's Church, on a week-night about the 10th of May: the exact date has not yet been fixed.

The *Classes* at present arranged are as follows:—

FOR GIRLS—Sunday Afternoons, at 4.15, in the Institute (No. 1 Room).

FOR WOMEN—Monday Evenings, at 8.30, at the Vicarage.

Tuesday Afternoons, at 2.30, in the Institute (No. 6 Room).

FOR BOYS—Sunday Evenings, at 8, at the Vicarage.

FOR MEN—Saturday Evenings, at 8.15, in the Institute (No. 6 Room).

### OUR WANTS.

A GRAND PIANO for the Parish Hall.

LETTERS for Surgical Aid Society.

LETTERS for Convalescent Homes in the Country and at the Seaside.

GOOD BOOKS for Girls' Club and Men's Club Libraries.

### Offertories.

|                                  | £   | s. | d.               |
|----------------------------------|-----|----|------------------|
| 4th Sunday after Epiphany ... .. | 2   | 9  | 7 $\frac{3}{4}$  |
| 5th " " ... ..                   | 2   | 15 | 6 $\frac{3}{4}$  |
| Septuagesima Sunday ... ..       | 2   | 11 | 6 $\frac{3}{4}$  |
| Sexagesima Sunday ... ..         | 2   | 11 | 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ |
|                                  | £10 | 8  | 8 $\frac{1}{2}$  |

### Baptisms.

|      |    |                          |
|------|----|--------------------------|
| Jan. | 27 | Percival Albert Hammond  |
|      | 27 | William James Jago       |
|      | 27 | Thomas Richard Jago      |
|      | 27 | Lucy May Catherine       |
|      | 27 | Edward Harris            |
|      | 31 | Susannah Maud Johnson    |
|      | 31 | Alfred Daniel Prosser    |
|      | 31 | Lilian Jane Maud Pash    |
|      | 31 | Charles William Lawrence |
|      | 31 | Maud Miriam Racine       |
| Feb. | 3  | Ernest Thomas Lester     |
|      | 3  | Frederick Lewis          |
|      | 3  | George Trew              |
|      | 7  | Florence Sabina Moseley  |
|      | 7  | Amelia Healey            |
|      | 7  | Emily Carson             |
|      | 7  | Clara Elizabeth Barbet   |
|      | 7  | Violet Sophia Crisp      |
|      | 10 | William George Rouse     |
|      | 10 | Frederick Reginald Rouse |
|      | 10 | Ada Florence Rouse       |
|      | 10 | Walter Frederick Hatton  |
|      | 10 | Rosina Elizabeth Dorman  |
|      | 14 | Harold Cornish           |
|      | 14 | Albert Walter Hall       |
|      | 14 | Annie Ada Crofts         |
|      | 14 | Frederick Coals          |
|      | 14 | Alexander John Singleton |
|      | 14 | William Leslie Gray      |
|      | 14 | Robert James Bowles      |
|      | 14 | Louisa May Balders       |
|      | 14 | Elizabeth Louisa Gamble  |
|      | 17 | Sarah Ann Sibley         |
|      | 17 | Albert John Hunt         |
|      | 17 | Henry Vanloo Hunt        |
|      | 17 | Clara Alice Reynolds     |
|      | 17 | Alfred Parker            |
|      | 21 | William Pinckney         |
|      | 21 | Susan Elizabeth McNiel   |
|      | 21 | Alfred Andrew Denison    |
|      | 21 | Christopher Foley        |

### Marriages.

|      |    |                                                     |
|------|----|-----------------------------------------------------|
| Feb. | 1  | Charles Alfred Belbeck and Gertrude Eleanor Langley |
|      | 14 | James Rogers and Florence Amos                      |



# S. Andrew's Parish Magazine.

APRIL, 1897.

## CLERGY.

*Priests* { The Rev. H. V. S. ECK, M.A.  
(Curate in Charge).  
The Rev. L. L. EDWARDS, M.A.  
The Rev. G. BERENS, M.A.  
The Rev. H. MOSLEY, M.A.  
*Deacon*: The Rev. M. P. GILLSON, B.A. } *The Vicarage.*

## DEACONESSSES.

(Of the All Saints East London Diocesan Community).

SISTER MARY, 5, Wilnot Street.  
SISTER EDITH, 5, Wilnot Street.

## PARISH NURSE.

Nurse WILLIAMS, 9, S. Andrew's Street.

## CHURCH WORKERS.

Miss BIRLEY, 9, S. Andrew's Street.  
Miss CRUMP, }  
Miss JAMES, } 5, Paradise Row.  
Miss A. NASH, }  
Miss HARINGTON, } S. Margaret's House.  
Miss A. M. HARINGTON, }  
Mrs. IRELAND, 10, S. Andrew's Street.  
Mrs. JACKSON, 118, Finnis Street.  
Miss MCKENZIE, 227, Corfield Street.  
Miss NASH.  
Mrs. QUICK, 89, Wilnot Street.  
Miss WARING, 134, Bishop's Road.

## Church of S. Andrew.

### CHURCHWARDENS.

Mr. COOKMAN, 10, Finnis Street.  
Mr. UNWIN, 380, Bethnal Green Road.

### SIDESMEN.

Mr. CROOKS, Mr. MCQUEEN, Mr. MUDD, Mr. F. NEWLEY,  
Mr. W. NEWLEY, Mr. WRIGHT.

### ORGANIST.

Mr. F. P. PARKER.

## SERVICES.

DAILY .. .. 7.30. Mattins.  
8.0. Holy Communion.  
7.30. Evensong.  
SUNDAYS .. .. 7.0. Holy Communion (1st and  
3rd Sundays).  
8.0. Holy Communion.  
10.45. Mattins.  
11.30. Holy Communion (Choral  
and Sermon).  
3.15. Children's Service.  
6.30. Evensong and Sermon.  
SAINTS' DAYS .. 6.30. Holy Communion.  
7.30. Mattins.  
8.0. Holy Communion.  
7.30. Evensong.  
FRIDAYS .. .. 8 p.m. Service of Intercession, with  
Instruction.

HOLY BAPTISM { Wednesdays, 11 a.m. and 7.30 p.m.  
Sundays, 4.30 p.m.  
CHURCHINGS—BEFORE any Service.

All seats in S. Andrew's Church are free and unappropriated. Prayer and Hymn Books will be found on the shelves at the west end of the Church, and it is requested that they may be replaced there after Service.

Care of the Church—Mrs. MIZEN.

Care of the Sanctuary—Sister MARY and Sister EDITH.

## S. Andrew's Hall.

### SERVICES IN THE CHAPEL.

SUNDAYS .. 8.0. (3rd Sunday in the Month.) Holy  
Communion.  
8.15 p.m. Mission Service.  
MONDAYS .. 6.0 p.m. Children's Service.  
TUESDAYS .. 7.30 p.m. Evensong and Holy Baptism.

### GUILD OF S. ANDREW.

Secretary—Mr. H. ROBERTS, 45, Mape Street.

Meetings { 1st Tuesday—Committee.  
3rd Tuesday—General.

## SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

*Superintendents.*  
S. Andrew's Insti- { 10 a.m. .. .. Rev. G. BERENS.  
tute, Parish Hall { 3 p.m. (Boys) Rev. M. P. GILLSON  
Hague Street { 3 p.m. (Girls) Miss BIRLEY.  
Board School { 3 p.m. (Infants) Miss A. M. HARINGTON  
S. Andrew's Hall { 10 a.m. .. .. Rev. H. MOSLEY.  
(Boys and Girls) { 3 p.m. .. .. Rev. H. MOSLEY.

## SUNDAY CLASSES.

S. Andrew's { 3 p.m. (Boys) Rev. G. BERENS.  
Institute { 3 p.m. (Girls) Miss CRUMP.  
S. Andrew's Hall { 3 p.m. (Girls) The SISTERS.  
6.45 p.m. (Boys) Rev. H. MOSLEY.

## MEETING FOR MEN.

Institute (No. 6 Room), }  
Sunday, 8.15 p.m. } Rev. L. L. EDWARDS.

## WOMEN'S BIBLE CLASS.

Institute No. 6 Room), }  
Thursdays, 2.30 p.m. } Rev. G. BERENS.

## MOTHERS' MEETINGS (on Mondays at 2.30).

S. Andrew's Institute { Ground Floor—Miss WARING.  
First Floor—Miss BIRLEY.  
Parish Hall—Miss HARINGTON.  
S. Andrew's Hall .. .. The SISTERS.

## CLUBS.

President—Rev. H. V. S. ECK.

### MEN'S CLUB.

S. Andrew's Institute. { Secretary—Rev. L. L. EDWARDS.  
Nightly, 8—11. { Treasurer—Rev. G. BERENS.  
Saturday, 5—11. { Librarian—Mr. J. H. ROSE.

### BOYS' CLUBS.

S. Andrew's Institute, { Secretary—Rev. G. BERENS.  
Nightly, 8—10. { Librarian—Miss WARING.  
S. Andrew's Hall, {  
Thursday, 8—10. { Superintendent—Rev. H. MOSLEY

### GIRLS' CLUB.

S. Andrew's Institute, { Superintendent—Miss CRUMP.  
Monday & Thursday, { Secretary—Miss BROADBEAR.  
3—10. { Librarian—Miss BOWYER.

## Temperance Society—Secretary

Senior Girls' { S. Andrew's Inst.—Miss WHITWORTH.  
Band of Hope. { S. Andrew's Hall—Sister MARY.  
Junior { S. Andrew's Inst.—Rev. L. L. EDWARDS.  
Band of Hope. { S. Andrew's Hall—Rev. H. MOSLEY.  
Foreign Mission { Secretary—Rev. L. L. EDWARDS.  
Association. {  
Home Mission Association—Secretary—Rev. G. BERENS.  
Work Party { S. Andrew's Institute—Mrs. UNWIN and  
Miss. A. M. HARINGTON.  
S. Andrew's Hall—The SISTERS.

## **HOLY WEEK & EASTER, 1897.**

*"That by His Cross and Passion we may be brought to the Glory of His Resurrection."*

### **PALM SUNDAY—**

- 8 a.m. Holy Communion.
- 10.45 a.m. Mattins.
- 11.30 a.m. Choral Celebration and Sermon.
- 3.15 p.m. Children's Service.
- 4.30 p.m. Holy Baptism.
- 6.30 p.m. Evensong and Sermon.

### **MONDAY, TUESDAY & WEDNESDAY—**

- 7.30 a.m. Mattins.
- 8 a.m. Holy Communion.
- 6 p.m. Children's Service.
- 8.30 p.m. Evensong and Address.

### **MAUNDY THURSDAY—**

- 7.30 a.m. Mattins.
- 8 a.m. Holy Communion.
- 3 p.m. Preparation for Easter Communion.
- 6 p.m. Children's Service.
- 8.30 p.m. Evensong.
- 9 p.m. Preparation for Easter Communion.

### **GOOD FRIDAY—**

- 8 a.m. Ante-Communion Service and Meditation.
- 10 a.m. Mattins and Litany.
- 12 to 3. Three Hours' Service  
(Addresses by Rev. W. Dorr, of All Hallows', Barking).
- 4 p.m. Children's Service.
- 6.30 p.m. Evensong.
- 7 p.m. Procession in the Streets.
- 8.30 p.m. Lantern Service in Parish Hall.

### **EASTER-EVEN—**

- 7.30 a.m. Mattins.
- 8 a.m. Ante-Communion Service.
- 9.30 a.m. Children's Service.
- 8 p.m. Choral Evensong.
- 9 p.m. Preparation for Easter Communion.

### **EASTER-DAY—**

- 6 a.m. Holy Communion.
- 7 a.m. Holy Communion.
- 8 a.m. Holy Communion.
- 10.45 a.m. Mattins.
- 11.30 a.m. Choral Celebration and Sermon.
- 3.15 p.m. Children's Service.
- 4.30 p.m. Holy Baptism.
- 6.30 p.m. Evensong and Sermon.



### Notice to Communicants.

WITH a view to affording more opportunities of preparation for the Holy Communion at Easter there will be three Services of Preparation in Church during Holy Week, two on Thursday, at 3 p.m., and at 9 p.m., and one on Saturday, at 9 p.m. It is hoped in this way that it will be possible to meet the convenience of most, if not all, of our Communicants. The Clergy will be in Church every evening during Holy Week after Evensong to see any who wish to see them before their Easter Communion. All Communicants should remember that it is their duty in obedience to the law of the Church to make their Communion, if not on Easter Day, at any rate during Easter Week or on the following Sunday, and to this end should make careful preparation by penitence and prayer during the week before.

### S. Andrew's Guild.

THE Quarterly Service was held in Church on Tuesday, March 16th. An address was given by the Rev. P. M. Wathen, Vicar of Barking, on the vision of the heavenly Jerusalem in the last chapters of the Book of the Revelation, that being the point to which the last quarter's Bible-reading had led up. After the address six new members—three men and three women—were admitted to the Guild.

As the next meeting of the Guild falls in Easter Week, it was decided to meet together for tea in the Institute and then to attend Evensong, and afterwards to return to the Institute for a social evening. Will all members of the Guild please make an effort to be present.

In the next number of the Magazine we hope to be able to give further details of the Guild Excursion to Canterbury on Whitsun-Tuesday.

### Vestry Meeting.

THE Easter Vestry Meeting for the election of Churchwardens and Sidesmen will be held on Tuesday, April 27th, in the Institute, No. 6 Room, at 9 p.m.

### Parish Magazine.

THE bound volumes of the Magazine for 1896 are now ready for their owners. We were able to send 188 volumes to be bound. The charge for binding will be 10½d. per volume. Will those who have sent Magazines to be bound please call for them at the Vicarage without delay.

### Children's Service on Saturdays.

DURING the Saturdays in Lent a Service for children belonging to the Sunday Schools has been held in Church at 9.30 a.m. We hope to continue this permanently, and we venture through the pages of the Magazine to beg parents of Sunday School children, who are able to spare their children, to send them regularly and punctually. The children will be registered, and we hope to announce further details of the organisation of the service in the next number of the Magazine.

### Foreign Missions.

OUR quarter ends on March 31st, so boxes are again due. Will all holders of Foreign Mission Boxes kindly send them in at once to the Vicarage, so that they may be cleared of their contents and handed back to the holders with as little delay as possible.

In last month's Magazine we referred to a plan, which it is proposed to adopt in S. Andrew's Parish, with regard to our Missionary boxes.

At present there are three separate boxes circulating in the parish:—

(1) Those of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts (S.P.G.), the contents of which are paid in to the Society specially for Zululand.

(2) Those of the Additional Curates' Society (A.C.S.), a Society which has a special claim on us, inasmuch as it pays a considerable portion of the stipends of two of the assistant clergy of this parish.

(3) Those of the East London Church Fund (E.L.C.F.), of which we have to say the same as of the A.C.S., that it has a special claim on us; the reason in this case being that it pays the stipend of the Curate-in-Charge of S. Andrew's.

Now some people take an S.P.G., others an A.C.S.; whilst others again take an E.L.C.F. box. Yet it is often the case that people who have a box belonging to one Society would really like to help the other two, but cannot see their way to taking more than the one box.

To obviate this difficulty it is proposed to have only one class of box circulating in the parish, to be called a Mission Box. The contents of these boxes will invariably be divided equally between Home and Foreign Missions.

The Home Mission portion will again be equally divided between the A.C.S. and the E.L.C.F.; whilst the Foreign Mission portion will go in equal parts to the General Fund of the S.P.G. and to the Zululand Association.

In this way all who hold Mission boxes will be able to feel that they are not only helping the two Societies which have special claims on all parishioners of S. Andrew's, but also doing something to help forward the work of the Church abroad in different parts of the world through the agency of the S.P.G., and the work of the Church in the Diocese of Zululand, which has such a special and personal interest for many of us here.

When the boxes are next called in, at the end of June, we hope to be in a position to make the change, which we hope will be one welcome to most contributors.

At the same time we shall, of course, amalgamate our two Mission Associations, and this we believe will be a decided gain in many ways.

### Junior Band of Hope.

SEVERAL members and workers connected with the Junior Band of Hope are to be congratulated on the success of their efforts to provide an entertainment, which might be given outside the limits of their own Society.

First of all, Miss Newley and her assistant, Miss Duke, are to be congratulated on the way in which they had taught the performers to recite the somewhat lengthy pieces which go to make up the "Flower Queen." Nor must Mr. Gillson, who undertook the musical part of the necessary training, be forgotten.

Then Miss Waring is to be congratulated on the exceedingly pretty picture which the performers made when they gave their entertainment; for the effect was largely due to her tasteful decoration of the stage and of the performers.

Lastly, the performers themselves are to be congratulated on the way in which they went through the drudgery of rehearsals and the actual performance of their parts.

The first performance took place at one of the meetings of the Band of Hope; then it was given to S. Mary's Band of Hope in the Davenant Schools, Whitechapel; next to the members of the Senior Band of Hope; and finally it is yet to be gone through before the Junior Band of Hope at S. Andrew's Hall; and possibly before the Band of Hope connected with S. Mark's Mission, Cambridge Heath.

We are glad to be able to report a decided increase in the number of children who attend the Band of Hope meetings. Of late the division of the Band into Companies, each with its distinctive colours and with its own Captain and Lieutenant, has done much to create an interest in and to add to the order of the meetings. Again we have to thank Miss Waring for all this, the result of much thought and labour on her part.

### S. Andrew's Men's Club.

DURING the past month the proposed alterations in the Club have been made to the general satisfaction of members.

The new billiard table is already amply justifying its existence, and the fact that this new table takes up less room than the bagatelle tables which used to occupy the same position in the Club, is a great convenience, and adds much to the comfort of members.

The old card room makes a very suitable bagatelle room, whilst card players find comfortable accommodation in the formerly unused entrance hall.

Altogether we may, as a Club, congratulate ourselves on the enlargement of our premises, especially as we are now at our full strength of 250 members.

A new Sub-Society in the shape of a Cycling Club is just about to start, and promises to be a success. Its organisation is already complete, and the first Club run is to take place almost immediately.

MINSTREL TROUPE.—The "Snowdrops" surpassed themselves on Wednesday, March 17th, S. Patrick's Day, when they gave their Irish night in the Parish Hall.

The Hall was crowded, and from all accounts the large audience was thoroughly pleased with the entertainment provided for it. It is said by



competent critics to have been the best performance the "Snowdrops" have yet given.

**ATHLETIC CLUB.**—During the past month there has been one Club race—a Six Miles Sealed Handicap, ending at the Institute, on Thursday, March 11th.

All started scratch, and came in as follows:—A. W. Dupree, 1st; C. Coombes, 2nd; G. F. Cleveley, 3rd; J. Bishop, 4th; W. Jones, 5th; J. Carson, 6th; W. Bishop, 7th; Alexander, 8th; and E. P. Cremin, 9th. But the working out of the Handicaps placed the winners as follows:—W. Jones, 1st; A. W. Dupree, 2nd; C. Coombes, 3rd; whilst the Novices' Prize went to Alexander.

On Saturday, March 20th, a Ten Miles' Handicap of the Highgate Harriers afforded a good deal of interest to members of S. Andrew's Club, inasmuch as A. W. Dupree of S.A.C. was a competitor. Some well known cross country inter-county men were running, so that Dupree's success was all the more a matter of rejoicing to S. Andrew's men.

He succeeded in coming in first by 150 yards, his actual time being just under 57½ minutes.

We congratulate our member on his victory.

### Mother's' Union.

As our day of meeting this month fell on Ash Wednesday, we thought it would be nice to make a little alteration in our routine. Accordingly, we assembled, at 2.30, in the Institute, and at 3 o'clock we went into the Church and had a nice little service. Mr. Mosley spoke to us on the subject of keeping Lent in a right way. He advised us—

1. To pray better—more carefully and more regularly.
2. To make up our minds to attend some particular service all through Lent.
3. To try to find out our besetting sin, and to do all we can to get the better of it.
4. To practice self-denial or self-sacrifice in some special form. He suggested that if not already a total abstainer, it would be a good thing to become one for the season of Lent. We should find we could do without Alcohol, and be the better for it; we should be setting a good example to our children, be doing what Jesus has told us to do by our act of self-denial, and we should be the stronger for it.

The Quarterly Service will be held in the Church on April 7th, at 3 o'clock.

### S. Andrew's Hall.

DURING Lent we are having a special course of addresses in the Chapel on Sundays, at 8.15

There is very little to report this month of doings at the hall.

THE SENIOR BAND OF HOPE, as is customary during Lent, have given up for the time the dissipation of dancing, and are busy learning a cantata, which they hope shortly to perform.

THE JUNIOR BAND OF HOPE are on the whole having a rather slack time. Some of them have, however, been busy preparing for the Diocesan Examination, which took place on March 6th.

They were invited to the Institute on February 30th to a Magic Lantern Entertainment, given by Mr. Edwards.

### C.E.T.S.

THE Entertainments arranged by the S. Andrew's Branch of the Church Temperance Society were concluded before Lent with a Dramatic Performance on March 1st. The members of the Oxford House Club Dramatic Society provided a very enjoyable evening by the performance of two farces, "Box and Cox" and "A Lottery Ticket," which were much appreciated by the large audience assembled in the Parish Hall.

During Lent three Lantern Lectures, illustrating religious progress during the sixty years of the Queen's Reign, were arranged, two of which have already taken place.

On Monday, March 15th, there was a Lecture on the Progress of the Church in England, illustrated by excellent slides; and on March 22nd the subject was continued by a Lecture with the title of "The Progress of the Church Abroad."

On April 5th there will be a third Lecture on the history of the Temperance movement.

### Offertories.

|                                                           | £   | s. | d. |
|-----------------------------------------------------------|-----|----|----|
| Quinquagesima Sunday ... ..                               | 2   | 10 | 1½ |
| Ash Wednesday (Church Penitentiary Association) ... ..    | 1   | 8  | 9  |
| 1st Sunday in Lent... ..                                  | 3   | 2  | 7½ |
| 2nd Sunday in Lent (Additional Curates' Societies) ... .. | 7   | 4  | 5½ |
| 3rd Sunday in Lent ... ..                                 | 3   | 0  | 7  |
|                                                           | £17 | 6  | 6½ |

### Boys' Club.

**DRAUGHT COMPETITION.**—The first of the three Competitions has been completed, and after some close games W. Tucker succeeded in winning. The second has been begun, and the first round nearly finished.

**DRUM AND FIFE BAND.**—We had a march out on Friday, February 19th, and we mustered fairly well, though the shortness of the notice caused some gaps in the ranks. The result was reported as satisfactory.

### Children's Country Holiday Fund.

THE opportunity given to parents and children of paying for their holiday by instalments on Wednesdays at 12.15 at the Institute has been largely taken advantage of. There are over a hundred names down, and the majority are paying in regularly. We would again urge parents not to delay at any rate in giving in names, even though they do not wish their children to go till the school holidays.

### Baptisms.

- |         |                                  |
|---------|----------------------------------|
| Feb. 24 | Samuel Robert Burrell.           |
| 24      | Betsy Gill.                      |
| 25      | Edith Gordon (private).          |
| 26      | Elsie Sophia Orton.              |
| 28      | Albert Bertie Carter.            |
| 28      | Esther Elizabeth Alice Thornton. |
| 28      | Lilian Mary Ann Wilshire.        |
| Mar. 3  | Walter Adams.                    |
| 6       | Martha Nash (private).           |
| 7       | Christopher John Boorman.        |
| 7       | Alice Elizabeth Kirby.           |
| 7       | William James Mortimer.          |
| 7       | Arthur Albert Collier.           |
| 10      | Louisa Maud Norris.              |
| 10      | Frederick Hutton.                |

### BAPTISMS (continued).

- |         |                        |
|---------|------------------------|
| Mar. 10 | Florence Hopkins.      |
| 14      | Alfred James Whiter.   |
| 14      | Elsie Smith.           |
| 14      | Bertram Abel Woodruff. |
| 14      | Walter Swain.          |
| 16      | Joseph John Moore.     |
| 17      | Bertha Sutton.         |
| 17      | Albert Charles Shoard. |
| 21      | Daisy Helen Bryden.    |
| 21      | Louisa Esther Dean.    |
| 21      | Caroline Louisa Mears. |

### Marriages.

- |         |                                           |
|---------|-------------------------------------------|
| Feb. 28 | Thomas Bennett and Ada Mary Ann Tight.    |
| Mar. 14 | Arthur Jacques and Agnes Catherine Hayes. |

## OUR WANTS.

**FLOWERS** for the Decoration of the Church at Easter. They should be addressed to Sister Mary, S. Andrew's Institute, and should arrive, if possible, not later than Saturday morning, April 17th.

**LETTERS** for Convalescent Homes. These are much needed, especially for the Homes at Folkestone and Eastbourne.

### ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS.

**A GRAND PIANO** for the Parish Hall.

**LETTERS** for the London Hospital.



# S. Andrew's Parish Magazine.

MAY, 1897.

## CLERGY.

*Priests* { The Rev. H. V. S. ECK, M.A.  
(Curate in Charge).  
The Rev. L. L. EDWARDS, M.A.  
The Rev. G. BERENS, M.A.  
The Rev. H. MOSLEY, M.A. } *The Vicarage.*  
*Deacon:* The Rev. M. P. GILLSON, B.A.

## DEACONESSSES.

(Of the All Saints East London Diocesan Community).

SISTER MARY, 5, Wilmot Street.  
SISTER EDITH, 5, Wilmot Street.

## PARISH NURSE.

Nurse WILLIAMS, 9, S. Andrew's Street.

## CHURCH WORKERS.

Miss BIRLEY, 9, S. Andrew's Street.  
Miss CRUMP, }  
Miss JAMES, } 5, Paradise Row.  
Miss A. NASH, }  
Miss HARINGTON, } S. Margaret's House.  
Miss A. M. HARINGTON, }  
Mrs. IRELAND, 10, S. Andrew's Street.  
Mrs. JACKSON, 118, Finnis Street.  
Miss McKENZIE, 227, Corfield Street.\*  
Miss NASH.  
Mrs. QUICK, 89, Wilmot Street.  
Miss WARING, 134, Bishop's Road.

## Church of S. Andrew.

### CHURCHWARDENS.

Mr. COOKMAN, 10, Finnis Street.  
Mr. UNWIN, 380, Bethnal Green Road.

### SIDESMEN.

Mr. CROOKES, Mr. McQUEEN, Mr. WANT, Mr. EARWAKER,  
Mr. SULLIVAN, Mr. MIZEN.

### ORGANIST.

Mr. F. F. PARKER.

## SERVICES.

DAILY .. .. 7.30. Mattins.  
8.0. Holy Communion.  
7.30. Evensong.  
SUNDAYS .. .. 7.0. Holy Communion (1st and  
3rd Sundays).  
8.0. Holy Communion.  
10.45. Mattins.  
11.30. Holy Communion (Choral)  
and Sermon.  
3.15. Children's Service.  
6.30. Evensong and Sermon.  
SAINTS' DAYS .. 6.30. Holy Communion.  
7.30. Mattins.  
8.0. Holy Communion.  
7.30. Evensong.  
FRIDAYS .. .. 8 p.m. Service of Intercession, with  
Instruction.

HOLY BAPTISM { Wednesdays, 11 a.m. and 7.30 p.m.  
Sundays, 4.30 p.m.  
CHURCHINGS—BEFORE any Service.

All seats in S. Andrew's Church are free and un-  
appropriated. Prayer and Hymn Books will be found on  
the shelves at the west end of the Church, and it is  
requested that they may be replaced there after Service.

Care of the Church—Mrs. MIZEN.

Care of the Sanctuary—Sister MARY and Sister EDITH.

## S. Andrew's Hall.

### SERVICES IN THE CHAPEL.

SUNDAYS .. 8.0. (3rd Sunday in the Month.) Holy  
Communion.  
8.15 p.m. Mission Service.  
MONDAYS .. 6.0 p.m. Children's Service.  
TUESDAYS .. 7.30 p.m. Evensong and Holy Baptism.

### GUILD OF S. ANDREW.

Secretary—Mr. H. ROBERTS, 45, Mape Street.

Meetings { 1st Tuesday—Committee.  
3rd Tuesday—General.

## SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

*Superintendents.*

S. Andrew's Insti- { 10 a.m. . . . Rev. G. BERENS.  
tute, Parish Hall { 3 p.m. (Boys) Rev. M. P. GILLSON  
Hague Street { 3 p.m. (Girls) Miss BIRLEY.  
Board School { 3 p.m. (Infants) Miss A. M. HARINGTON  
S. Andrew's Hall { 10 a.m. . . . Rev. H. MOSLEY.  
(Boys and Girls) { 3 p.m. . . . Rev. H. MOSLEY.

## SUNDAY CLASSES.

S. Andrew's { 3 p.m. (Boys) Rev. G. BERENS.  
Institute { 3 p.m. (Girls) Miss CRUMP.  
S. Andrew's Hall { 3 p.m. (Girls) The SISTERS.  
6.45 p.m. (Boys) Rev. H. MOSLEY.

## MEETING FOR MEN.

Institute (No. 6 Room), }  
Sunday, 8.15 p.m. } Rev. L. L. EDWARDS.

## WOMEN'S BIBLE CLASS.

Institute No. 6 Room, }  
Thursdays, 2.30 p.m. } Rev. G. BERENS.

## MOTHERS' MEETINGS (on Mondays at 2.30).

S. Andrew's Institute { Ground Floor—Miss WARING.  
First Floor—Miss BIRLEY.  
Parish Hall—Miss HARINGTON.  
S. Andrew's Hall .. . . . The SISTERS.

## CLUBS.

President—Rev. H. V. S. ECK.

### MEN'S CLUB.

S. Andrew's Institute. { Secretary—Rev. L. L. EDWARDS.  
Nightly, 8—11. { Treasurer—Rev. G. BERENS.  
Saturday, 5—11. { Librarian—Mr. J. H. ROSE.

### BOYS' CLUBS.

S. Andrew's Institute, { Secretary—Rev. G. BERENS.  
Nightly, 8—10. { Librarian—Miss WARING.  
S. Andrew's Hall, { Superintendent—Rev. H. MOSLEY  
Thursday, 8—10. }

### GIRLS' CLUB.

S. Andrew's Institute, { Superintendent—Miss CRUMP.  
Monday & Thursday, { Secretary—Miss BROADBEAR.  
8—10. { Librarian—Miss BOWYER.

Temperance Society—Secretary—Rev. G. BERENS.

Senior Girls' { S. Andrew's Inst.—Miss WHITWORTH.  
Band of Hope. { S. Andrew's Hall—Sister MARY.

Junior { S. Andrew's Inst.—Rev. L. L. EDWARDS.  
Band of Hope. { S. Andrew's Hall—Rev. H. MOSLEY.

Foreign Mission { Secretary—Rev. L. L. EDWARDS.  
Association. }

Home Mission Association—Secretary—Rev. G. BERENS.

Work Party { S. Andrew's Institute—Mrs. UNWIN and  
Miss A. M. HARINGTON.  
S. Andrew's Hall—The SISTERS.

# S. Andrew's Parish Magazine.

MAY, 1897.

## "The Coming of Augustine."

This is the title of a lecture which will be delivered by the Bishop of Stepney, in the Parish Hall, on Monday, May 31st. We hope that all who are interested in the history of the English Church will make a point of being present at this lecture. This year is the thirteen-hundredth anniversary of the landing of S. Augustine and his companions on the shores of Kent, and of the Baptism by him of King Ethelbert, who was the first of the seven kings, by whom England was then ruled, to embrace Christianity. The Bishop of Stepney has made a special study of this period of English history, and no one is better qualified than he to speak on the subject; we feel sure that many will be glad of this opportunity of marking so important an anniversary in the history of the Church, by being present in the Parish Hall on May 31st.

## Foreign Missions.

THE results of our Missionary box emptying at the end of March have been perhaps a little disappointing. We have paid in only £6 3s. 9d. to the S.P.G. for the quarter just ended, which is 20s, if not nearly 30s., below our average. Yet when one comes to analyse the sums which go to make up the amounts, it is seen that the deficiency arises from the fact that one or two of the larger sums were not received this time. So, after all, we must not be discouraged; and possibly this little deficiency may tend to keep us as an Association from being satisfied with ourselves. We would just once more remind members that *all* boxes will be called in at the end of June, in order that the ones now in use may be exchanged for the new Mission boxes, about which we wrote in a recent issue of the Magazine.

## Easter Vestry.

THE Annual Easter Vestry was held on Tuesday, April 27th, in Room No. 6 of the Institute, at 9 p.m.

Mr. Eck presided, and between twenty and thirty were present.

After prayers, the minutes of the last Vestry Meeting were read from the pages of the *Parish Magazine*.

In the absence of Mr. Unwin, Mr. Cookman, the People's Warden, read the Churchwardens' Balance Sheet, as printed on next page.

A question was asked as to the meaning of "Visitation Fees," which Mr. Cookman answered by explaining that the item in question referred to the fee charged by the Diocesan officials when the Churchwardens are sworn in. Mr. Eck added that it was needful that the Churchwardens should be sworn in, as otherwise they would have no legal standing.

The Balance Sheet was then unanimously passed.

Mr. Eck nominated Mr. Unwin to serve again as Vicar's Warden. Mr. Cookman, having been duly proposed and seconded as People's Warden, was unanimously elected.

Eight gentlemen were duly proposed and seconded to fill the six vacancies as Sidesmen. This entailed a ballot, and Messrs. Pickard and A. G. Simson were nominated to act as scrutineers.

As the result of the ballot, Messrs. G. Crookes, Earwaker, McQueen, Mizen, Sullivan and Want were declared duly elected.

Mr. Eck, in closing the meeting, spoke of the many reasons for thankfulness which had marked the seven months since his coming to S. Andrew's as Curate-in-Charge. He also mentioned, in connection with the Churchwardens' Accounts, his intention of publishing a Parochial Statement of Accounts in the autumn, in order that parishioners and others might have an opportunity of learning the sources whence the Parish Fund is derived and the objects on which it is expended.

He further added that the item in the Churchwardens' Balance Sheet under "Clergy Fund," was not a bonus to the Clergy, but went to meet the grant of the Additional Curates' Society towards the stipends of the Assistant Clergy.

A question having been asked as to why the new incandescent gas lights in the Church did not appear in the accounts, Mr. Eck replied that they were gifts from anonymous donors.

The gentleman who asked the question said that he wished to thank these kind donors for having effected so great an improvement in the Church.

The meeting closed with the recitation of the Apostles' Creed and the Blessing.



## CHURCHWARDENS' ACCOUNTS FOR THE YEAR ENDING EASTER, 1897.

## INCOME.

|                    | £   | s. | d. |
|--------------------|-----|----|----|
| Balance, 1896..... | 26  | 3  | 7½ |
| Offertories .....  | 225 | 0  | 11 |

## EXPENDITURE.

|                                                 | £  | s. | d. | £  | s. | d.        |
|-------------------------------------------------|----|----|----|----|----|-----------|
| Donations—                                      |    |    |    |    |    |           |
| Clergy Fund .....                               | 30 | 12 | 0  |    |    |           |
| Additional Curates' Society .....               | 13 | 0  | 7  |    |    |           |
| East London Church Fund .....                   | 10 | 17 | 7  |    |    |           |
| Bishop of London's Fund .....                   | 14 | 0  | 0  |    |    |           |
| East London Nursing Society .....               | 7  | 3  | 6  |    |    |           |
| Ruri-Decanal Conference .....                   | 0  | 10 | 0  |    |    |           |
| Society for Propagating the Gospel..            | 2  | 13 | 0  |    |    |           |
| Church of England Temperance Scty.              | 4  | 14 | 2  |    |    |           |
| Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge ..... | 2  | 10 | 0  |    |    |           |
| London Diocesan Board of Education              | 3  | 18 | 8  |    |    |           |
| Hospital Sunday Fund .....                      | 14 | 15 | 0  |    |    |           |
| Queen Adelaide's Dispensary .....               | 8  | 12 | 6  |    |    |           |
|                                                 |    |    |    |    |    | 113 7 0   |
| Wages—                                          |    |    |    |    |    |           |
| Organ Blower .....                              | 4  | 10 | 0  |    |    |           |
| Mr. Parker (Organist) .....                     | 52 | 0  | 0  |    |    |           |
| Mrs. Mizen (Church Cleaning) ....               | 21 | 0  | 0  |    |    |           |
| Ditto (Washing Surplices and Materials) .....   | 6  | 0  | 0  |    |    |           |
|                                                 |    |    |    |    |    | 83 10 0   |
| Repairs and Incidentals—                        |    |    |    |    |    |           |
| Visitation Fees .....                           | 0  | 18 | 0  |    |    |           |
| Communion Wine .....                            | 4  | 19 | 0  |    |    |           |
| Cheque Book .....                               | 0  | 2  | 6  |    |    |           |
| Gas—Four Quarters (to March, 1897)              | 18 | 7  | 1  |    |    |           |
| Insurance (to March, 1898) .....                | 1  | 17 | 6  |    |    |           |
| Coals and Coke .....                            | 8  | 8  | 5  |    |    |           |
| New Steps .....                                 | 0  | 4  | 6  |    |    |           |
| Church Notices .....                            | 0  | 2  | 6  |    |    |           |
| Water Rate (to Midsummer) .....                 | 1  | 1  | 0  |    |    |           |
| Padlock for Poor Box .....                      | 0  | 7  | 0  |    |    |           |
| One Dozen Mantels for Gas .....                 | 0  | 15 | 0  |    |    |           |
| Sundry Repairs .....                            | 0  | 5  | 0  |    |    |           |
| Sweep .....                                     | 0  | 2  | 0  |    |    |           |
| Messrs. Hill & Son—Organ Tuning..               | 3  | 0  | 0  |    |    |           |
|                                                 |    |    |    |    |    | 40 9 6    |
|                                                 |    |    |    |    |    | £237 6 6  |
| Balance .....                                   |    |    |    | 13 | 18 | 0½        |
|                                                 |    |    |    |    |    | £251 4 6½ |

£251 4 6½

WILLIAM UNWIN,  
WILLIAM COOKMAN, } Churchwardens.

## Girls' Club.

THE Members of the Girls' Club are preparing to give an Entertainment, more especially to their parents and friends, as a kind of wind up of their winter term. It will take place in the Parish Hall, on Monday, May 17th, at 8 p.m., and will consist of a Display of Musical Drill, the performance of a

little Play, and a Sale of the Work which the girls have made since the re-opening of the Club last October. The charge for admission will be 2d., and we hope that the girls' parents will make a special effort to attend, and thereby shew their interest in the Club. Any profit which is made will be devoted to the expenses of carrying on the Club.

### C.E.T.S.—S. Andrew's Branch.

S. ANDREW'S Temperance Society has suffered somewhat of late from the fact that it has been without a Secretary. Although the Assistant Secretary, Mr. A. G. Simson, and the other officers have tried to stop the gap, yet the departure of Mr. Johnson, at the beginning of the year, left the Society without the one official on whom it most depends.

The General Meeting, held on Saturday, April 24th, had for one of its objects the remedying of this defect; and when the President proposed Mr. Berens for the vacant post, the proposition was received with unanimous and loudly-expressed approval.

The General Meeting, at which this important step was taken, was preceded by a tea for members in the Hall, at which forty were present. Then came Evensong, at which the Rev. A. Allen, Vicar of S. Stephen's, Spitalfields, gave an excellent address.

The meeting followed at about 8.30.

Before the formal business was proceeded with, Mr. Allen was asked to give an account of their method of carrying on Temperance work in S. Stephen's Parish; and in the course of his explanation he furnished some very useful hints which were afterwards embodied in the resolutions regarding the future work in S. Andrew's Parish.

The chief decision, arrived at after much discussion, was to try the experiment of a weekly meeting in S. Andrew's Hall on Saturday nights.

At these meetings it was resolved to have a long interval, during which the men present might have an opportunity of going into another room for a smoke, and during which refreshments at low prices might be on sale.

Members were urged to do their best to make these meetings a success, by bringing friends and acquaintances to them.

It is hoped that these regular meetings may be commenced in two or three weeks' time.

Six members of the Committee had to retire at his meeting, all of whom, with one exception, were re-elected. The Committee now consists of the following: Messrs. Crookes, Crossan, Cookman, Baxter, Pickard, Mudd, Hawkins and Jarman; and the Misses Caseley, Jennings, A. Nash, Newley, James and Waring.

CRYSTAL PALACE FETE.—On Saturday, May 8th, we are hoping to take a party of our Junior Band of Hope children to this Annual Festival.

In spite of their paying a portion of their expenses, a good sum will be required to make up the deficiency. To aid in raising this, a performance of the "Flower Queen" is to be given in the Parish Hall on Monday, May 3rd, at 8.30 p.m., at which we hope all parents and friends of Bands of Hope children will be present; and for the privilege and pleasure of being present we ask them to contribute the modest sum of 2d. towards the object above named.

Combined rail and admission tickets may be obtained at the Vicarage, Whitechapel (Mile End) Station, to the Palace and back, with admission: Adults, 1s. 6d. each; Children, 9½d. each.

For further particulars as to the Fête we would refer readers to the placards on the Church Notice Boards.

### S. Andrew's Men's Club.

THERE are one or two coming events to which we would draw the attention of our readers.

THE CRICKET CLUB has just commenced operations for this season, and as it stands in need of funds, especially to meet the heavy rent for its ground at Walthamstow, it is organising an Entertainment to be given on Monday, May 24th, the Queen's Birthday, in the Parish Hall.

The Helpers' Club has kindly volunteered its services, and will give a Concert and Dramatic Performance. Doors open at 8 o'clock, and the Concert begins at 8.30 p.m. For programmes, apply to Mr. Buckey, or to any of the members of the Cricket Club.

THE SNOWDROP MINSTRELS, as a wind-up to their very successful winter campaign, are having a benefit performance in the Parish Hall, on Saturday, May 8th. Doors open at 7.30, to commence at 8 p.m. Mr. Buttle, the hon. sec., or any of the minstrels, will be glad to supply programmes to friends.

Of other Club news there is not a large supply this month.

We may mention the fact, however, that the projected Cycling Club is getting well into shape, and hopes to have a Club run on the day on which this Magazine is issued.

We have to congratulate one of our members, G. W. Bishop, on coming in second in a six hours' bicycle race, at the Crystal Palace, on Saturday, April 24th. At the third hour he was leading by a full mile, but, unfortunately, failed to maintain



his lead. His final place, however, is highly creditable to himself, and to S. Andrew's Club, which is thus maintaining its athletic reputation outside its own borders.

### S. Andrew's Choir.

At Evensong on April 10th the following boys were admitted to the Choir:—George Davey, William Davey, Arthur Howard.

### S. Andrew's Guild.

ON Tuesday in Easter Week the April meeting of the Guild took the form of a Tea and Social Evening. After tea at 6.30 in the Parish Hall, we all adjourned to Church and sang Evensong, returning to the Institute for the remainder of the evening. There we found tables laid out with countless varieties of games, which kept us thoroughly busy and amused for some hours, though some of the older and more boisterous members, not content with this peaceful form of recreation, insisted on a game of Musical Chairs, which they carried out with much vigour. It was not till 10.30 that this very sociable evening began to break up and we set off homewards, some of our members having a considerable distance to go.

### Boys' Club.

**DRAUGHTS COMPETITION.**—The second of these has been finished, and this time W. Nicholls succeeded in winning, and we are now beginning the third Competition.

**CRICKET.**—In point of numbers this year we have begun well, as we have more than enough for two teams. We have a ground at Walthamstow for the first team. At a meeting held lately a committee of five were elected to manage affairs generally, and select the first team week by week. We are gradually filling up our dates.

Has any kind reader any old Bats, Pads, or even stumps, in good condition? We should be thankful for them.

**GYMNASIUM.**—We hope shortly to hold a Drill Competition among ourselves, both in dumb-bells and bar-bells. The prizes will be medals, and there will be two in each band of drill.

**DRUM AND FIFE BAND.**—An intended march out on April 9th was unfortunately put a stop to by wet weather.

### Mothers' Union.

At our Quarterly Service in the Church on Wednesday, April 7th, Mr. Berens gave us a short address, taking for his text, the 8th verse of the 39th Psalm—"And now, Lord, what is my hope:

truly my hope is even in Thee." He reminded us of what Mr. Mozley had said to us on Ash Wednesday as to the right way of keeping Lent. Lent was drawing to a close, and probably we were all feeling disappointed at the little progress we had made. Our accuser—conscience—is always with us, bringing to mind what we have left undone, and what we have done wrong in the past. We must not let this depress us overmuch, but must look to the Cross and lay our burden and wrongdoing at the foot of it. Hope is a necessity for all of us. True, we have fallen far short of what we had intended in the past, but still there is the hope of doing better in the future. Mothers need hope in bringing up their children, and trust in Christ and the Cross.

Three mothers were admitted as members of the Union.

Our next meeting will be in the Institute, on Wednesday, May 5th, at 2.30.

### S. Andrew's Hall.

THERE is little to report of the past month at S. Andrew's Hall. The only service we had in the Chapel on Good Friday was one for the infants at 4 p.m., the older children going to S. Andrew's Church at the same hour. The Chapel was full, and the behaviour and attention of the infants was quite wonderful. Mr. Gillson told them the story of the Cross, and as they went out they received a picture of the Crucifixion.

**EASTER DAY.** We had our share of beautiful flowers. For this we have chiefly to thank the children of Bideford, in Devonshire, who picked quite a large hamper full of primroses. They were sent off by Mr. Johnson, and arrived in splendid condition on Easter Eve.

We have also gratefully to acknowledge an Easter Gift of two Alms Bags, making our set now complete; all have been the gift of the same donor.

**JUNIOR BAND OF HOPE.** We have received the result of the Diocesan Temperance Examination, and on the whole we have done well. John Stevens has won for us the Rural Dean's Prize, given to the boy who gets the highest marks in the Deanery. The following is the result:—

|                    |                                               |
|--------------------|-----------------------------------------------|
| John Stevens,      | 1st Class Prize, and also Rural Dean's Prize. |
| Edward Fitz,       | 2nd Class Prize.                              |
| Benjamin Thompson, | 3rd Class Prize.                              |
| Alice Thompson,    | "                                             |
| Mary Morgan,       | "                                             |
| Lizzie Traxler,    | "                                             |
| Amelia Slow,       | "                                             |
| Mary Rowe,         | Certificate.                                  |
| Sarah Hyams,       | "                                             |
| Maud Place,        | "                                             |

### Senior Band of Hope.

Will members of the Institute Senior Band of Hope please take notice that on Tuesday next, May 4th, they will meet at S. Andrew's Hall, Cambridge Road, instead of at the Institute. Mr. Taylor and friends have kindly promised a performance of two short operettas at 8.30 p.m. Miss Whitworth wishes members to bring a friend each on this occasion, and it is hoped that there will be a good muster on this evening.

### Children's Country Holiday Fund.

If all the children whose names are down already (the majority of whom are paying weekly), intend to go during the month of the school holidays, we shall not have room for many more at that time, if for any; so if there is any one who wants to go then, they had better get their names down at once. Wednesday, 12.15, at the Institute, St. Andrew's Street; here is the opportunity, and if not taken there will be no one to blame, except those who do not take advantage of it.

### Offerings.

|                                                    | £   | s. | d.                             |
|----------------------------------------------------|-----|----|--------------------------------|
| 4th Sunday in Lent ... ..                          | 2   | 11 | 7 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>4</sub>  |
| 5th Sunday in Lent ... ..                          | 3   | 4  | 10 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub> |
| Palm Sunday ... ..                                 | 2   | 18 | 3 <sup>5</sup> / <sub>4</sub>  |
| Maundy Thursday (Reigate Convalescent Home) ... .. | 1   | 11 | 6 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>  |
| Easter Day (Parochial Clergy Fund) ...             | 14  | 0  | 0                              |
| 1st Sunday after Easter ... ..                     | 3   | 0  | 5 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>  |
|                                                    | £27 | 6  | 9 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>  |

### Baptisms.

|          |                           |
|----------|---------------------------|
| March 24 | Jessie Mary Ann Oliver    |
| 24       | Mary Ann Box              |
| 24       | Rose Ellis                |
| 24       | Frederick Ellis           |
| 28       | Albert Edward French      |
| 28       | Rose Elizabeth Morris     |
| 28       | Mary Ann Callf            |
| 31       | Charles William Hart      |
| 31       | Ethel Maud Hawkins        |
| 31       | Richard Barnard           |
| 31       | Lily Margaret Benson      |
| April 4  | John Alfred Jaycock       |
| 4        | Sidney James Jaycock      |
| 4        | William Frederick Manning |
| 4        | Henry Lionel Purchas      |
| 4        | George Henry Darke        |
| 4        | May Riches                |
| 4        | Joseph Henry Raphael      |
| 7        | Harry Smith               |

### BAPTISMS—continued.

|         |                              |
|---------|------------------------------|
| April 7 | John Smith                   |
| 7       | Sophia Elizabeth Fallowfield |
| 7       | Robert Henry Turner          |
| 11      | Victor William Custance      |
| 11      | Albert James Barnes          |
| 11      | Charles Alfred Field         |
| 11      | Charles Alfred Belbeck       |
| 11      | Charles Henry Webb           |
| 11      | John William Fish            |
| 14      | Emma Sarah Colnutt           |
| 14      | Ethel Winifred Manning       |
| 14      | William Leonard Collins      |
| 18      | Henry William Joseph Taylor  |
| 18      | Walter Reeder                |
| 18      | Edwin Reeder                 |
| 18      | Thomas Arthur Noble          |
| 18      | Annie Charlotte Tomkins      |
| 18      | William Robert Charles Shaw  |
| 18      | Edith Jessie Shaw            |
| 25      | William Joseph Swift         |
| 25      | Edith Ellen Kennett          |

### Marriages.

|          |                                                  |
|----------|--------------------------------------------------|
| April 14 | Robert Noah Pullman and Alice Whiffin            |
| 17       | James Reuben Starten and Harriet Sharp           |
| 18       | Richard Durham and Mary Elizabeth Osborn         |
| 18       | Alfred James Watson and Mary Ann Flinn           |
| 19       | Alfred James Rowe Shephard and Eliza Horlock     |
| 20       | Alfred Victor Gale and Louisa Annie Maria Yetton |

## OUR WANTS.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS.

LETTERS for Convalescent Homes.

A GRAND PIANO for the Parish Hall.

OFFERS of Hospitality in the Country to the Members of our Men's Club, and their Wives, on Whitsun Monday (about 200 in all).



# S. Andrew's Parish Magazine.

JUNE, 1897.

## CLERGY.

*Priests* { The Rev. H. V. S. ECK, M.A.  
 (Curate in Charge).  
 The Rev. L. L. EDWARDS, M.A.  
 The Rev. G. BERENS, M.A.  
 The Rev. H. MOSLEY, M.A.  
*Deacon*: The Rev. M. P. GILLSON, B.A. } *The Vicarage.*

## DEACONESSES.

(Of the All Saints East London Diocesan Community).

SISTER MARY, 5, Wilmot Street.  
 SISTER EDITH, 5, Wilmot Street.

## PARISH NURSE.

Nurse WILLIAMS, 9, S. Andrew's Street.

## CHURCH WORKERS.

Miss BIRLEY, 9, S. Andrew's Street.  
 Miss CRUMP, }  
 Miss JAMES, } 5, Paradise Row.  
 Miss A. NASH,  
 Miss HARINGTON, } S. Margaret's House.  
 Miss A. M. HARINGTON,  
 Mrs. IRELAND, 10, S. Andrew's Street.  
 Mrs. JACKSON, 118, Finnis Street.  
 Miss MCKENZIE, 227, Corfield Street.  
 Miss NASH.  
 Mrs. QUICK, 89, Wilmot Street.  
 Miss WARING, 134, Bishop's Road.

## Church of S. Andrew.

### CHURCHWARDENS.

Mr. COOKMAN, 10, Finnis Street.  
 Mr. UNWIN, 380, Bethnal Green Road.

### SIDESMEN.

Mr. CROOKES, Mr. MCQUEEN, Mr. WANT, Mr. EARWAKER,  
 Mr. SULLIVAN, Mr. MIZEN.

### ORGANIST.

Mr. F. P. PARKER.

## SERVICES.

DAILY .. .. 7.30. Mattins.  
 .. .. 8.0. Holy Communion.  
 .. .. 7.30. Evensong.  
 SUNDAYS .. .. 7.0. Holy Communion (1st and  
 .. .. 3rd Sundays).  
 .. .. 8.0. Holy Communion.  
 .. .. 10.45. Mattins.  
 .. .. 11.30. Holy Communion (Choral)  
 .. .. and Sermon.  
 .. .. 3.15. Children's Service.  
 .. .. 6.30. Evensong and Sermon.  
 SAINTS' DAYS .. 6.30. Holy Communion.  
 .. .. 7.30. Mattins.  
 .. .. 8.0. Holy Communion.  
 .. .. 7.30. Evensong.  
 FRIDAYS .. .. 8 p.m. Service of Intercession, with  
 .. .. Instruction.

HOLY BAPTISM { Wednesdays, 11 a.m. and 7.30 p.m.  
 { Sundays, 4.30 p.m.  
 CHURCHINGS—BEFORE any Service.

All seats in S. Andrew's Church are free and unappropriated. Prayer and Hymn Books will be found on the shelves at the west end of the Church, and it is requested that they may be replaced there after Service.

Care of the Church—Mrs. MIZEN.

Care of the Sanctuary—Sister MARY and Sister EDITH.

## S. Andrew's Hall.

### SERVICES IN THE CHAPEL.

SUNDAYS .. 8.0. (3rd Sunday in the Month.) Holy  
 .. .. Communion.  
 .. .. 8.15 p.m. Mission Service.  
 MONDAYS .. 6.0 p.m. Children's Service.  
 TUESDAYS .. 7.30 p.m. Evensong and Holy Baptism.

### GUILD OF S. ANDREW.

Secretary—Mr. H. ROBERTS, 45, Mape Street.

Meetings { 1st Tuesday—Committee.  
 { 3rd Tuesday—General.

## SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

*Superintendents.*

S. Andrew's Insti- { 10 a.m. .. .. Rev. G. BERENS.  
 tute, Parish Hall { 3 p.m. (Boys) Rev. M. P. GILLSON  
 Hague Street { 3 p.m. (Girls) Miss BIRLEY.  
 Board School { 3 p.m. (Infants) Miss A. M. HARINGTON  
 S. Andrew's Hall { 10 a.m. .. .. Rev. H. MOSLEY.  
 (Boys and Girls) { 3 p.m. .. .. Rev. H. MOSLEY.

## SUNDAY CLASSES.

S. Andrew's { 3 p.m. (Boys) Rev. G. BERENS.  
 Institute { 3 p.m. (Girls) Miss CRUMP.  
 S. Andrew's Hall { 3 p.m. (Girls) The SISTERS.  
 { 6.45 p.m. (Boys) Rev. H. MOSLEY.

## MEETING FOR MEN.

Institute (No. 6 Room), }  
 Sunday, 8.15 p.m. } Rev. L. L. EDWARDS.

## WOMEN'S BIBLE CLASS.

Institute No. 6 Room, }  
 Thursdays, 2.30 p.m. } Rev. G. BERENS.

## MOTHERS' MEETINGS (on Mondays at 2.30).

S. Andrew's Institute { Ground Floor—Miss WARING.  
 { First Floor—Miss BIRLEY.  
 Parish Hall—Miss HARINGTON.  
 S. Andrew's Hall .. .. The SISTERS.

## CLUBS.

*President*—Rev. H. V. S. ECK.

### MEN'S CLUB.

S. Andrew's Institute. { *Secretary*—Rev. L. L. EDWARDS.  
 Nightly, 8—11. { *Treasurer*—Rev. G. BERENS.  
 Saturday, 5—11. { *Librarian*—Mr. J. H. ROSE.

### BOYS' CLUBS.

S. Andrew's Institute, { *Secretary*—Rev. G. BERENS.  
 Nightly, 8—10. { *Librarian*—Miss WARING.  
 S. Andrew's Hall, {  
 Thursday, 8—10. { *Superintendent*—Rev. H. MOSLEY

### GIRLS' CLUB.

S. Andrew's Institute, { *Superintendent*—Miss CRUMP.  
 Monday & Thursday, { *Secretary*—Miss BROADBEAR.  
 9—10. { *Librarian*—Miss BOWYER.

Temperance Society—*Secretary*—Rev. G. BERENS.

Senior Girls' { S. Andrew's Inst.—Miss WHITWORTH.  
 Band of Hope. { S. Andrew's Hall—Sister MARY.

Junior { S. Andrew's Inst.—Rev. L. L. EDWARDS  
 Band of Hope. { S. Andrew's Hall—Rev. H. MOSLEY.

Foreign Mission {  
 Association. { *Secretary*—Rev. L. L. EDWARDS.

Home Mission Association—*Secretary*—Rev. G. BERENS.

Work Party { S. Andrew's Institute—Mrs. UNWIN and  
 { Miss A. M. HARINGTON.  
 S. Andrew's Hall—The SISTERS.

# S. Andrew's Parish Magazine.

JUNE, 1897.

## Letter to the Parishioners.

DEAR PEOPLE OF S. ANDREW'S,

It is now some months since we addressed a letter to you, and although there is no one special subject to which we desire to call your attention, there are yet one or two matters which we should like to commend to your notice at this time.

(1). We are anxious to ask your help in the work of the Temperance Society; we need much more zeal and unselfishness in this work, and we hope that the Temperance Society is awakening to renewed vigour and activity since its last General Meeting. No-one who knows anything of the conditions of life in our Parish can be ignorant of the havoc and misery wrought in so many homes and lives by the terrible curse of drunkenness, and knowing them can fail to see the need of organised and determined warfare against them. Please remember that we want your help; we cannot carry on this work without it. Will *every Total Abstainer* in this Parish, no matter how he or she may differ from us in other ways, join our Society.

(2). The time for Summer Outings and Excursions is drawing near. We are making a special appeal on another page of the Magazine for help from its readers outside our own Parish in carrying them through, but our chief ground of appeal to them is that the people of S. Andrew's do all they can themselves to make those Outings and Excursions possible. The children of the Sunday Schools and Bands of Hope contribute towards the expenses of their excursion according to a fixed scale, which will be the same as last year, and those belonging to elder organisations have always paid a large proportion of the cost of their excursion. It is a matter for real regret to us that one or two of the larger excursions will have to fall through this year, it being quite impossible to provide for their entertainment in the country.

(3). We wish to call your attention to an important move in the extension of our Guild system to the younger members of our Parish. The first step in that direction has been taken by the formation of a Children's Branch of the Guild, of which full particulars will be found elsewhere; this will be followed by the formation of two more branches (one for boys and one for girls) for those

who have left day-school and gone to work, but who are still too young to join the Adult Branch. "Union is strength," and the great importance of banding ourselves together in this way must be plain to all. Those who know how great a blessing S. Andrew's Guild has proved itself will, we feel sure, welcome this extension of its principles to those younger than themselves, and do what they can to help them.

Commending you all to the grace of God,

We are,

Your Servants for CHRIST's sake,

H. V. S. ECK.

L. L. EDWARDS.

G. BERENS.

H. MOSLEY.

M. P. GILLSON.

## Thirteen Hundred Years.

WE have heard a great deal lately about the sixty years between 1837 and 1897, and we shall be very soon keeping, as loyal subjects, the anniversary of that 20th of June on which Her Majesty ascended the throne of this country. But there is another anniversary which should also be very much in the minds of English people this month. It is an anniversary that takes us back, not sixty but thirteen-hundred years, to that date in the year 597 when the Christian missionary, S. Augustine, landed on the shores of Kent, and to that Whitsuntide in the same year when he baptised the King of Kent and thus laid the foundation of our English Christianity. As already announced, we in this Parish are to have an opportunity of hearing an account of S. Augustine's mission from the Bishop of Stepney, who is most kindly coming to give a lecture on the subject in the Parish Hall on May 31st, and there will also be solemn services of thanksgiving in S. Andrew's Church on Sunday, June 27th, which is to be observed by order of the Bishop of London, in memory of King Ethelbert's baptism and of the beginning of Christianity among the English people.

## S. Andrew's Guild.

THE "May Meeting" of S. Andrew's Guild was held in the Parish Hall, on Tuesday, May 18th. In view of the approaching excursion to Canterbury a lecture was given by the Warden on "Canterbury



Cathedral, its History and Architecture." It was pointed out how the history and interest of the Cathedral centres round two great names, S. Augustine and S. Thomas à Becket, and a brief account was given of both these great men as far as their history concerned the Cathedral. The lecturer then described the gradual building of the present Cathedral on the site of S. Augustine's Church during the four-hundred years between 1096, when the Crypt was begun, and 1500, when the beautiful central tower was finished. After the lecture, some beautiful views of Canterbury Cathedral and S. Martin's Church were shewn through the magic lantern, and the meeting closed, after some details about the Excursion had been announced, with the singing of a hymn and the Blessing.

The last day for the bandmasters and bandmistresses to give in the names of those wishing to join the excursion will be Tuesday, June 1st, so that names must be given in to them before that day. The Secretary of the Guild will be in the Vestry between 8.15 and 9 p.m., on June 1st, to receive names and payments.

The next meeting of the Guild will be the Quarterly Service in Church on Tuesday, June 15th, at which the address will be given by the Rev. Cyril Hallett, of All Saints, Notting Hill.

### Children's Branch of the Guild.

THE Children's Service, which has been held for some months on Saturday mornings, has enabled us to make it the basis of a regular organisation which will become the Children's Branch of S. Andrew's Guild, and it is hoped that parents may welcome its formation as a help to them in training their children in the true faith and fear of God. We can best explain the Guild by printing below the statement of its object and rules, as they are expressed on the card which is given to each child on admission as a probationer: they are as follows:

#### OBJECT.

To band together the children of the Church under a simple rule of life, with a view to Confirmation in later years.

#### RULES.

(1). To come to Church on Saturday mornings, or to the Children's Evensong on Sunday nights.

(2). To say prayers morning and evening, kneeling.

(3). To be obedient to parents at home, and to teachers at Sunday School and Day School, as a religious duty.

#### CONSTITUTION.

(1). Parents' permission must be obtained before joining.

(2). Everyone admitted will be given a card of rules, and will become a probationer for six months.

(3). At the end of six months, if the rules have been kept, the Child may be admitted to full membership, and will then receive a badge.

### The Coming Excursion Season.

ONCE more we venture to appeal to our readers outside Bethnal Green to help us in the way of funds for some of our excursions. Our strongest ground of appeal, as we have said elsewhere, is that we do our utmost to help ourselves. S. Andrew's knows no such thing as a *free* excursion; people may talk of pauperising and bribery, but even supposing we desired to bribe children to be good, or to pauperise their elders by indiscriminate giving, we could not do so, for the very best possible reason, namely that we have got nothing to do it with. No; a day's outing in the country and a sixpenny or ninepenny tea does not bribe or pauperise, and all our organisations pay a good proportion towards their own excursion. But, alas, the remaining proportion has to come out of the Parish Fund, and the Parish Fund is just now not at all in a condition to bear the strain. So we venture to appeal for a special fund out of which we may be able to subsidise our excursions. Many have been the calls upon the charitable public this Jubilee year; there are times when we are inclined to murmur at the way in which so ordinary and commonplace an object as an East London parish gets crowded out. Please, kind friends, do not forget that we look to you to make our excursions possible, and that without your help the Jubilee year will bring cause for woe instead of for mirth!

### Girls' Club.

MONDAY, May 17th, is a date to be much remembered in the annals of the Girl's Club, for it was the day—long-expected and long prepared for—on which the members of the Club were to give a display of their Musical Drill and of their dramatic

powers before an audience of their many friends and relations in the Parish Hall. Certainly it appeared that great interest was taken in their doings, for at the hour named for the performance to commence the hall was filled by a splendid audience, so many in fact that many of them had to be content with standing room, like the passengers on the Great Eastern Railway on a Saturday afternoon.

After a few words from Mr. Eck, explaining the two-fold object of the entertainment—first to provide funds for the expenses of the Club, and secondly, to shew parents and others something of what was done in the Club—the programme commenced with Musical Drill under the direction of Miss Bingley. The girls went through their performance excellently, and their pretty uniform dresses and the regularity of their drill excited much admiration, this being especially the case when the gas was turned low and the girls went through a maze, carrying Chinese lanterns of many sizes and shapes and colours. Then came an interval, during which the public were requested to patronise two stalls laden with needlework made in the Club, and the refreshment stall kindly held by Mrs. Mizen, for the benefit of the Club. This was followed by a short sketch called “Mrs. Willis’s Will,” in which five girls took part; after which, another short interval was required for the re-arrangement of the hall, and the clearing of the central part for the second part of the drill; this was carried out with as much precision and regularity as the former, and ended with a second display of the lantern maze. Thus ended a very successful evening, and the large audience gradually dispersed well satisfied, we feel sure, with the entertainment which they had witnessed.

Very many thanks are due to all who helped to bring the evening to such a successful conclusion, especially to Miss Bingley, for all the trouble she took in training the girls, to Miss Birley, for playing the accompaniments, and to all those who gave so much of their time and trouble to preparing the hall for the entertainment.

### **S. Andrew’s Hall.**

A VERY fair number of our Band of Hope children joined the Institute party at the Crystal Palace for the Temperance Fête. We were enabled to do this by the kind offer of Miss Waring and Mr. Edwards that we should share in the proceeds of their entertainment, given in the Parish Hall. Accordingly,

a good many of us mustered at the Institute, on Saturday morning, May 8th, and marched off for the day. No disasters occurred, Stevens received his prizes, no one was lost, and chaperoned by Miss Nash and Miss James, we got back to the Hall about 10 p.m., tired, but in the best of spirits.

The Infants’ Band of Hope used to revel in two treats a year; this year a compromise has been effected, and instead of a tea at Christmas, and another in the summer, we have one at Easter. This by no means implies that the infants are any less deserving than they were, but it was thought that as the same infants belong to the Sunday School, one Band of Hope treat was sufficient.

We have so often described these infant parties that it is enough to say that the one held on Thursday, May 13th, was more than up to the usual form, and nothing was wanting. The infants were there to the number of 115; they devoured more tea than usual, and they romped and sang as lustily as ever. Verily a hearty function is an infants’ tea.

### **Mothers’ Union.**

OUR meeting on May 5th was fairly well attended, but we should like to see a great many more of our members attending these monthly meetings more regularly.

Mrs. Rathbourne—a friend of Miss McKenzie—gave us a very helpful and interesting address upon mothers’ duties to their children.

She first reminded us that God has reserved real motherhood in its fullest sense to the highest of His created creatures—viz., human beings. If we look at the lowest of His creation we find birth and maternity, but not motherhood. Children must be trained from their earliest infancy to manhood or womanhood, and in order to train our children aright, we must first train ourselves. It is a well-known fact that children inherit their parents’ bodily habits, and so also do they inherit their spiritual habits, which is another very strong reason for special care in the parents.

First we must pray for our children, presenting them before God altogether and singly, praying for the special need of each child.

There is a wonderful power in influence, both within the limit of our family circles and also amongst our circle of friends and acquaintances. Whether we will or no, we influence either for good or evil all with whom we associate. A mother’s influence is the greatest power of all, therefore a tremendous responsibility. A child who had a good



mother said that mother was the beginning, the middle and the end of all that went on in the home, that is what all our children should be able to say of us. We need the power of being always ready to sympathise with our children, whether in little or great things. A little thing is but a little thing, but it is a great thing to do a little thing well; and we must teach our children to do their little duties well. Life is made up of little things, but they must be well done.

Our next meeting will be held on Wednesday, June 2nd, at 2.30 o'clock, in the Institute.

### Home Missions.

THE Annual Meeting of the Additional Curates' Society was held in the Church House on Tuesday, May 18th, under the presidency of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who said that the Additional Curates' Society was one of many good societies, but that it worked on the best lines and fell in with the Church's rules. Those who are asked to support it, are really asked to trust the Church as a Church.

Among other speakers the Rev. D. C. Boyle, who has addressed our Association, pointed out that it has been computed that in this Christian land 5,000,000 were ignorant of Christianity. The Bishop of Lichfield, Mr. Jones and the Rev. J. Beeby also spoke.

We should like to call our members' attention to the fact that the Festival Service of the East London Church Fund will be held in S. Paul's Cathedral on June 10th, at 7.30.

### C.E.T.S.—S. Andrew's Branch.

WE are hoping to spend our energy during the summer months on open-air meetings, to be held at least once a month. We hope that all members will have due notice of the date and place of these meetings, and will endeavour to attend to make them successful. It was considered advisable by the Committee that the weekly meetings on Saturdays in S. Andrew's Hall should not be begun till the winter months. We are hoping to take part in a "Jubilee" demonstration in Victoria Park on July 3rd, under the auspices of the London United Temperance Council.

In the London Diocesan Temperance Examination Miss Newley and Miss Pitt entered; the former obtained a second-class and the latter a third.

### Boys' Club.

GYMNASIUM.—After regular practice and hard work at our musical drill we had a competition among ourselves on Wednesday, May 5th. Our instructor brought down two of his friends to act as judges; and there were 14 competitors. After a real good display of both dumb-bells and bar-bells, the following were judged the winners of the medals: prize for the best all-round was awarded to F. Thompson; while in the bar-bells, E. Greenwood was first and W. Catherall second; in dumb-bells, H. Deason took the first prize and H. Switzer the second. The whole competition was very close, as the marks showed; and the judges expressed themselves as well satisfied with the form exhibited all round.

We closed our season at the end of last month; and hope next year to be able to invite our friends to a display.

CRICKET.—We have begun really well as regards numbers. The Committee meets every week to choose teams and settle details. For practice we had a match at Walthamstow among ourselves; and on Saturday, May 15th, our First Eleven played Pelham Home, in Victoria Park, and got seriously beaten, the bowling of Messrs. Ede and Earnshaw being too much for our batsmen, and their batting being too good for our bowling. On the 22nd, at Walthamstow, we had a practice match between the First and Second Elevens, and, as was to be expected, victory rested with the First Eleven.

Have any friends got any good bats, pads or wicket-keeping gloves; it is a serious item of expense furnishing two Elevens with the necessary implements.

### Children's Country Holiday Fund.

NAMES are still coming in and weekly payments are being made regularly on the whole on Wednesday mornings in the Institute. As far as can be judged, no more than those down now, if all those, can go during the school holidays. But of course we may be able to procure more homes, and so prevent some disappointments. However, this is very doubtful, and probably every home will be quite filled during August.

## S. Andrew's Men's Club.

ONLY one event has marked the past month, as far as the inner life of the Club is concerned. For some time past there had been a feeling among some members that it would be a good thing to have another Club Tea and Social Evening before the summer sets in. The difficulty was to find a vacant Saturday evening; but at last May 15th was fixed, and the programme was carried out much on the lines suggested by past experience.

Between 50 and 60 members put in an appearance at the tea, and the rest of the evening was spent very happily.

We could have wished that more members had availed themselves of the opportunity, but the opinion of those who did so is that the affair was a decided success.

MINSTREL TROUPE.—The "Snowdrops" gave a performance in the Parish Hall on Saturday, May 8th, as a wind-up to the season, and are again to be congratulated on the success of this venture.

The Hall was filled and everyone appeared to enter thoroughly into the spirit of the excellent programme set before them.

The piece of the evening undoubtedly was the very funny sketch, in which Mr. Buttle took a leading part. It must have involved a good deal of trouble to get it up, but the reception it met with was well worthy of all the pains spent on its production.

On Wednesday, May 26th, the Minstrels appeared once more at S. John's Schools, Bethnal Green.

CRICKET CLUB.—On Monday, May 24th, the Helpers Club kindly gave a Dramatic Performance and Concert on behalf of the Cricket Club.

We could have wished that the audience had been larger, as the Cricket Club is sorely in need of funds to enable it meet the necessary expenses, which, on account of the rent of their ground, is very heavy.

Three Matches have been played up to the present date.

On May 1st, our men met the Walthamstow Railway men and won by 13 runs.

On May 8th, they lost to the Grove Athletic C.C. by five wickets.

On May 15th, the match was with the Tobacco Plant C.C. and our men had to play two short. Considering the disadvantage under which they laboured it is greatly to their credit that they lost only by four runs.

CYCLING CLUB.—The new Cycling Club has been making good use of the Saturday afternoons in May, and has had a Club run on each Saturday to one or another point within reasonable distance of headquarters.

Reports are that the Club is progressing very satisfactorily.

## Offertories.

|                                           |            |   | £         | s  | d. |
|-------------------------------------------|------------|---|-----------|----|----|
| 2nd Sunday after Easter                   | -          | - | 3         | 8  | 5½ |
| 3rd " "                                   | (C.E.T.S.) | - | 4         | 2  | 6  |
| 4th " "                                   | -          | - | 2         | 15 | 3  |
| Rogation Sunday (Bishop of London's Fund, | -          | - | 7         | 6  | 3  |
|                                           |            |   | £17 12 5½ |    |    |

## Baptisms.

|          |                            |
|----------|----------------------------|
| April 27 | Arthur Smith.              |
| 28       | Selina Victoria Gyves.     |
| 28       | Joseph Swinton.            |
| 28       | Edwin Alfred Lane.         |
| May 2    | Charles Herbert Perryman   |
| 2        | Patrick Edward Gould.      |
| 2        | Lily Victoria Heather.     |
| 5        | Ernest Alfred Jones.       |
| 5        | Elizabeth Louisa Weston.   |
| 8        | Henry Hooker (Adult).      |
| - 9      | Emmie Alice Bryant.        |
| 9        | Daisy Lilian Lingley.      |
| 9        | Gertrude May Lingley.      |
| 9        | Arnold Robert Gray.        |
| 9        | Eliza Charlotte Short.     |
| 12       | Ada Terry.                 |
| 12       | Harry Alexander Ashley.    |
| 12       | Elsie May Davies.          |
| 12       | Edith Eliza Fletcher.      |
| 12       | Mary Ann Maud Peare.       |
| 12       | Ernest Edward Pauley.      |
| 12       | Frederick William Herbert. |
| 16       | Linda Emily Jackson.       |
| 16       | George Henri Ince.         |
| 16       | May Louisa Wright.         |
| 16       | Charles William Coker.     |
| 16       | William Charles Gregory.   |
| 16       | John William George Drew.  |
| 19       | John Christian Steinle.    |
| 19       | William Leonard Steinle.   |
| 19       | Lilian Victoria May Lewis. |
| 19       | Daisy May Lagden.          |
| 19       | Henry Linton.              |
| 19       | Adelaide Pottier.          |
| 19       | Jane Victoria May Oliver.  |
| 19       | May Florence House.        |
| 19       | Ellen Margaret Kean.       |
| 23       | Frederick Henry Duncombe.  |
| 23       | Henry Brown.               |
| 23       | Rosaline Mitchell.         |



# S. Andrew's Parish Magazine.

## CLERGY.

*Priests* { The Rev. H. V. S. ECK, M.A.  
 (Curate in Charge).  
 The Rev. L. L. EDWARDS, M.A.  
 The Rev. G. BERENS, M.A.  
 The Rev. H. MOSLEY, M.A. } *The Vicarage.*  
*Deacon:* The Rev. M. P. GILLSON, B.A.

## DEACONESSES.

(Of the All Saints East London Diocesan Community).

SISTER MARY, 5, Wilmot Street.  
 SISTER EDITH, 5, Wilmot Street.

## PARISH NURSE.

Nurse WILLIAMS, 9, S. Andrew's Street.

## CHURCH WORKERS.

Miss BIRLEY, 9, S. Andrew's Street.  
 Miss CRUMP, }  
 Miss JAMES, } 5, Paradise Row.  
 Miss A. NASH, }  
 Miss HARINGTON, } S. Margaret's House.  
 Miss A. M. HARINGTON, }  
 Mrs. IRELAND, 10, S. Andrew's Street.  
 Mrs. JACKSON, 118, Finnis Street.  
 Miss MCKENZIE, 227, Corfield Street.  
 Miss NASH.  
 Mrs. QUICK, 89, Wilmot Street.  
 Miss WARING, 134, Bishop's Road.

## Church of S. Andrew.

### CHURCHWARDENS.

Mr. COOKMAN, 10, Finnis Street.  
 Mr. UNWIN, 380, Bethnal Green Road.

### SIDESMEN.

Mr. CROOKES, Mr. MCQUEEN, Mr. WANT, Mr. EARWAKER,  
 Mr. SULLIVAN, Mr. MIZEN.

### ORGANIST.

Mr. F. P. PARKER.

## SERVICES.

DAILY .. .. 7.30. Mattins.  
 8.0. Holy Communion.  
 7.30. Evensong.  
 SUNDAYS .. .. 7.0. Holy Communion (1st and  
 3rd Sundays).  
 8.0. Holy Communion.  
 10.45. Mattins.  
 11.30. Holy Communion (Choral)  
 and Sermon.  
 3.15. Children's Service.  
 6.30. Evensong and Sermon.  
 SAINTS' DAYS .. 6.30. Holy Communion.  
 7.30. Mattins.  
 8.0. Holy Communion.  
 7.30. Evensong.  
 FRIDAYS .. .. 8 p.m. Service of Intercession, with  
 Instruction.

HOLY BAPTISM { Wednesdays, 11 a.m. and 7.30 p.m.  
 Sundays, 4.30 p.m.  
 CHURCHINGS—BEFORE any Service.

All seats in S. Andrew's Church are free and unappropriated. Prayer and Hymn Books will be found on the shelves at the west end of the Church, and it is requested that they may be replaced there after Service.

Care of the Church—Mrs. MIZEN.

Care of the Sanctuary—Sister MARY and Sister EDITH.

## S. Andrew's Hall.

### SERVICES IN THE CHAPEL.

SUNDAYS .. 8.0. (3rd Sunday in the Month.) Holy  
 Communion.  
 8.15 p.m. Mission Service.  
 MONDAYS .. 6.0 p.m. Children's Service.  
 TUESDAYS .. 7.30 p.m. Evensong and Holy Baptism.

### GUILD OF S. ANDREW.

Secretary—Mr. H. ROBERTS, 45, Mape Street.

Meetings { 1st Tuesday—Committee.  
 3rd Tuesday—General.

## SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

### Superintendents.

S. Andrew's Insti- (10 a.m. .. .. Rev. G. BERENS.  
 tute, Parish Hall { 3 p.m. (Boys) Rev. M. P. GILLSON  
 Hague Street { 3 p.m. (Girls) Miss BIRLEY.  
 Board School { 3 p.m. (Infts.) Miss A. M. HARINGTON  
 S. Andrew's Hall (10 a.m. .. .. Rev. H. MOSLEY.  
 (Boys and Girls) { 3 p.m. .. .. Rev. H. MOSLEY.

## SUNDAY CLASSES.

S. Andrew's { 3 p.m. (Boys) Rev. G. BERENS.  
 Institute { 3 p.m. (Girls) Miss CRUMP.  
 S. Andrew's Hall { 3 p.m. (Girls) The SISTERS.  
 { 6.45 p.m. (Boys) Rev. H. MOSLEY.

## MEETING FOR MEN.

Institute (No. 6 Room), }  
 Sunday, 8.15 p.m. } Rev. L. L. EDWARDS.

## WOMEN'S BIBLE CLASS.

Institute No. 6 Room, }  
 Thursdays, 2.30 p.m. } Rev. G. BERENS.

## MOTHERS' MEETINGS (on Mondays at 2.30).

S. Andrew's Institute { Ground Floor—Miss WARING.  
 First Floor—Miss BIRLEY.  
 Parish Hall—Miss HARINGTON  
 S. Andrew's Hall .. .. The SISTERS.

## CLUBS.

President—Rev. H. V. S. ECK.

### MEN'S CLUB.

S. Andrew's Institute. { Secretary—Rev. L. L. EDWARDS.  
 Nightly, 8—11. { Treasurer—Rev. G. BERENS.  
 Saturday, 5—11. { Librarian—Mr. J. H. ROSE.

### BOYS' CLUBS.

S. Andrew's Institute, { Secretary—Rev. G. BERENS.  
 Nightly, 8—10. { Librarian—Miss WARING.  
 S. Andrew's Hall, { Superintendent—Rev. H. MOSLEY  
 Thursday, 8—10.

### GIRLS' CLUB.

S. Andrew's Institute, { Superintendent—Miss CRUMP.  
 Monday & Thursday, { Secretary—Miss BROADBEAR.  
 9—10. { Librarian—Miss BOWYER.

Temperance Society—Secretary—Rev. G. BERENS.

Senior Girls' { S. Andrew's Inst.—Miss WHITWORTH.  
 Band of Hope. { S. Andrew's Hall—Sister MARY.  
 Junior { S. Andrew's Inst.—Rev. L. L. EDWARDS  
 Band of Hope. { S. Andrew's Hall—Rev. H. MOSLEY.  
 Foreign Mission Association. { Secretary—Rev. L. L. EDWARDS.

Home Mission Association—Secretary—Rev. G. BERENS.  
 S. Andrew's Institute—Mrs. UNWIN and  
 Miss. A. M. HARINGTON  
 Work Party { S. Andrew's Hall—The SISTERS.

# S. Andrew's Parish Magazine.

JULY, 1897.

## Excursions.

WE are grateful to several readers of the Magazine for their kind response to our appeal last month for subscriptions to our Excursion Fund, but we still need more help. The Mothers are to go to Southend, and the School Children to Epping Forest, and both these excursions, which cannot be entirely self-supporting, though both mothers and children pay a good proportion towards their outing, are heavy items on our list. The Junior Bands of Hope by a systematic weekly payment have arrived at the happy state of being able to defray their own expenses to Southend entirely, but there are circumstances which make this impossible in other cases, so we must once more plead for help in the direction of excursions, for which the expenses ought not to come out of the Parish Fund. Please, kind friends, spare a few pounds for this laudable object; you would be more than repaid if you could see what pleasure you give.

## S. Andrew's Guild.

THE excursion to Canterbury on Whitsun Tuesday was a great success. In spite of the difficulties attending a whole day's outing some seventy members of the Guild managed to find time to make a pilgrimage to the cradle of English Christianity, and as the party was increased by the addition of the S. Andrew's Hall contingent, who were spending Whitsun week at Margate, this excursion was one of the largest the Guild has ever organised.

It was close on mid-day before Canterbury was reached, and immediately on arriving the party made its way to the Cathedral, the interior of which was thoroughly explored. The tomb of the Black Prince, the site of Becket's shrine, destroyed by Henry VIII., and the steps by which the pilgrims used to ascend on their knees to the shrine; S. Augustine's chair, in which the Archbishops of Canterbury for many centuries have been enthroned; and the site of Becket's murder were among the objects of greatest interest.

At three o'clock the whole party met in the Choir for Evensong, among their fellow-worshippers being the Archbishop himself, after which a move

was made to the newly restored Chapter House, where the Dean delivered an exceedingly interesting lecture on the chief points connected with the Cathedral and its history.

Tea followed, and happily the caterer had managed to secure a room large enough to accommodate the whole of the ninety-eight, members of the Guild and others, who composed the party.

After tea the majority made their way to the little Church of S. Martin, which is in some respects even of greater interest than the magnificent Cathedral itself. The Rector had kindly given permission to the party from S. Andrew's to inspect the Church free of charge.

Mr. Eck very briefly explained that the Church, probably of Roman origin, was existing at the time when S. Augustine landed in Kent, and that it was being used by the Christian Queen Bertha as her private chapel when that important event took place. It was here that S. Augustine and his fellow missionaries worshipped before they had secured a firm footing in the country; and it is more than probable that in this very church and in the font which is still used, King Ethelbert was baptised on Whitsun Eve, 597.

It seemed only fitting that the visitors on Whitsun Tuesday last, after hearing these facts, should stand in this ancient building and recite the Apostles' Creed, the abiding witness to the oneness of the Faith through all these centuries of change, and should then kneel while two or three collects were said.

On leaving S. Martin's the party dispersed in various directions, to meet again for the return journey shortly before eight o'clock.

It was late before home was reached, and many were very tired, but all agreed that a most enjoyable and profitable day had been spent in visiting Canterbury.

On Tuesday, June 15th, the Quarterly Service of the Guild was held in the Church, at 8.30.

There was a good attendance of members, and after the Office had been said, an address was given by the Rev. Cyril Hallett, of All Saints, Notting Hill, on the subject of "Temptation."

Several new members were admitted at the close of the Service.



### S. Andrew's Men's Club.

Two Bank Holidays in one month, combined with patches of summer weather, tend to reduce Club life to a low ebb. So we find on looking back over the past month that we have very little indeed to record. Members have been busy in other ways, consequently the Club has been a bit slack, and even Committeemen have found it rather hard to attend to their duties with their accustomed zeal. However, now that the Jubilee is over we look forward to an increased activity in our inner life.

The Federation Sports at Wembley Park, for instance, will be coming off on the very day on which this number of our Magazine is coming out. S. Andrew's has several entries, and we hope to be able to give a good account of ourselves next month.

Then on the following Monday, June 28th, the Snowdrops have arranged to give a "Jubilee" performance in the Parish Hall. Programmes can be obtained of any of the minstrels, and we hope and indeed anticipate that the Entertainment will be a great success.

The Provident Society has gone on steadily, and is doing good and useful work. Funds in hand are accumulating to such an extent that the Post Office Savings Bank limit will soon be reached, and a lump sum will have to be transferred to some other bank.

The Committee of the Society have decided to admit half-yearly members from the present date, and it is hoped that some of the new members of the Club will take advantage of this decision.

### S. Andrew's Hall.

WHITSUNTIDE is looked forward to by a great many in S. Andrew's Hall. For now it has become quite an annual event that the past and present members of Sister Mary's Class should spend Whitsun-week by the sea. Margate as last year, was their destination, and the whole expedition was as great a success as ever. The party increases in number year by year, and as seen from the Old Swan Pier by Mr. Eck and Mr. Mosley, who came to wish them *bon voyage*, they appeared a most formidable number. A very interesting diary of the week has been written by the girls themselves, but unfortunately there is not space in the Magazine for that account.

Perhaps the chief event this year was the expedition to Canterbury on Whit-Tuesday; there they joined forces with S. Andrew's Guild, and spent the day together. Picnics, walks, bathing, boating, all made the week go very quickly and very happily. How much good the holiday had done every one was unmistakable, a healthier and livelier party could not be imagined.

On Saturday, June 19th, the children of the Catechism, held in the Chapel on Monday evenings, had their Summer Festival. After a short service, the prize winners and the very regular attendants set out for Loughton, where we had a picnic in the Forest. The next meeting of the Catechism will not be till September.

There has been handed over to Mr. Eck for the Church the sum of £1 12s. 8½d. This amount is the result of the Lenten Savings of the Senior Sunday Classes of Sister Mary and Sister Edith.

### Home Missions.

ON the eve of S. Barnabas the E.L.C.F. held its Annual Festival Service at S. Paul's Cathedral. The music was led by the combined choirs of the Stepney Deanery, and very well they did it; they numbered about 350, and there was a good gathering of the Clergy. The sermon was preached by the Rev. H. L. Paget, Rector of S. Pancras, and he took as his subject "East London during the past sixty years," and in a powerful address showed that progress, in spiritual as well as temporal things, had been made. He mentioned two or three well-known names of men who were pioneers and leaders of the work. The congregation was good, though perhaps not so large as it has been. The offertory was as usual for the E.L.C.F., and the Bishop of Stepney dismissed us with his blessing.

### Boys' Club.

WHIT-MONDAY.—By the practically unanimous voice of the Club, Burnham-on-Crouch, to which we have already paid two visits, was selected as the spot to be favoured by our presence on our annual outing. Sixty-eight members turned up to go, and after the usual vicissitude of a Bank Holiday journey, we arrived. Of course the river was the centre of attraction, and much of our time was spent there. A field hired for the occasion was however occupied with cricket, rounders,

football and noise, and so we spent the day till the welcome hour of tea arrived, and at the Temperance Hotel they provided well for us, and we showed our appreciation of their efforts. After tea the now annual group was photographed, though this year, owing to numbers, it was necessary to take two separate groups. After that we all adjourned to the river, some who preferred it went in rowing boats, but the majority embarked on the *Favourite* for a sail, and a right good sail we had, sufficient wind to take us along, and just waves enough to make it lively and bestow a few favours in the shape of splashing. On our return, some wisely went back by an earlier train, while the rest of us stayed behind later; but we all arrived safe home after the usual crush, singing, and alas, sometimes drunkenness and ill-temper on the part of our fellow holiday makers; but we can say that our holiday this year was a success.

CRICKET.—Both our teams have been busy during the past month. On May the 24th rain unfortunately prevented either team playing their matches as arranged, but the 2nd went to the Park and played a match with the Primrose C.C., whom they defeated by 3 runs.

On June 5th the 1st Team played Hague Street C.C. at Walthamstow, and after an exciting match lost by 1 run. On the same day in Victoria Park the 2nd played the Silver Star C.C., and beat them by 13 runs, this being largely due to the batting of our Captain, F. Collier.

June 12th, both teams were engaged in Victoria Park, the 1st against the White Star C.C., by whom they were beaten by over 60 runs, while the 2nd defeated the Bunhill Juniors C.C. by 14 to 18 for 6 wickets.

### C.E.T.S.—S. Andrew's Branch.

We held the first of our series of Open-Air Meetings on Monday, June 14th, in Seabright Street, and it was fairly successful, though we should like to have seen more members present than were there. It may have been that the notice of the meeting was too short. The other meetings will take place on July 19th, August 16th, August 30th, and September 20th. We meet on July 19th and August 30th in S. Andrew's Hall Chapel, and on August 16th and September 20th in Church at 8.15, and we would earnestly impress on members the necessity of being present at our intercessions before the meetings.

### S. Andrew's Missionary Association.

SUCH is to be the title of the new Association for Home and Foreign Missions which we are hoping to get fairly afloat on Wednesday, June 30th.

Already the new collecting boxes have arrived from the maker, and we feel sure that all who have hitherto held boxes, either of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, or of the Additional Curates' Society, or of the East London Church Fund, will be glad to exchange their old box for one which will combine all these Societies and the Zululand Mission as well.

The new boxes are very neat, and with S. Andrew's Cross on their fronts are, we venture to say, quite attractive.

The main thing now is to effect the change as speedily as possible.

With this object in view we shall hold a meeting in the Parish Hall, on Wednesday, June 30th, at 8.30 p.m., to which we beg all who hold Mission Boxes, whether for Home or Foreign Missions, to come and bring their boxes with them. Never mind if the boxes contain very little, or even if there should happen to be nothing in them; still bring them in on that date, as they will have to be returned to the Societies which issued them, and whose property they are.

If it is impossible for some box holders to be present at the meeting, will they kindly leave their boxes at the Vicarage some time *before* the meeting, or else send them to the meeting by a friend.

What we want to make quite clear is that none of the old boxes should be in circulation after Wednesday, June 30th.

The new S. Andrew's Mission Boxes will be given out at the meeting to all who are willing to take them, and we quite expect that our stock of 50 boxes will be almost, if not quite, exhausted, when all demands have been met.

Another task to be performed at this meeting is that of enrolling members in our new Missionary Association, and of giving them their cards of membership.

We hope that some, who do not see their way to take a Collecting Box, will join the Association, which is open to all, who will undertake to pray for and to take an interest in Missionary work.

The two rules are to pray regularly for a blessing on the work, and to attend the meetings of the



Association, whilst it suggests other ways of helping without binding the members to all or any of these suggestions. Among the ways of helping, which are suggested, will be found those of taking in Missionary Magazines, or joining one of the working parties, in addition to that of collecting money.

As the cost of the new boxes and cards is necessarily somewhat heavy, there will be a collection at the close of the meeting towards defraying these expenses.

*Please note the time and place*—Wednesday evening, June 30th, at 8.30 p.m., in the Parish Hall. The meeting is open to all.

### Girls' Club.

WHITSUNTIDE has long been noted in the annals of the Girls' Club for the Annual Excursion which Miss Buller used always to arrange with such great kindness and hospitality. But this year, alas, we quite failed in our attempts to find anyone in the country who would undertake the serious responsibility of our entertainment for the day; so after many attempts, in which Miss Buller was most kind in helping us, we decided to abandon the idea of the excursion, and to content ourselves with a homely party in the Parish Hall. A very magnificent "Jubilee" Tea was provided by Mrs. Mizen at 5, though long before that time the guests had taken possession of the Hall and were hard at work getting an appetite for tea by some very vigorous dancing. Great satisfaction was felt at the presence of some very welcome guests—Miss Birley, Miss Bingley, the teachers of the Sunday Classes, and several other friends. After full justice had been done to the tea, the rest of the evening was spent very happily in dancing and various games, and the party dispersed about 10.30, feeling that as the excursion had been an impossibility quite the best thing had been done under the circumstances.

On Thursday, June 17th, we were glad to welcome a party of girls belonging to the Bethnal Green Branch of the Girls' Friendly Society, who came at our invitation for the purpose of witnessing a display of Musical Drill.

During the summer months the Club will only be open on Thursday nights, and the Musical Drill will be discontinued for a short time.

### Mothers' Union.

At our meeting on Wednesday, June 2nd, Miss Waring introduced Mrs. Hale to us as a very old friend of hers. Mrs. Hale, in her address, gave us such excellent advice, that we will endeavour to reproduce it in an abridged form.

"I am going to hang what I have to say on seven pegs, and each peg will be a letter of the alphabet. My first peg will be 'M,' which will stand for *Motherly*. All women can be motherly, whether they have children or not. To be motherly, we must be *just* and *fair* in our dealings with our children. Never make pets or shew that we have any preference. We must be *firm*. Never say 'No' until you are obliged to, but having said it, stick to it. We must be *loving*. Make a point of always going to see your children after they are in bed at night, that is the best time for saying anything you may have to say to them, of telling them of anything you may noticed them doing during the day of which you did not approve; remember that your elder sons and daughters must not be spoken to in quite the same way as the children.

"Second peg—'O,' which stands for *Obedient*. Every married woman should be obedient to her marriage vow; read it over sometimes to keep it fresh in your mind. Older married people seem to forget the love. Your husbands want as much loving attention now as they did when you first married. Think of the old days of courting, and what you used to do then. You promised to *cherish* them—that means to nurse, shelter and support. You should nurse him in sickness, and out of his bad ways into good ones. A man should find his home a shelter, and a happy one. You should be his support, his walking-stick, to help him along through his difficulties and trials. You promised to *obey* him, you must do it, the man often knows best.

"Third peg—'T,' which stands for *Truthful*. We often hear of *black* and *white* lies, of *little* and *big* lies; the Bible speaks of but one sort of lie, and tells us that Satan is the father of it. Teach your children to be perfectly truthful, and be perfectly truthful yourselves. Children by nature seem to be very untruthful, they do not understand

how wrong it is, so you must be patient with them, but be careful to impress on their minds from the first the necessity for perfect truthfulness, and set them the example yourself, for children are very quick in detecting untruthfulness in their elders.

"Fourth peg—'H,' stands for *Honest*. There are many ways of being dishonest. We all see the dishonesty of taking things out of other people's pockets, but are less alive to the dishonesty of borrowing things and not returning them; of leaving small debts unpaid; of being deceitful, pretending to be what we are not, and misleading people. A little girl went into a shop and saw something she coveted, and took it up with the intention of keeping it, but thought better of it and put it back. Afterwards she told her mother she had not *broken* the Eighth Commandment, but had *cracked* it. Are we careful enough about the cracking of it?

"Fifth peg—'E,' stands for *Energetic*. We all know that mothers, to be good mothers, must be energetic; nothing must be too much trouble for us.

"Sixth peg, 'R,' stands for *Righteous*. To *Train* means 'to go before, to drag after.' We mothers have to go before and drag our children after us. We must pray ourselves and teach our children to pray; go to Church and Holy Communion ourselves if we would wish our children to go; it is useless to try to teach them that a thing is right if we do not do it ourselves.

"Seventh peg—'S,' stands for *Sober*. A good mother must be sober in drinking, eating, and all that she does. Intemperance in a mother is terrible in its results, so mothers be sober.

"Our letters are *MOTHERS*."

On Wednesday, July 7th, we shall have our Quarterly Service in the Church, at three o'clock.

### Offertories.

|                                     | £   | s. | d. |
|-------------------------------------|-----|----|----|
| Ascension Day (for S.P.C.K.) ...    | 2   | 12 | 0  |
| Sunday after Ascension ...          | 2   | 5  | 3½ |
| Whitsun-Day (Parochial Clergy Fund) | 6   | 8  | 4½ |
| Trinity Sunday ...                  | 2   | 19 | 7  |
|                                     | £14 | 5  | 2½ |

### Baptisms.

|      |     |                                  |
|------|-----|----------------------------------|
| May  | 26. | George Albert Bonney.            |
|      | 26. | James Plampin.                   |
|      | 26. | Thomas Walter Smith.             |
|      | 30. | Maud Charlotte Victoria Andrews. |
|      | 30. | Lilian Florence Roberts.         |
|      | 30. | Thomas Matthew Sibthorpe.        |
|      | 30. | May Winifred Day.                |
|      | 30. | Emma Sophia Sharp.               |
| June | 1.  | Alice Maud Victoria Dodds.       |
|      | 2.  | Ada Delaforce.                   |
|      | 2.  | Edward Brooks.                   |
|      | 2.  | Horace Victor Pickford.          |
|      | 5.  | Francis James Gayes.             |
|      | 6.  | Leonard John Birch.              |
|      | 6.  | Albert Gardner.                  |
|      | 6.  | Frederick George Hatton.         |
|      | 6.  | Ann Elizabeth Gibbons.           |
|      | 6.  | Lilian Ann Chapman.              |
|      | 9.  | Rose May Bradley.                |
|      | 9.  | Selina May Elmes.                |
|      | 13. | Emily Lake.                      |
|      | 13. | Lavinia Preslin.                 |
|      | 13. | Alice Stafford.                  |
|      | 13. | Violet Woolcott.                 |
|      | 13. | Margaret Gondola.                |
|      | 16. | John Thomas Trowsdale.           |
|      | 16. | Albert Ernest Smith.             |
|      | 16. | Lilian Harriet Baker.            |
|      | 19. | Edward Frank Martin.             |
|      | 20. | Joy Irene Perkins.               |
|      | 20. | Arthur Leonard Shephard.         |
|      | 20. | James Benjamin Spence.           |
|      | 20. | Samuel Victor Low.               |
|      | 20. | Emma Elizabeth Cleaver.          |
|      | 20. | Elsie Amelia Tillett.            |
|      | 20. | Sarah Caroline Vanner.           |
|      | 20. | Clara Elizabeth Waughman.        |
|      | 20. | Alfred Robert Scarsbrook.        |

### Marriages.

|      |     |                                                 |
|------|-----|-------------------------------------------------|
| May  | 30. | George Frederick Bowen and Agnes Mary Schubert. |
| June | 5.  | Frederick Coals and Charlotte Marian Evans.     |
|      | 6.  | John Hill and Harriet Matilda Leigh.            |
|      | 6.  | Herbert William Tyler and Elizabeth Mary Tagg.  |
|      | 14. | William Charles Bundock and Alice Maria Lacey.  |



# S. Andrew's Parish Magazine.

## CLERGY.

*Priests* { The Rev. H. V. S. ECK, M.A.  
(Curate in Charge).  
The Rev. L. L. EDWARDS, M.A.  
The Rev. G. BERENS, M.A.  
The Rev. H. MOSLEY, M.A.  
*Deacon*: The Rev. M. P. GILLSON, B.A. } *The Vicarage.*

## DEACONESSSES.

(Of the All Saints East London Diocesan Community).

SISTER MARY, 5, Wilmot Street.  
SISTER EDITH, 5, Wilmot Street.

## PARISH NURSE.

Nurse WILLIAMS, 9, S. Andrew's Street.

## CHURCH WORKERS.

Miss BIRLEY, 9, S. Andrew's Street.  
Miss CRUMP, }  
Miss JAMES, } 5, Paradise Row.  
Miss A. NASH, }  
Miss HARINGTON, } S. Margaret's House.  
Miss A. M. HARINGTON, }  
Mrs. IRELAND, 10, S. Andrew's Street.  
Mrs. JACKSON, 118, Finnis Street.  
Miss MCKENZIE, 227, Corfield Street.  
Miss NASH.  
Mrs. QUICK, 89, Wilmot Street.  
Miss WARING, 134, Bishop's Road.

## Church of S. Andrew.

### CHURCHWARDENS.

Mr. COOKMAN, 10, Finnis Street.  
Mr. UNWIN, 380, Bethnal Green Road.

### SIDESMEN:

Mr. CROOKES, Mr. MCQUEEN, Mr. WANT, Mr. EARWAKER,  
Mr. SULLIVAN, Mr. MIZEN.

### ORGANIST.

Mr. F. F. PARKER.

## SERVICES.

DAILY .. .. 7.30. Mattins.  
8.0. Holy Communion.  
7.30. Evensong.  
SUNDAYS .. .. 7.0. Holy Communion (1st and  
3rd Sundays).  
8.0. Holy Communion.  
10.45. Mattins.  
11.30. Holy Communion (Choral)  
and Sermon.  
3.15. Children's Service.  
6.30. Evensong and Sermon.  
SAINTS' DAYS .. 6.30. Holy Communion.  
7.30. Mattins.  
8.0. Holy Communion.  
7.30. Evensong.  
FRIDAYS .. .. 8 p.m. Service of Intercession, with  
Instruction.

HOLY BAPTISM { Wednesdays, 11 a.m. and 7.30 p.m.  
Sundays, 4.30 p.m.  
CHURCHINGS—BEFORE any Service.

All seats in S. Andrew's Church are free and unappropriated. Prayer and Hymn Books will be found on the shelves at the west end of the Church, and it is requested that they may be replaced there after Service.

Care of the Church—Mrs. MIZEN.

Care of the Sanctuary—Sister MARY and Sister EDITH.

## S. Andrew's Hall.

### SERVICES IN THE CHAPEL.

SUNDAYS .. 8.0. (3rd Sunday in the Month.) Holy  
Communion.  
8.15 p.m. Mission Service.  
MONDAYS .. 6.0 p.m. Children's Service.  
TUESDAYS .. 7.30 p.m. Evensong and Holy Baptism.

### GUILD OF S. ANDREW.

Secretary—Mr. H. ROBERTS, 45, Mape Street.

Meetings { 1st Tuesday—Committee.  
3rd Tuesday—General.

## SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

*Superintendents.*

S. Andrew's Insti- { 10 a.m. .. .. Rev. G. BERENS.  
tute, Parish Hall { 3 p.m. (Boys) Rev. M. P. GILLSON  
Hague Street { 3 p.m. (Girls) Miss BIRLEY.  
Board School { 3 p.m. (Infants) Miss A.M. HARINGTON  
S. Andrew's Hall { 10 a.m. .. .. Rev. H. MOSLEY.  
(Boys and Girls) { 3 p.m. .. .. Rev. H. MOSLEY.

## SUNDAY CLASSES.

S. Andrew's { 3 p.m. (Boys) Rev. G. BERENS.  
Institute { 3 p.m. (Girls) Miss CRUMP.  
S. Andrew's Hall { 3 p.m. (Girls) The SISTERS.  
{ 6.45 p.m. (Boys) Rev. H. MOSLEY.

## MEETING FOR MEN.

Institute (No. 6 Room), }  
Sunday, 8.15 p.m. } Rev. L. L. EDWARDS.

## WOMEN'S BIBLE CLASS.

Institute No. 6 Room), }  
Thursdays, 2.30 p.m. } Rev. G. BERENS.

## MOTHERS' MEETINGS (on Mondays at 2.30).

S. Andrew's Institute { Ground Floor—Miss WARING.  
First Floor—Miss BIRLEY.  
Parish Hall—Miss HARINGTON  
S. Andrew's Hall .. .. The SISTERS.

## CLUBS.

President—Rev. H. V. S. ECK.

### MEN'S CLUB.

S. Andrew's Institute. { Secretary—Rev. L. L. EDWARDS.  
Nightly, 8—11. { Treasurer—Rev. G. BERENS.  
Saturday, 5—11. { Librarian—Mr. J. H. ROSE.

### BOYS' CLUBS.

S. Andrew's Institute, { Secretary—Rev. G. BERENS.  
Nightly, 8—10. { Librarian—Miss WARING.  
S. Andrew's Hall, { Superintendent—Rev. H. MOSLEY.  
Thursday, 8—10. }

### GIRLS' CLUB.

S. Andrew's Institute, { Superintendent—Miss CRUMP.  
Monday & Thursday, { Secretary—Miss BROADBEAR.  
3—10. { Librarian—Miss BOWYER.

Temperance Society—Secretary—Rev. G. BERENS.

Senior Girls' { S. Andrew's Inst.—Miss WHITWORTH.  
Band of Hope. { S. Andrew's Hall—Sister MARY.

Junior { S. Andrew's Inst.—Rev. L. L. EDWARDS.  
Band of Hope. { S. Andrew's Hall—Rev. H. MOSLEY.

Mission { Secretary—Rev. L. L. EDWARDS.  
Association. { Assistant Secretary—Mr. J. MCQUEEN.

Home Mission Association—Secretary—Rev. G. BERENS.

Work Party { S. Andrew's Institute—Mrs. UNWIN and  
Miss. A. M. HARINGTON.  
S. Andrew's Hall—The SISTERS.

# S. Andrew's Parish Magazine.

AUGUST, 1897.

## The Staff.

WE feel that we cannot let this number of the Magazine appear without expressing our great regret at the departure from amongst us of Miss A. M. Harington. She is leaving us for work farther East—in the Isle of Dogs—and we do not deny that we are somewhat jealous of their good fortune. For ourselves we can only say how difficult it will be to fill Miss Harington's place: her quiet steady work has been of the greatest possible help to us of S. Andrew's, and although we are sure that her departure will leave a terrible gap at S. Margaret's House, we cannot let her go without saying that the gap among the workers of S. Andrew's Parish is hardly less. She will take with her the grateful thanks and the most heartfelt wishes and prayers for her new work from many amongst us.

## Sunday School.

THE attention of all concerned—parents, teachers, and children—is called to the following scheme, which is about to come into operation in the boys' and girls' departments of the Sunday School:—

- (1) A MEDAL will be given to each scholar who has not missed more than *four* times in the year, and has also received a red mark (denoting punctuality) 48 times out of the 52;
- (2) REWARD CARDS will be given to those who have not missed more than *ten* times in the year, and have also received the red mark 42 times out of the 52;
- (3) A PRIZE will be given to the best scholar in each class—that is, to the boy or girl who gains the highest marks in his or her class for conduct, answers, repetition of lessons, and regularity.

It is hoped that these rewards will not only be recognitions of, but also incentives to, regularity and good conduct—two qualities which considerably lighten the work of teaching in the Sunday School.

The Festival of the Sunday School Association for the Deanery of Spitalfields was held on Saturday, July 10th. The Rural Dean entertained the Clergy

and Teachers at tea in the Rectory Garden, and this was followed by Evensong in the Parish Church, at which the sermon was preached by Bishop Barry.

## S. Andrew's Guild.

At the Monthly Meeting in the Institute on July 20th the address was to have been given by the Rev. C. R. Biggs, of All Hallows', Barking, but owing to a mistake in the date Mr. Biggs failed us, and at the last moment his place was most kindly taken by our neighbour, Mr. Clemens, the Vicar of S. Bartholomew's. Mr. Clemens took for his subject the two sacrifices of Cain and Abel as illustrating the principle of worship in the Christian Church: as Abel's sacrifice was acceptable to God because offered according to God's will, and recognising the truth that the approach of fallen man to his Creator must be by means of "the shedding of blood," so no offering or worship of ours can be accepted unless offered in union with the Great Sacrifice on Calvary. So it comes about that our most acceptable offering is the Holy Eucharist, in which the One Great Sacrifice is pleaded before God.

## Men's Club.

THE Quarterly General Meeting was held on Friday, July 9th, in the Parish Hall.

The President was in the chair, and about 60 members were present. The Treasurer's Balance Sheet was passed, and the election of the new Committee to serve for the ensuing quarter was then proceeded with. The following were elected: Messrs. J. Allen, R. Bartlett, S. Booty, J. Bunn, A. Buckey, A. Downs, J. Francom, W. Garner, J. Guenin, J. Ireland, H. Rogers, A. Tyler. Mr. Bunn being elected in his absence, and not wishing to serve, Mr. A. Lambert was afterwards co-opted by the Committee to take his place.

As no burning question arose, the rest of the business was soon disposed of, and the meeting resolved itself into a social gathering, which was enlivened by songs and recitations from several of the members.

CRICKET.—During the past month the Cricket Club has won two matches and lost one. At Blackheath, we played the Medway C.C., and



lost, our eleven being two short; we have been successful against South Woodford and S. James' Walthamstow.

**ATHLETIC CLUB.**—The sports will take place on August 21st, at the "Hare and Hounds" Ground, Lea Bridge Road, at 3.30 p.m. For particulars, see bills.

### Excursions.

**THE MOTHERS' Excursions** to Southend on July 5th and 19th, on which dates the Mothers who meet respectively in the Institute and in S. Andrew's Hall had their annual outings, were all that could be desired in every way. Southend looked its best, the weather was lovely, there was plenty to be seen and done, and last but not least the tea was excellent; needless to say we look back to the Mothers' Excursions of 1897 with very happy recollections.

The same may be said of the **GIRLS SUNDAY SCHOOL Excursion** to Chingford, which took place on July 24th. On that day the girls who meet on Sunday afternoons in Hague Street Board School, under the superintendence of Miss Birley, assembled in the playground of that school, and started thence in an orderly procession for the junction. Arrived at Chingford the procession was again formed and marched, not without difficulty, owing to the many interruptions by hawkers of various kinds of sweets and toys, to the "Jubilee Retreat," where at 4 o'clock tea was to be served. The six hours before tea-time were spent in various ways, as was also the pocket money, which is so important an item on these occasions. At 4 o'clock all sat down to tea, and after tea the races, which have become quite an annual feature of the Excursion, took place amidst much enthusiasm. After the prizes had been distributed to the successful competitors the children once more dispersed for walks in the Forest with their teachers before returning home. By 9 o'clock we were all safely back in Bethnal Green, after a very happy day. Our thanks are due to the kind friends who sent money to help pay for the tea, to the teachers for coming down to help us in various ways, and to our Churchwarden, Mr. Cookman, for great help in organising the races. We should like to take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Taylor, of Bethnal Green Road, for a kind present of brooches to be competed for as prizes.

**SENIOR BAND OF HOPE.**—The Senior Band of Hope, which meets in the Parish Hall under the superintendence of Miss Whitworth and Miss

Birley, had a most enjoyable day out on July 10th. The chief feature of the outing was the journey, which was made in brakes, this method of conveyance always proving more popular than any other. Two brake loads started from the Institute soon after 9 a.m., and reached their destination, Hadley Woods, soon after mid-day. Here the time passed only too quickly. Tea took place at 5; after this there were races and then it was time to start on the homeward journey. After a very pleasant drive in the cool of the evening, S. Andrew's was safely reached in about three hours; and it was a very happy and thankful party which dismounted from its carriages in S. Andrew's Street soon after 10 o'clock.

The account of the **JUNIOR BAND OF HOPE Excursions** will be found under separate headings.

**SENIOR CLASSES.**—The Annual Excursion of the Senior Girls' Classes, both at S. Andrew's Hall and at the Institute, will take place on Saturday, September 11th, to Bricket Wood in Hertfordshire. It is hoped that most will be able to go for the whole day, but arrangements will be made for those who can only go for the half-day, so that they may join the others in the afternoon. The payment for all will be 1s. 6d., but members of the classes who also belong to the Girls' Club will be able to use the subscriptions which they paid for the Whitsuntide excursion which we were unable to arrange for this purpose. Only those who have made regular attendances will be eligible for the excursion.

### Junior Band of Hope.

ON Saturday, July 17th, we had our long expected day out at Southend. The farthings paid in for many weeks past on our treat cards had been increasing slowly, but so surely, that more than 70 children were able to join the excursion, and they are much to be congratulated on the fact that they provided the whole of their treat themselves, and are indebted to nobody's charity for their outing.

We met at 9 o'clock in the Institute in the usual state of flutter and excitement which such an occasion produces, though a slight wave of depression was doomed to pass over us when we heard that Miss Waring was to be taken, much against her will, to Camberley, on C.C.H.F. duties, and that Mrs. Tomlinson was not well enough to join us. However, we revived when at 11 o'clock we stepped out at Southend and found it looking

quite its best. The tide was well up, and remained so till after four o'clock, a special mark of attention on the part of Neptune which one was bound to be grateful for if only for the fact that it made it impossible for us to wallow in the mud till after tea. We had hardly reached the shore when we found that all the coaches, yachts and row-boats were at our disposal, and indeed crying aloud for our distinguished patronage. Even the grim pier welcomed us by opening its gates for half-price. With so many attractions it was not surprising that we so soon scattered, and, with the exception of our immediate companions, saw little of each other till four o'clock, when with extraordinary punctuality we were all together again; for was there not some work to be done for the cause of Temperance?

Even on our holiday we could not forget we were a Band of Hope, and so agreed to further the good cause by giving a helping hand to the Temperance Hotel and taking a hearty tea there. There was no time to be lost, for we all wanted to be back at the sea, and there was much to be eaten and much to tell of daring voyages and hair-breadth escapes. Not a few, judging from their dripping garments, had suffered the perils of shipwreck, and at least one stocking had been claimed by the angry waves as their rightful due.

As soon as tea was over, we were all hurrying to the shore in hot pursuit of the retreating tide, only the more prudent remembering to leave their boots on the shore; and is such zeal to be wondered at, for now the serious work of the day had begun. The shallows left by the tide were full of a strange creeping animal, which the humble writer in his ignorance had fondly imagined to be crabs; but the rising generation have had the advantage of a liberal education, and were able to point out his ludicrous mistake, assuring him they were frogs, and if carefully taken home in a warm handkerchief would develop into an affectionate pet or a tasty supper dish.

It is impossible to estimate the number of these desirable animals which were captured and brought home in triumph. I would suggest that on future occasions the "Band of Mercy" should post a strong force at the pier head to obstruct this wholesale slaughter, otherwise we shall certainly be compelled to open our columns for a subscription in aid of the distressed fishermen of Southend, who are likely to be robbed of their livelihood.

Seven o'clock—the time for re-assembling—drew on, and apparently there was more difficulty in seeing the clock than there had been at 4 o'clock, for a comparatively small number arrived at the pier head, and at least one of those in charge of the party felt unpleasantly like an old hen clucking for her inattentive ducklings, as he anxiously paced the shore or hurried along the pier vainly trying to attract the notice of his thoughtless brood.

By 7.15 the larger part had assembled, and Mr. Edwards hurried them off to the train, which they just caught. The remaining four were found without having recourse to the town crier, though two of them had had time to realise their forlorn position, and were proportionately alarmed. The contents of a bag of gooseberries taken in frequent doses on the way home soothed our agitation, and by ten o'clock we were all safely home, thoroughly pleased with ourselves and our outing, and more zealous than ever in the cause of Temperance.

### S. Andrew's Hall.

Two of our Summer Excursions have taken place this month, and both parties consisted of Mothers. The children, of course, will follow their parents' example, and both Sunday School and Band of Hope are waiting their turn.

The first outing was that of the Sisters' Work Party, who joined an excursion to Clacton.

There has been a difficulty in finding anyone to give a faithful account of the journey and of their doings at Clacton; but from inquiry of the Mothers who went, they all seem to have had a good time, and certainly a very good tea.

On Monday, July 19th, the members of the Hall Mothers' Meeting journeyed to that time-honoured spot, Southend. Some fifty of the Mothers went, and together with friends and a few children we made up a party of about seventy. History repeats itself on these occasions, and it is difficult to chronicle the various doings of all.

Tea at half-past three was the one event in which without exception all the Mothers took part. We were also glad to welcome Mr. Eck in time for this function. After tea the bravest of the Mothers ventured on the water, and very comfortably filled three boats. No accident happened, and after an hour's row they returned to shore, some feeling a little queer, but all quite pleased with themselves. The return journey to Bethnal Green was accomplished without mishap, and we all agree that we had added one more to the many good days we have spent together at Southend.



### **Mothers' Union.**

WE held our Quarterly Service in the Church on Wednesday, July 7th. Mr. Berens gave the address, taking for his text I. S. Peter v. 7: "Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you." He reminded us how our Saviour in all His teaching assures us that God does not merely take a general interest in mankind, but that He takes an individual interest in each one of us, and he quoted S. Matt. x., v. 29 and 30 as an example. We have a tendency to forget this in our everyday life, especially in regard to our smaller cares and troubles. We should take all our troubles to God, great and small, and He will make them as light again for us. A child in its little troubles runs to its mother; there may not be much the matter, but she will comfort it because she loves it. God will comfort and help us for the same reason. Only God's love for us is a thousand times greater than a mother's love for her child. Mothers need God's help in their endless worries and difficulties even more than other people. Take them all to God, think nothing too small for His care. But we must not presume. George Herbert has said "Help thyself, and God will help thee." Many go on in a happy-go-lucky sort of way and say they are trusting to God, but these are not the sort of people that God most cares to help. Have we done the best we can for ourselves, made provision for the trials that may come? We must help ourselves, and then we may be sure that God will help us.

Our next meeting will be on Wednesday, August 4th, at 2.30, in the Institute.

### **S. Andrew's Missionary Association.**

THIS new Association may now be regarded as in full working order. A very good start was made at the meeting on June 30th, when some 60 members were enrolled and some 70 boxes were asked for. Unfortunately, owing to a miscalculation, there were not enough boxes to satisfy all the demands at the time; but another 50 were obtained as soon as possible, and now we are glad to report that, with those asked for since the meeting, 80 of our new S. Andrew's Mission Boxes are in circulation.

Mr. J. McQueen has kindly consented to act as Assistant Secretary, so that with his help we hope to be able to keep pace with the work which the emptying of so many boxes each quarter will entail.

The old Zululand Boxes came in very well in response to the appeal made in the July Magazine, and when all contributions had been added up, it was found that the very satisfactory sum of £9 10s. was in hand. This has now been paid in to the S.P.G. for its special Zululand Fund, and the disused boxes have been returned to the Society.

If there should happen still to be one or two of these boxes in circulation, will the holders of them kindly return them to the Vicarage and take one of the new boxes instead.

All except a few of the Home Mission Boxes have also come in, and the contents amounted to £11 16s. 3d. Those few who still have their boxes are again asked to bring them in at once, as like the Foreign Mission Boxes they have to be returned to the offices of the A.C.S. and E.L.C.F., and are no longer lent to us.

### **C.E.C.S.—S. Andrew's Branch.**

ON Monday, July 24th, we held our Second Open-Air Meeting, postponed from the previous Monday owing to the weather. We met in S. Andrew's Hall Chapel for intercession, and then adjourned to Finnis Street, when the Secretary gave the address. The meeting was not very large, either in point of view of the number of members or of the public.

Our next meeting is on August 16th in Gale's Gardens, when we hope as the holidays will be over that more of our members will support the work to which they are pledged.

On Saturday, July 3rd, we took part in the Temperance Jubilee Demonstration in Victoria Park in connection with the National Temperance Council.

About 20 of our adult members turned up, and we took also 60 members of the Bands of Hope, and very smart they looked in their sashes and flags. It was encouraging to see the crowds there, even though the crowd prevented us from hearing the speeches. Every one received a Jubilee Temperance Medal, and the children a bag of refreshments.

With such a number of people, it made us feel that though perhaps by ourselves we cannot do very much, yet the cause we have at heart must in time make its way.

**Boys' Club.**

On Saturday, July 24th, we held one of our "Free and Easy" Concerts in the Parish Hall, when the opportunity was taken of presenting the Medals won at the Drill Competition and the Draughts Competition. Our President came up to distribute the prizes. The following received medals:—F. Thompson for best all-round drill, H. Deason first in Dumb-bells, H. Switzer second, E. Greenwood first for Bar-bells, and W. Catherall second; while in the three Draught Competitions W. Tucker won the first, E. Nicholls the second, and J. Lyons the third. We had an excellent programme of songs, the whole of the arrangements being carried out by some of the members themselves.

CRICKET.—The First Team played on June 19th a team from the Eton Mission at Walthamstow, and managed to beat them; and July 3rd we revenged our defeat at the hands of Pelham Home C.C. on May 15th. July 17th we beat the Broad Street C.C. On July 24th the White Star C.C. again defeated us in Victoria Park. The Second played on June 19th the Silver Star C.C. and won. The same result with the Primrose C.C.; and July 10th we beat the Lonsdale C.C., and got beaten on July 24th by the Bunhill Juniors' C.C.

**Offertories.**

|                                                                  | £ | s. | d.              |
|------------------------------------------------------------------|---|----|-----------------|
| First Sunday after Trinity (Hospital Sunday Fund) ... ..         | 6 | 14 | 0 $\frac{3}{4}$ |
| Second Sunday after Trinity ... ..                               | 2 | 8  | 9               |
| Third Sunday after Trinity ... ..                                | 2 | 8  | 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ |
| Fourth Sunday after Trinity ... ..                               | 2 | 13 | 3               |
| Fifth Sunday after Trinity ... ..                                | 2 | 3  | 10              |
| Sixth Sunday after Trinity (S. James, Apostle and Martyr) ... .. | 1 | 18 | 10              |

---

£18 7 4 $\frac{1}{2}$

---

**Marriages.**

- July 4. Frederick Robinson and Isabella Mary Ann Vile  
 5. Frederick Francis and Laura Bessie Augusta Williamson  
 11. William Manders Trett and Alice Wood  
 17. Timothy Atkins and Elizabeth Tillett  
 25. Walter Lewis York and Susan Allman

**Baptisms.**

- June 20. Ivy Irene Perkins (correction)  
 23. Annie Good  
 27. Thomas Henry Dowsett  
 27. Alfred Victor Chapman  
 27. Walter Scott  
 27. William Arthur Lloyd  
 30. Christopher Martin Riley  
 30. Benjamin Bennett  
 30. Elizabeth Maud Smith  
 30. Alfred George Brake  
 30. Albert Edward Hoare  
 July 4. Ernest Hart  
 4. Emma Ruth Pollard  
 4. Louisa Lilian Doree  
 4. Elizabeth Alice Kent  
 4. Charles Edward Saywell  
 4. Rose Eleanor Trowsdale  
 7. Claude George Dann  
 7. May Victoria Carter  
 11. William Alfred Cooper  
 11. Louisa Martha Fryer  
 11. Albert Leonard Healey  
 14. Alice Louisa Upstill  
 14. Annie Rowell  
 14. Alfred George Harvey  
 14. Percy Harvey  
 18. James George Davis  
 18. Mary Ann Davis  
 18. George Thomas Smith  
 18. Linda Victoria Gill  
 18. Elizabeth Outen  
 18. Arthur William Jacques  
 21. Beatrice Mary Foskett  
 25. Eleanor Maud Reed

**S. Andrew's Men's Club.****ANNUAL ATHLETIC SPORTS**

WILL BE HELD

**On Saturday, August 21st,**

At 3.30 p.m., at the

**"HARE & HOUNDS" GROUND, LEA BRIDGE ROAD.****Admission 6d.**

For further Particulars see Large Bills.



# S. Andrew's Parish Magazine.

## CLERGY.

|         |   |                                                    |                 |
|---------|---|----------------------------------------------------|-----------------|
| Priests | { | The Rev. H. V. S. ECK, M.A.<br>(Curate in Charge). | } The Vicarage. |
|         |   | The Rev. L. L. EDWARDS, M.A.                       |                 |
|         |   | The Rev. G. BERENS, M.A.                           |                 |
|         |   | The Rev. H. MOSLEY, M.A.                           |                 |
| Deacon  |   | The Rev. M. P. GILLSON, B.A.                       |                 |

## DEACONESSES.

(Of the All Saints East London Diocesan Community).

SISTER MARY, 5, Wilmot Street.

SISTER EDITH, 5, Wilmot Street.

## PARISH NURSE.

Nurse WILLIAMS, 9, S. Andrew's Street.

## CHURCH WORKERS.

Miss CRUMP,  
Miss JAMES, } 5, Paradise Row.  
Miss A. NASH,  
Miss HARRINGTON, S. Margaret's House.  
Mrs. IRELAND, 10, S. Andrew's Street.  
Mrs. JACKSON, 118, Finnis Street.  
Miss MCKENZIE, 227, Corfield Street.  
Miss NASH.  
Mrs. QUICK, 89, Wilmot Street.  
Miss WARING, 134, Bishop's Road.

## Church of S. Andrew.

### CHURCHWARDENS.

Mr. COOKMAN, 10, Finnis Street.

Mr. UNWIN, 380, Bethnal Green Road.

### SIDESMEN.

Mr. CROOKES, Mr. MCQUEEN, Mr. WANT, Mr. EARWAKER,  
Mr. SULLIVAN, Mr. MIZEN.

### ORGANIST.

Mr. F. P. PARKER.

## SERVICES.

DAILY .. .. 7.30. Mattins.  
8.0. Holy Communion.  
7.30. Evensong.  
SUNDAYS .. .. 7.0. Holy Communion (1st and  
3rd Sundays).  
8.0. Holy Communion.  
10.45. Mattins.  
11.30. Holy Communion (Choral)  
and Sermon.  
3.15. Children's Service.  
6.30. Evensong and Sermon.  
SAINTS' DAYS .. 6.30. Holy Communion.  
7.30. Mattins.  
8.0. Holy Communion.  
7.30. Evensong.  
FRIDAYS .. .. 8 p.m. Service of Intercession, with  
Instruction.

HOLY BAPTISM { Wednesdays, 11 a.m. and 7.30 p.m.  
Sundays, 4.30 p.m.  
CHURCHINGS—BEFORE any Service.

All seats in S. Andrew's Church are free and unappropriated. Prayer and Hymn Books will be found on the shelves at the west end of the Church, and it is requested that they may be replaced there after Service.

Care of the Church—Mrs. MIZEN.

Care of the Sanctuary—Sister MARY and Sister EDITH.

## S. Andrew's Hall.

### SERVICES IN THE CHAPEL.

SUNDAYS .. 8.0. (3rd Sunday in the Month.) Holy  
Communion.  
8.15 p.m. Mission Service.  
MONDAYS .. 6.0 p.m. Children's Service.  
TUESDAYS .. 7.30 p.m. Evensong and Holy Baptism.

### GUILD OF S. ANDREW.

Secretary—Mr. H. ROBERTS, 45, Mape Street.

Meetings { 1st Tuesday—Committee.  
3rd Tuesday—General.

## SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

### Superintendents.

S. Andrew's Insti- { 10 a.m. .. .. Rev. G. BERENS.  
tute, Parish Hall { 3 p.m. (Boys) Rev. M. P. GILLSON  
Hague Street { 3 p.m. (Girls) } Miss BIRLEY.  
Board School { 3 p.m. (Infants.) }  
S. Andrew's Hall { 10 a.m. .. .. Rev. H. MOSLEY.  
(Boys and Girls) { 3 p.m. .. .. Rev. H. MOSLEY.

## SUNDAY CLASSES.

S. Andrew's { 3 p.m. (Boys) Rev. G. BERENS.  
Institute { 3 p.m. (Girls) Miss CRUMP.  
S. Andrew's Hall { 3 p.m. (Girls) The SISTERS.  
{ 6.45 p.m. (Boys) Rev. H. MOSLEY.

## MEETING FOR MEN.

Institute (No. 6 Room), }  
Sunday, 8.15 p.m. } Rev. L. L. EDWARDS.

## WOMEN'S BIBLE CLASS.

Institute No. 6 Room, }  
Thursdays, 2.30 p.m. } Rev. G. BERENS.

## MOTHERS' MEETINGS (on Mondays at 2.30).

S. Andrew's Institute { Ground Floor—Miss WARING.  
First Floor—Miss BIRLEY.  
Parish Hall—Miss HARRINGTON  
S. Andrew's Hall .. .. The SISTERS.

## CLUBS.

President—Rev. H. V. S. ECK.

### MEN'S CLUB.

S. Andrew's Institute. { Secretary—Rev. L. L. EDWARDS.  
Nightly, 8—11. { Treasurer—Rev. G. BERENS.  
Saturday, 5—11. { Librarian—Mr. J. H. ROSE.

### BOYS' CLUBS.

S. Andrew's Institute, { Secretary—Rev. G. BERENS.  
Nightly, 8—10. { Librarian—Miss WARING.  
S. Andrew's Hall, } Superintendent—Rev. H. MOSLEY  
Thursday, 8—10.

### GIRLS' CLUB.

S. Andrew's Institute, { Superintendent—Miss CRUMP.  
Monday & Thursday, { Secretary—Miss BROADBEAR.  
9—10. { Librarian—Miss BOWYER.

Temperance Society—Secretary—Rev. G. BERENS.

Senior Girls' { S. Andrew's Inst.—Miss WHITWORTH.  
Band of Hope. { S. Andrew's Hall—Sister MARY.

Junior { S. Andrew's Inst.—Rev. L. L. EDWARDS.  
Band of Hope. { S. Andrew's Hall—Rev. H. MOSLEY.

Association for { Secretary—Rev. L. L. EDWARDS.  
Home and Foreign { Assistant Secretary—Mr. J. MCQUEEN.  
Missions

Work Party { S. Andrew's Institute—Mrs. UNWIN and  
Miss HARRINGTON.  
S. Andrew's Hall—The SISTERS.

# S. Andrew's Parish Magazine.

SEPTEMBER, 1897.

## The Staff.

THE list of S. Andrew's Church-workers appears this month without the name of one who for more than ten years has been connected with us. It is difficult indeed to describe the loss which Miss Birley's going is to us, or the gap which she leaves behind. What she has been to S. Andrew's is best known to those with whom and for whom she has worked, and it is quite impossible to say adequately what her going means to them. The Mothers' Meetings, the Mothers' Union, the Sunday School, the Senior Band of Hope, the Girls' Club, and perhaps most of all Corfield Street and Ainsley Street, have lost in her a most devoted and most untiring and most self-sacrificing friend and worker. Miss Birley is going to very hard and difficult work in one of those great towns in the north of England about which we southerners know so little. She is not leaving us for easier work, and if it were not that she is going to help her brother we could not have given her up; indeed, it is only the feeling that he has perhaps a greater claim upon her than we have, which reconciles us at all to her going. As it is, we can only sorrowfully say farewell, and pray that God may bless Miss Birley's work in Gateshead as much as He has blessed it here.

## Summer Excursions.

### THE CHOIR.

THE Choirmen's Excursion took place on Monday, August 16th. Owing to various reasons the number who were able to take part in it was a very small one. The two Churchwardens, one Sidesman, the Organist, four members of the Choir and Mr. Eck and Mr. Gillson were all who were able to take advantage of the outing, which was a most enjoyable one. Brighton was chosen as the scene, and an early start was made from London Bridge. The time before dinner was spent on the beach and on a ride in the Electric Railway; a very excellent dinner was partaken of at Mutton's Hotel, and after dinner the whole party drove in two carriages to the "Devil's Dyke." Here a very enjoyable hour was spent in enjoyment of the view, and an inspection of the various objects of interest;

four of the more reckless of the party descended the down by a very direct and rapid mode of locomotion to the village of Poyning. They were however very glad to avail themselves of the almost perpendicular railway to bring them up again to the spot where the rest of the party were awaiting them. It was now time to return to Brighton, and on our arrival there it was time for tea, to which needless to say full justice was done. After tea a very short walk brought our time to an end and we returned to Bethnal Green at the respectable hour of 10 p.m., feeling very grateful to the anonymous friend, whose kindness had made possible so enjoyable an outing.

### BOYS' SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Saturday, August 7th, was the day for our treat. We were a comparatively small party of eighty this year, but that did not prevent our marching with due pomp behind our Sunday School banner to Bethnal Green station. We visited 'Chingford this year, an unknown land to many of us, and as such regarded with some suspicion and foreboding, however the girls had sampled the neighbourhood (and, what was perhaps of equal importance, the tea) the week before and pronounced them both excellent; it is sufficient to say we were able to thoroughly endorse this verdict. We had a capital day, hunting in the forest and playing cricket on the open, but were not too tired to enter with great keenness into the sports, which closed the day. We can only mention the teachers' races, in which Miss Tyler, after a hard struggle, carried off the palm, or to speak more accurately, a picture of the opening of the Tower Bridge.

### INFANTS' SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The last department of the Sunday Schools to have its summer outing was that which meets at Hague Street, and consists of infants of all ages, except those in arms. These little people met in front of the Institute on Wednesday, August 18th, and by 3.30, the appointed time, St. Andrew's Street was all alive with expectant guests; but strange to say the big doors remained closed, and it soon became evident that the Parish Hall was not to be the scene of the infantine banquet this year. Punctually at 3.30 one of Messrs. Carter Paterson's vans, drawn by two magnificent steeds, dashed into the street, and it was not long before it was laden with the "babies," who set off under



the care of Mrs. Jackson for the field behind St. Jude's Church, which was kindly lent by the Vicar of St. Jude's for the occasion. This was followed by a cab, in which was Mrs. Mizen and two large urns of tea, not to mention boxes and baskets of cake and bread and butter. The infants of maturer age, to the number of 160, having been marshalled two-and-two on the pavement, now set off in a long procession for St. Jude's; the route taken was by Viaduct Street, Canrobert Street, Middleton Street and Treadway Street, the traffic in the Bethnal Green road being stopped while the St. Andrew's infants solemnly crossed it. Arrived at St. Jude's, the interval before tea was spent in play, and it was not long before all were seated in long rows on the grass, cups in hand waiting for the tea to be poured into them; but alas, grace was no sooner sung than a sudden shower descended almost without warning and all were obliged to beat a hasty retreat into a neighbouring schoolroom, and to eat their tea under its friendly shelter. Happily the rain soon stopped, and after tea the party adjourned to the field and continued their romps till it was time to return to S. Andrew's. At six the van again made its appearance, the carriage folk took their places and were driven off, and the rest followed on foot, singing as they went. Bethnal Green Road having been safely crossed, St. Andrew's Parish was entered by way of Mape Street, and the procession entered S. Andrew's Street in triumph; here friends and relations were awaiting them, and it was not long before the street was once more quiet, and all had returned to their homes.

### **S. Andrew's Guild.**

At the monthly meeting of the Guild on August 17 the Warden gave an address on "The Authority of the Church." He considered the question more especially in its relation to the custom of the Church of receiving the Holy Communion fasting. After giving the historical evidence for that practice in early times, pointing out that very early indeed, probably at the end of the first century, the Church saw fit out of motives of reverence to make the early morning instead of the evening the time for Celebration so that it soon became a universal custom, he went on to point out that the English branch of the Church at the Reformation made no alteration in what was the practice of the whole of Christendom in this respect, and that no formulary

or canon of the English Church since has ever repealed the canons of the Universal Church on the subject; it was only individual carelessness in the time of the spiritual deadness of the eighteenth and early part of the nineteenth centuries which finally resulted in such widespread departure from an ancient and reverent custom. It was then pointed out that the real point at issue was whether the right of the Church to apply principles and to regulate the administration of the Sacraments was admitted or not; in this particular instance, the question from one point of view was the application of the principle of fasting, of which only the general principle and not the detail was laid down by our Lord. Our Lord said "Then shall they fast in those days," without specifying the time or the mode, and it seems the safer and the humbler course to follow the guidance of the Church as to details, as for example when she says "Fast before Communion," than to say practically "I shall fast when and how I like." The only thing which could have weight against the custom and practice of the Church would be if it could be shown that such custom and practice was contrary to the command or will of our Lord; it is evident in this case that since our Lord gave no command as to details of time and place and manner we are not breaking any commandments of His in following the Church's guidance, and that since the fact of the institution of the Holy Eucharist in the evening was an accident of the original institution as taking place at the Passover, which was always kept in the evening, and not essential to it, we have no right to speak of the accident of its being in the evening as our Lord's example any more than we have to speak of kneeling at reception as contrary to our Lord's example, because at the first Eucharist the Apostles were reclining, as was the custom at the Passover. It was out of reverence for our Lord and for no other reason that the Church made her rule of fasting before Communion, just as for the same reason she ordered kneeling to be the posture in which the Sacrament is to be received.

After some questions had been asked and answered, the meeting was closed with a hymn and the Blessing.

### **Children's Guild.**

THE Children's Guild, which meets every week in Church on Saturday mornings, will hold its first Festival at Michaelmas, and we hope at that festival

to admit to membership all those probationers who have attended regularly and kept the rules. The Guild is in need of a banner; will any kind reader of this Magazine embroider one for them?

On July 22nd there passed to her rest the first of our Guild children whom the Good Shepherd has called from the worship of His Church on earth to worship Him in Paradise. Little Emma Racine was only five years old, too young to be a probationer, but she came regularly to the Children's Service with her sister and brother on Saturday mornings, and it seems fitting that she should be noticed here as being the first one to leave us. She was laid to rest in Manor Park Cemetery, the service being read by Mr. Eck.

### Men's Club.

On Saturday, August 21st, our Annual Athletic Sports took place at the "Hare and Hounds" running ground.

The following are the details:—

*100 Yds. Handicap.*—Heat 1—F. Schuler; Heat 2—W. Luck; Heat 3—G. Moore; Heat 4—F. S. Cleveley; Heat 5—A. Kendall; Heat 6—J. Carson. It was found necessary to have another round. In Heat 1—Schuler (1); Luck (2); Heat 2—Kendall (1); Carson (2).

*Final Heat.*—1st, Schuler; 2nd, Kendall; 3rd, Luck.

*Egg and Spoon Race.*—Heat 1—A. Johnson; Heat 2—W. Luck; Heat 3—A. W. Dupree; Heat 4—J. Biggs; Heat 5—Carson.

*Final.*—1st, Luck; 2nd, Biggs.

*250 Yds. Handicap.*—Heat 1—A. G. Kendall, R. Greenwood; Heat 2—F. Schuler, J. Ireland; Heat 3—A. Davis, S. Johnson; Heat 4—J. Davis, G. Moore.

*Final.*—1st, Greenwood; 2nd, J. Davis; 3rd, A. G. Kendall.

*Sack Race.*—Heat 1—E. Cremin (owes 20 yds.); G. Rowe (dead heat); Heat 2—H. Curtis, G. Gates; Heat 3—J. Carson, G. Cleveley.

*Final.*—Undecided.

*100 Yds. Veterans Handicap.*—1st, F. Dean; 2nd, A. Tyler; 3rd, W. Robinson.

*100 Yds. Three-Legged Race.*—Heat 1—F. Cremin and A. Johnson; Heat 2—J. Ireland and W. Jones.

*Final.*—Ireland and W. Jones.

*One Mile Handicap.*—1, H. Curtis; 2, W. Luck; 3, G. Moore.

*One Mile Walking Race.*—1, G. Cleveley; 2, Lydall; 3, J. Carson.

At the conclusion of the Sports, which were gamely contested and well-arranged, there was the usual *al Fresco* concert of "Dancing on the Green."

The whole of the details were carried out by a Committee; while Mr. H. Rogers took the somewhat thankless task of handicapper; Mr. Lazorek was starter, and Messrs. G. Moore and F. S. Cleveley were dressing room stewards. We must thank Mr. W. T. Allen of the Unity A.C. for kindly acting as judge.

**THE MINSTRELS.**—After their hard work during the past season, the Troupe refreshed themselves for further effort during the coming winter by a half-day's outing on August 14th to Theydon Bois. The President of the Club was with them, and a pleasant afternoon was spent in the Forest and at tea; afterwards an impromptu concert was held, and the result of this first experiment was a decided success.

**CRICKET CLUB.**—We must hold over full details of the performance of the Cricket Club until next month; but there is one event which calls for record in this issue.

On Saturday, July 31st, a team of 13 went down to Chobham on the invitation of Captain Ford, to play the local team.

Mr. Bramwell very kindly sent a donation, which went a long way towards clearing the somewhat heavy expense of the journey; and Captain Ford entertained the visitors right royally.

The day was such a success as an outing in the country, that the loss of the match weighed very lightly against the enjoyment of our men.

Indeed, they are looking forward already to a repetition next year, if all is well.

### S. Andrew's Hall.

Two very important Summer Outings have taken place this month, and must be duly reported in this number of the Magazine.

#### SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The first in point of size and importance was the Sunday School Excursion. Saturday, August 14th, was the day, and a very beautiful day it was. The Forest is, of course, the only possible destination for a Sunday School Treat, and this year we made for Chingford. One of the boys, looking back on an experience of eight years of Sunday School and Summer Treats, pronounced it to be as "good a place as we had ever been to, if not better," and it is not for us to gainsay such an authority.

Certainly there was ample opportunity for everyone to become thoroughly acquainted with the neighbourhood, for we arrived there at 9.45, and we did not leave till 7.55 p.m.; and during that time, donkey and penny rides in brakes were the chief order of the day.

Tea at four o'clock at the Retreat brought us all together, and almost immediately after tea we had the Sports. These were very popular this year, all



the children excepting about six entering for the races. In addition to the ordinary prizes we were enabled by the kindness of Mr. Fred Newley to present six really beautiful Jubilee Medals.

The following were the prize-winners :—

**BOYS. 1st Prizes.**—Noble, Dorian, Watney, Clay, Long, G. Hayday, Tibbs, Barrett.

**2nd Prizes.**—Fowle, W. Hayday, J. Stevens, Cork, B. Stevens, Bishop, Dillow, Rowe.

**GIRLS. 1st Prizes.**—B. Connor, F. Newton, N. Matthews, E. Newton, M. Kennett, A. Hazzard, L. Goodchild, L. Cook.

**2nd Prizes.**—E. Bexley, L. Clark, S. Jordan, E. Treffiss, B. Hyams, S. Hyams, R. Purser, E. Goodchild.

#### BAND OF HOPE.

We have received the following account of the Band of Hope Excursion from one of the members :

"Once again the time for our Band of Hope Excursion came round, and numerous were the questions asked respecting our destination. Southend, as usual, we were told. We mustered at the Hall on Saturday, July 24th, in all our best, and a prettier party was never seen. We then marched to Bethnal Green Junction, not headed by our banner this year; still that has done its work in days gone by. We caught the train about 9 o'clock, and we had a very pleasant journey, some singing and others of us eating up all our provisions meant for dinner. We reached Southend about 11.30, and then lined up outside the station and marched to Victoria Temperance Hotel, ginger-beer stalls being assailed by the way. After having been told about tea by Mr. Mosley, we scattered, some to sit by the sad sea waves, though there weren't many of them I am afraid to say, and others to engage in a fierce war with the crabs. At last, tired of these occupations, we all went on the pier—it was fun on the electric cars, though on our return journey one of us, loaded with crabs, alighted on the platform a little too soon, and the consequence was he collapsed, crabs as well, to the delight of everyone else in the cars. At 4 o'clock we went to tea; it was too good to talk about. That over we assembled on the beach for a row. We filled three boats, and after a great show of strength on the part of the rowers, we glided out into the briny deep. When we returned some of us looked a little worse for the tossing.

The journey home was as uneventful as the one in the morning, and we arrived at Bethnal

Green quite pleased with ourselves and our day's outing. Thus did our Annual Excursion come to an end."

BY ONE OF THE BAND OF HOPE.

The appointment of Mr. George Blythe as Organist of S. Peter's Church, Bethnal Green, is a serious loss for us at S. Andrew's Hall. Ever since the Dedication of the Chapel, Mr. Blythe has played for us at the Mission Service on Sundays and at Evensong on Tuesdays.

We shall miss his valuable aid, though we are glad to offer him our congratulation.

#### Boys' Club.

**C.E.T.S.**—On Saturday, July 31st, the Boys' Branch had a half-day down at Chingford. Owing to the fact that it was the Saturday before Bank Holiday, a good many of our members were otherwise engaged, but the party that were able to go made the most of the time, which was spent partly in the Forest, partly at tea, at cricket and rowing on Connaught Water.

We hope during the winter to have Monthly Meetings.

**CRICKET.**—We have but little to report this month, as unfortunately we could arrange no matches for the 2nd Team, while the 1st only had two, one against the Primrose C.C. in Victoria Park, which we won, and a like satisfactory result against the Star C.C. at Walthamstow. We were disappointed on August 21st; we hoped to play our return with the Eton Mission C.C. but they were unable to raise a team.

We must congratulate some of our old members who have joined the Men's Club on their success in the Athletic Sports.

#### Mothers' Union.

WE held our meeting on August 4th, but our members appeared to be otherwise engaged, for very few were present.

Miss Birley gave the address, and urged upon us the necessity for faithful, earnest and regular prayer in behalf of our children. She reminded us of the many wonderful answers to prayer that we read of in the Bible—giving us several examples—and begged us to use our Mothers' Union Prayer daily and earnestly.

At the conclusion of her address, Miss Birley said a few words upon a subject equally painful to

herself and us, viz., that of her leaving S. Andrew's to go and help her brother in his Yorkshire parish. The members of the Mothers' Union will feel her loss most keenly, as will many others in the Parish of S. Andrew's, who, in her many years of work amongst them, have learnt to love and value her too deeply for words to adequately express. She will take our best wishes with her, and with them a lurking hope that she may bring them and herself back to us again before very long.

Our next meeting will be held on Wednesday, September 1st, in the Institute, at 2.30.

### C.E.T.S.—S. Andrew's Branch.

ON Monday, August 16th, we held another of our Open-Air Meetings, this time in Gales Gardens. The attendance of members was fairly satisfactory, and a fair audience gathered round to listen to what the Secretary had to say on the subject of Temperance and its opposite.

We should like to draw the attention of members to the fact that on Saturday, September 25th, we have our Half-Yearly Meeting. There will be a Tea for members, followed by Evensong and Sermon, and then the General Meeting. It is earnestly hoped that all members will endeavour to attend, as the meeting is very important, settling as it will the plan of campaign during the winter.

### Children's Country Holiday Fund.

ONCE more we have to announce the close of another season, and we trust a successful one, though there was a smaller number of children sent away, at any rate from the two schools in this parish, and we hope that this fact means that parents have learnt to provide their children's holiday themselves. From Wilmot Street and Hague Street Schools 202 children went. Some of these went to Basingstoke and Hook, while others went to two places new to us—Camberley and Chelsfield. Miss Waring, Miss James and Miss A. Nash again undertook the task of visiting the homes, and the fact that early in January payments were taken, made it a great deal easier for some to go, and with very few exceptions there was nothing to complain of in the behaviour of the little holiday makers.

### Choir.

ALBERT HOLLINGTON was admitted to the choir at Evensong on July 25th, being the Feast of S. James.

### Temperance Choir.

THE Temperance Choir has been resting for the last two months, but is about to rouse itself and reappear under the new and imposing title of the S. Andrew's Choral Society. We hope it will really include all the vocal talent of S. Andrew's, in which case it will doubtless do us credit: we are at present in need of extra voices, especially tenors and basses. Mr. Marks has most kindly promised to continue his very valuable assistance as conductor. The first meeting will be Friday, September 17th, at 9 p.m. punctually.

### Offertories.

|                                     | £  | s. | d.  |
|-------------------------------------|----|----|-----|
| Seventh Sunday after Trinity ... .. | 2  | 18 | 0½  |
| Eighth Sunday after Trinity ... ..  | 2  | 0  | 3¼  |
| Ninth Sunday after Trinity ... ..   | 2  | 2  | 10½ |
| Tenth Sunday after Trinity ... ..   | 1  | 19 | 8½  |
|                                     | £9 | 0  | 11¼ |

### Marriages.

- Aug. 1 Thomas Robert Hellen and Jane Hannah James.  
 1 Michael George Allman and Martha Caroline Gigg.  
 8 George Phillips and Eliza Daltry.  
 17 George James Newvell and Jane Jones.  
 22 Thomas Rosmond and Elizabeth Master.

### Baptisms.

- July 28 George Edward Halesworth.  
 28 Harriet Avosh.  
 Aug. 1 John Harry Thomason.  
 1 Edith Sophia Steadman.  
 1 James Dawson.  
 1 Susanna Eliza Clements.  
 1 Frederick Robert Warwick.  
 1 Benjamin Schrier.  
 1 Sophia Matilda Schrier.  
 1 Olive Alice Hurst.  
 1 Ada Hurst.  
 1 Ethel Martha Hurst.  
 1 William John Thorpe.  
 4 Alfred Edward Thomas.  
 4 Frederick William Thomas.  
 4 Elizabeth Jane Thomas.  
 4 William Henry Thomas.  
 8 James Matthew Henry Jones.  
 8 William Thomas Sutton.  
 10 Mary Ann Dawson.  
 10 William Dawson.  
 10 Thomas Dawson.  
 11 James Edgar Knox.  
 11 Samuel William Connor.  
 15 Henry Hymas.  
 18 Arthur Elfenheim.  
 18 Sidney Harold Collins.  
 18 John Carter.  
 22 John Edward Charles Beckwith.  
 22 George Henry Martin.



# S. Andrew's Parish Magazine.

## CLERGY.

*Priests* { The Rev. H. V. S. ECK, M.A.  
 (Curate in Charge).  
 The Rev. L. L. EDWARDS, M.A.  
 The Rev. G. BERENS, M.A.  
 The Rev. H. MOSLEY, M.A. } *The Vicarage.*  
*Deacon:* The Rev. M. P. GILLSON, B.A.

## DEACONESSSES.

(Of the All Saints East London Diocesan Community).

SISTER MARY, 5, Wilmot Street.  
 SISTER EDITH, 5, Wilmot Street.

## PARISH NURSE.

Nurse WILLIAMS, 13, Pollard Street.

## CHURCH WORKERS.

Miss CRUMP, }  
 Miss JAMES, } 5, Paradise Row.  
 Miss A. NASH,  
 Miss HARINGTON, S. Margaret's House.  
 Mrs. IRELAND, 10, S. Andrew's Street.  
 Mrs. JACKSON, 118, Finnis Street.  
 Miss LEEKE, 9, S. Andrew's Street.  
 Miss MCKENZIE, 227, Corfield Street.  
 Miss NASH.  
 Mrs. QUICK, 89, Wilmot Street.  
 Miss WARING, 134, Bishop's Road.

## Church of S. Andrew.

### CHURCHWARDENS.

Mr. COOKMAN, 10, Finnis Street.  
 Mr. UNWIN, 380, Bethnal Green Road.

### SIDESMEN.

Mr. CROOKES, Mr. McQUEEN, Mr. WANT, Mr. EARWAKER,  
Mr. SULLIVAN, Mr. MIZEN.

### ORGANIST.

Mr. F. P. PARKER.

## SERVICES.

DAILY .. .. 7.30. Mattins.  
 .. .. 8.0. Holy Communion.  
 .. .. 7.30. Evensong.  
 SUNDAYS .. .. 7.0. Holy Communion (1st and  
 .. .. 3rd Sundays).  
 .. .. 8.0. Holy Communion.  
 .. .. 10.45. Mattins.  
 .. .. 11.30. Holy Communion (Choral)  
 .. .. and Sermon.  
 .. .. 3.15. Children's Service.  
 .. .. 6.30. Evensong and Sermon.  
 SAINTS' DAYS .. 6.30. Holy Communion.  
 .. .. 7.30. Mattins.  
 .. .. 8.0. Holy Communion.  
 .. .. 7.30. Evensong.  
 FRIDAYS .. .. 8 p.m. Service of Intercession, with  
 .. .. Instruction.

HOLY BAPTISM { Wednesdays, 11 a.m. and 7.30 p.m.  
 { Sundays, 4.30 p.m.  
 CHURCHINGS—BEFORE any Service.

All seats in S. Andrew's Church are free and unappropriated. Prayer and Hymn Books will be found on the shelves at the west end of the Church, and it is requested that they may be replaced there after Service.

Care of the Church—Mrs. MIZEN.

Care of the Sanctuary—Sister MARY and Sister EDITH.

## S. Andrew's Hall.

### SERVICES IN THE CHAPEL.

SUNDAYS .. 8.0. (3rd Sunday in the Month.) Holy  
 .. .. Communion.  
 .. .. 8.15 p.m. Mission Service.  
 MONDAYS .. 6.0 p.m. Children's Service.  
 TUESDAYS .. 7.30 p.m. Evensong and Holy Baptism.

### GUILD OF S. ANDREW.

Secretary—Mr. H. ROBERTS, 45, Mape Street.

Meetings { 1st Tuesday—Committee.  
 { 3rd Tuesday—General.

## SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

*Superintendents.*  
 S. Andrew's Insti- { 10 a.m. .. .. Rev. G. BERENS.  
 tute, Parish Hall { 3 p.m. (Boys) Rev. M. P. GILLSON  
 Hague Street { 3 p.m. (Girls) Miss LEEKE.  
 Board School { 3 p.m. (Infants) Miss EUSTACE.  
 S. Andrew's Hall { 10 a.m. .. .. Rev. H. MOSLEY.  
 (Boys and Girls) { 3 p.m. .. .. Rev. H. MOSLEY.

## SUNDAY CLASSES.

S. Andrew's { 3 p.m. (Boys) Rev. G. BERENS.  
 Institute { 3 p.m. (Girls) Miss CRUMP.  
 S. Andrew's Hall { 3 p.m. (Girls) The SISTERS.  
 { 6.45 p.m. (Boys) Rev. H. MOSLEY.

## MEETING FOR MEN.

Institute (No. 6 Room), }  
 Sunday, 8.15 p.m. } Rev. L. L. EDWARDS.

## WOMEN'S BIBLE CLASS.

Institute No. 6 Room, }  
 Thursdays, 2.30 p.m. } Rev. G. BERENS.

## MOTHERS' MEETINGS (on Mondays at 2.30).

S. Andrew's Institute { Ground Floor—Miss WARING.  
 { First Floor—  
 Parish Hall—Miss HARINGTON.  
 S. Andrew's Hall .. .. The SISTERS.

## CLUBS.

President—Rev. H. V. S. ECK.

### MEN'S CLUB.

S. Andrew's Institute. { Secretary—Rev. L. L. EDWARDS.  
 Nightly, 8—11. { Treasurer—Rev. G. BERENS.  
 Saturday, 5—11. { Librarian—Mr. J. H. ROSE.

### BOYS' CLUBS.

S. Andrew's Institute, { Secretary—Rev. G. BERENS.  
 Nightly, 8—10. { Librarian—Miss WARING.  
 S. Andrew's Hall, { Superintendent—Rev. H. MOSLEY  
 Thursday, 8—10.

### GIRLS' CLUB.

S. Andrew's Institute, { Superintendent—Miss CRUMP.  
 Monday & Thursday, { Secretary—Miss BROADBEAR.  
 8—10. { Librarian—Miss BOWYER.

Temperance Society—Secretary—Rev. G. BERENS.

Senior Girls' { S. Andrew's Inst.—Miss WHITWORTH.  
 Band of Hope. { S. Andrew's Hall—Sister MARY.

Junior { S. Andrew's Inst.—Rev. L. L. EDWARDS.  
 Band of Hope. { S. Andrew's Hall—Rev. H. MOSLEY.

Association for { Secretary—Rev. L. L. EDWARDS.  
 Home and Foreign { Assistant Secretary—Mr. J. McQUEEN.  
 Missions

Work Party { S. Andrew's Institute—Mrs. UNWIN and  
 { Miss HARINGTON.  
 { S. Andrew's Hall—The SISTERS.

# S. Andrew's Parish Magazine.

OCTOBER, 1897.

## Letter to the Parishioners.

MY DEAR PEOPLE,

It is just a year since I was put in charge of this Parish, and it seems fitting that I should send you a few words through the magazine to tell you a little of how matters stand. I should like, first of all, to say what pleasure and joy it has given me to see your constancy to your Church and to its organisations. I want you to learn more and more that the Church is yours, and its Clergy yours, so that in consequence you may feel that its support—I am not now speaking of financial support—is a matter of personal interest to each one who belongs to it. And so too with everything connected with the Church—Guilds, Societies, Clubs, even the Excursions and Christmas Parties—I would have you feel that these are your own, and that none of them can really prosper as they should do without the zealous and constant support of all their members. There is still, I think, room for improvement in this respect: some of our meetings might be better attended; there might be more zeal about some of our work; there are still vacant places in Church.

There is room for a great deal of anxiety on the score of money; I hope before the end of the year to publish a statement of accounts, which will show how great a burden the financial support of a Parish like this is, and how difficult it is to meet it. We can only hope that things may look brighter by the end of another year, and meanwhile we must all do our utmost to support S. Andrew's and everything belonging to it by every means in our power.

I cannot help expressing my great thankfulness to all who have so loyally and earnestly laboured with me during the past year—to my brother Clergy, to the Church Officers, to the Sunday School Teachers, and to all those who have so freely and cheerfully given their time and interest to the working of the various Societies and Clubs in connection with the Church; without their help it would indeed be impossible to go on.

Once again commending myself and all who work with me, and this whole Parish, to the grace and mercy of God,

I remain,

Your servant for CHRIST's sake,

H. V. S. ECK.

## The Staff.

WE are very glad to welcome back to S. Andrew's a very old friend and worker. Miss Leeke hopes to return to us and to take her place on the staff about the middle of October; she will take up her residence at 9, S. Andrew's Street. She will superintend the Girls' Sunday School in Hague Street, and visit in Corfield Street. It is a cause for much thankfulness that matters should have been so arranged as to allow of Miss Leeke's returning to us just at a time when we are so much in need of workers.

Miss A. M. Harington's place as superintendent of the Infant School will be taken by Miss Eustace, of S. Margaret's House.

## The Nurse.

NURSE Williams' temporary address is 13, Pollard Street, where she will be until a convenient house can be found for her in S. Andrew's Parish. Any messages may be left for her at the Vicarage.

## Harvest Festival.

HARVEST Thanksgiving Services will be held in S. Andrew's Church, on Sunday, October 3rd, and will be as follows:—

|                                                   |     |     |         |
|---------------------------------------------------|-----|-----|---------|
| Holy Communion                                    | ... | ... | 7 and 8 |
| Mattins                                           | ... | ... | 10.45   |
| Choral Celebration of Holy Communion, with Sermon | ... | ... | 11.30   |
| Children's Service                                | ... | ... | 3.15    |
| Evensong and Sermon                               | ... | ... | 6.30    |

We would ask for gifts of fruit, flowers, etc., which, after the festival, will be distributed among the sick and needy of the parish. Any offerings may be sent to the Boys' Club Room at the Institute, on the Saturday morning, and will be gratefully received.

The collections at all the services will be given to the Queen Adelaide Dispensary.

## Summer Excursions.

IN spite of the already large number of summer outings, which have been recorded in our Parish Magazine, there still remain some two or three which call for notice.



(1) THE WORK PARTY.—After sundry changes of date, the festival of S. Bartholomew, Tuesday, August 24th, was at last decided upon for the Annual Summer Excursion of the Work Party, under Mrs. Unwin's superintendence. An invitation to spend the day at Harpsden Court, Henley-on-Thames, kindly given by Mr. Leonard Noble, decided the question as to where to go. Unfortunately the weather was very unsettled, and a good many heavy showers, especially one on the arrival of the party, threatened to damp the pleasure of the day. But thanks to plenty of shelter and to the efforts made by Mr. Noble and his friends to entertain the visitors, little damage was done.

Various amusements helped to make the time pass quickly, among which perhaps the most popular was "Aunt Sally," in damaging whose wooden physiognomy several of the visitors proved quite expert. Possibly the rewards, generously provided by Mr. Noble, for those who succeeded in hitting the mark, served as a stimulus, but certain it is that "Aunt Sally" kept the party busy and amused most of the afternoon.

The homeward start was made rather earlier than had been anticipated owing to the dampness of the day.

Some rather demurred to shortening their visit to Harpsden, but by the time Bethnal Green was reached the wisdom of the early departure was seen by all to be quite justified.

Our kind host's farewell was a present of a fine bunch of flowers to each of his guests, and these gay burdens served the useful purpose on the return journey of being the distinguishing mark of S. Andrew's party, and of securing the privacy of the engaged carriage which the G.W.R. had placed at our disposal.

(2) INFANT BAND OF HOPE.—From mothers to infants seems a very natural transition, so we place the outing of Miss McKenzie's little Band of little Hopefuls next in order.

This came off on Saturday, August 28th, and was a half-day's excursion to Buckhurst Hill.

It was a happy party of some thirty-six small children, with two or three mothers and several helpers connected with the Band of Hope, which found its way down to Messrs. Bailey's Retreat.

Perhaps the greatest enjoyment for the little folk was the journey by rail, which was rendered quite safe and easy by the presence of so many willing helpers; but the few hours spent in the Forest and the tea in a strange place also seemed to give great

delight. Fortunately it kept fine in spite of some threats of bad weather, and so all things combined to make this a very happy outing.

(3) GIRLS' CLUB AND SENIOR SUNDAY CLASSES.—It was with considerable misgivings that this combined excursion was looked forward to by those responsible for it.

Saturday, September 11th, had for a long time been fixed as the date, but a spell of sadly broken weather seemed at one time to make a postponement advisable.

However, as the day came near, the outlook gradually improved and the day itself proved to be everything that could be desired. Possibly this uncertainty had something to do with making the party much smaller than was expected, and in the end only thirty-two girls availed themselves of the opportunity of spending a day at Bricket Wood, near St. Albans.

The place also was an experiment, being unknown to most of us, though a favourite resort of excursion parties from North and North-West London.

Those who went found the new ground quite up to the level of their expectations; and some of those who have been for many outings with the senior girls of S. Andrew's, pronounced Bricket Wood to be one of the best places they had ever been to. What all did from the time of arrival till tea time this chronicle does not pretend to describe with any approach to fulness of detail; but certain it is that nuts were discovered, that trespass was committed, though not of malice prepense, and that large sums were spent on donkey and pony rides.

After tea a well-known and very kind friend, who always prefers to remain anonymous, produced a parcel of ornamental glass ware, the contents of which were competed for in races of various kinds.

Perhaps the competition that produced most amusement, was one in which a number of coins had to be picked up from the turf and placed in a basket, and there were some who managed the trick in remarkably quick time.

In spite of its many charms, Bricket Wood had two drawbacks as an excursionists' resort: the one was that no one seemed to wish to leave it when the time came for the return journey, the other was that the journey was somewhat long and tiresome. However both difficulties were happily overcome and all arrived safely and at a respectable hour in Bethnal Green.

(4) CHOIR BOYS.—On Saturday, August 29th, the Choir Boys were able to have their treat, owing to the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Berens, who invited us to spend the day at Kevington, and a most enjoyable day it was for all of us. We arrived in pouring rain, but that cleared off as we reached the house, and the rest of the day was as bright and fine as one could wish. In the morning we had a keenly contested game at cricket, the afternoon was spent at aquatic sports, chiefly performed in a large punt, curiously enough no one seems to have fallen entirely into the water.

After tea we had an expedition to the nut woods, where we gathered a harvest sufficient to last us through the winter. To judge from the quality of the voices on Sunday Morning, however, we should say they were entirely consumed during Saturday night and the early hours of the following morning. Besides those chief occupations, there were countless other sources of amusement which would be impossible to enumerate or explain. It was a ceaseless source of wonder to some of us that so many cows and garden paths and lawns, not to mention the see-saw and boat-swing, all belonged to Mr. Berens, and that there were no pennies to be paid or notices to "keep off the grass." It was most kind of Mr. Berens to let us run unrestrained over it all, and we owe our best thanks to our kind host and hostess for the very happy day they gave us.

### **S. Andrew's Men's Club.**

THE Club has been well filled of late, as the darker evenings set in, and already we are up to our full strength, and candidates for membership have had to wait for vacancies.

Billiard and Whist Handicaps among members are now being played out, and are undoubtedly an attraction to other than those who have actually entered for them.

Next month we hope to be able to publish the names of winners.

On Saturday, September 18th, a tea followed by a social evening took place in the Parish Hall.

Between 60 and 70 members were present at the tea, and during the latter part of the evening the addition of their lady friends considerably augmented the number.

Mr. J. Ireland acted as M.C., and kept things going admirably.

Mr. F. P. Parker did good service at the piano, and several of the Club-members helped things on by their songs.

Needless to say that Mr. Allen, acting as steward, made everyone feel at home during the tea, and superintended the handing round of refreshments afterwards with his usual courtesy.

Towards the close of the evening the Secretary presented the prizes to the winners in the Club Sports held on August 21st, a list of whom appeared in the September Magazine.

CRICKET CLUB.—Next month we hope to find space for a summary of the results of the matches played this season, for the present, however, we will not attempt to furnish any details.

We wish specially this month to call attention to the Concert, in aid of the Cricket Club, which is to be held in the Parish Hall on Saturday, October 2nd, at 8 p.m., by the "Snowdrop Minstrels."

Mr. Buckley, or any Club members, will be glad to supply programmes to friends.

The Club deserves support, as it has played well and kept well together during the past season, and has a heavy drawback in the shape of a rent of £5 to pay for its pitch at Walthamstow.

### **Boys' Club.**

GREAT credit is due to the small but active committee of the Boys' Club, which arranged the "Free and Easy" in the Parish Hall on Saturday, September 11th. Owing to Mr. Berens' absence the promoters of the entertainment were deprived of his help, so that the success of the evening depended entirely upon the boys themselves. We are glad to be able to report that the Men's Club showed a friendly interest in the venture, one or two members helping with items in the programme, and Mr. Buckley giving invaluable aid as chairman.

A collection was made at the doors, in aid of the Boys' Football Club, and realised the sum of £1 1s. 1d.

We congratulate all concerned on the energy and perseverance which secured so good a result.

We may add that the rent of the ground, £5 for the season, is a heavy pull on the Football Club, and it is specially gratifying to find that the members themselves realise that it is their duty to try to bear their own share of this burden.



### S. Andrew's Hall.

SOMEHOW or other this year our Summer Excursions seem to have been spread over a much greater space of time than usual, and for various causes we found ourselves in the middle of September and the Senior Girls' Classes and Band of Hope had not been for their outings. It was much too cold to plan a day in the Forest, the days were much too short to think of going to Southend, or any other popular seaside resort. Still we had paid in our money and we wanted something for it. At last, after much debating, the Sisters proposed we should spend the afternoon and evening at the Victorian Exhibition at Earls Court. It proved a good idea, and in fact when the rain came down and we shivered on our way from Whitechapel to Earls Court, we quite appreciated the wisdom of the choice. We can't pretend to give a report of the Exhibition, but must refer our readers to some of the other London papers, which have even a larger circulation than S. Andrew's Parish Magazine. The Great Wheel, Pepper's Ghost, the Panorama, Living Photographs, all came in for a share of our extensive patronage, and we seemed to manage to get to the front row in everything.

We had tea about six o'clock, and for about two hours after we promenaded the grounds, saw the illuminations, listened to the bands and made ourselves generally felt. We returned home at a very respectable hour, full of loyal enthusiasm for the exhibition and for our day's excursion.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 16th, was the Infants' Sunday School Excursion. Now that the infants of the Parish Institute have followed in our steps, in the manner of taking their summer treat, much of the novelty of our proceedings is gone, and the account of our doings is exactly similar to that in the Magazine of last month. Punctually at four o'clock our carriage and pair (Carter and Paterson's van!) drove up to the front door of the Hall, and conveyed the infants in three detachments to S. Jude's Vicarage field, kindly lent to us by the Vicar. Happily it was quite fine, so we had tea outside, played games, ran races, received prizes and drove home again. A very happy and the most excitable party imaginable.

With the last of our summer excursions we begin to really settle down for the winter.

The Bands of Hope, after a very slack time during August, have re-assembled in something like their old numbers. The junior band had a visit from

Mr. Nash, and they showed by their greeting to him that they have neither forgotten him nor their visit to Radley last year.

With October the Sisters hope to begin their Sewing Class Meeting on Wednesday Evening, and on Monday, at 6 p.m., the meeting of the Catechism for the children of the Sunday School will recommence.

### Missionary Association.

THE new Missionary boxes are due in on Thursday, September 30th, and it is requested that they be sent in to the Vicarage on that day. However little they may contain, we want them sent in punctually in order that there may be no delay in remitting the contents to the four Societies concerned.

We ought to have been having a meeting of the Association on or about the 30th September, but for various reasons this meeting has had to be deferred for a week or two.

We would however urge all members of the Association, as well as others, to attend one or both of the following meetings which are very shortly to be held.

(1) A Missionary meeting for Supporters of the C.M.S. and of the S.P.G. is to be held in Oxford Hall, Victoria Park Square, on Monday, October 4th, at 8.15 p.m.

Bills giving full particulars are to be seen all about the neighbourhood, and we would beg S. Andrew's people to do their best to make the meeting a success.

The Bishop of Stepney is to preside, and probably this will be his last visit to Bethnal Green before he leaves London to take charge of his new Diocese of Bristol.

(2) The meeting in Holborn Town Hall, to commemorate the sixth anniversary of Bishop Carter's Consecration, is to be held on the evening of Tuesday, October 5th. Mr. Edwards has written for tickets of admission, and hopes to have them by the time this number of the Magazine is in the hands of parishioners.

### Mothers' Union.

THE Monthly Mothers' Union Meeting took place in the Institute on Wednesday, September 1st.

There was a fair attendance of mothers, and Mrs. Haslemere very kindly came from Enfield to give us an address. This is her second visit, and we

can only hope it will not be the last. She took for her subject three injunctions from the rules of the Union, and dwelt very earnestly on the all importance of inculcating in the minds of our children the three virtues, in the order given on the rules, viz., 1st, Obedience; 2nd, Truthfulness; 3rd, Purity. She pointed out, not only the imperative necessity of beginning from the cradle to teach obedience, but also the possibility of so doing before the child could learn anything else. It can understand that it must obey, long before it can speak or reason; and without this ground work or foundation stone we have nothing secure on which to build up its future character.

Then we go on to the time it begins to speak, and we have to teach it the indispensable virtue of truthfulness. To most children, she said, truth is not natural; either from ignorance or fear a child is led into asserting one thing, or denying another, and telling an untruth to shield itself. She earnestly exhorted mothers to be very gentle in questioning a child, and to promise forgiveness rather than threatening punishment for wrong-doing, if the child would only speak the truth about it. She instanced as an example of childish truthfulness an anecdote of the Queen as a child who, when her governess said she had been naughty once, said immediately, "No, twice, don't you remember, it was twice?"

Next, as the child's understanding developed, the untold importance of purity must be impressed upon it. This, as Mrs. Haslemere pointed out, was a difficult task in the overcrowded state of many of our homes; but still it must be done. And she urged the mothers to realize their responsibilities towards their boys, as well as their girls; teaching them true manliness in modesty and respect for women and girls, and also their duty in inducing their husbands to speak to and look after their boys themselves in this matter.

We most earnestly wish that all mothers, members of the Union or not, would lay this advice to heart, and would understand that by unreasonable severity on one side, and the false kindness of neglecting to look after their children or punish them when necessary on the other, they are betraying the sacred trust for which one day they must assuredly give account to God.

The next meeting of the Union will be in the Church, on Wednesday afternoon, October 6th, at three o'clock.

### C.E.T.S.—S. Andrew's Branch.

ARRANGEMENTS for the winter have been made as follows: Every Saturday Evening there will be a Meeting in S. Andrew's Hall, Cambridge Road. These Meetings will consist of three parts—(1) A short Address with hymns, &c.; (2) an interval of half an hour, during which refreshments will be on

sale and a smoking room for men be open; (3) some form of entertainment.

We hope that these meetings will begin this month, and that the exact date of their commencement will be announced in a few days. As the expenses of these meetings will necessarily be somewhat heavy, it has been decided to give three or four entertainments in the Parish Hall during the winter, at which collections will be made in aid of the Temperance work.

The first entertainment will be a Dramatic Performance by the Oxford House Dramatic Society, on Monday, October 11th, at 8.30 p.m. Admission will be free, but children will be admitted only with parents. We ask for and expect a good collection.

### Offertories.

|                                        | £  | s. | d. |
|----------------------------------------|----|----|----|
| Eleventh Sunday after Trinity ... ..   | 2  | 0  | 2½ |
| Twelfth Sunday after Trinity ... ..    | 2  | 7  | 2½ |
| Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity ... .. | 2  | 7  | 0  |
| Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity ... .. | 2  | 7  | 6½ |
|                                        | £9 | 2  | 0  |

### Marriages.

- Sept. 12 Richard Bennet and Amelia Jane Lamb.  
 12 Frederick William Norman and Martha Lydia Isaacs.  
 19 William Larney and Louisa Barrett.

### Baptisms.

- August 25 Henry Herbert Jones  
 25 Mary Janet Metcraft  
 25 Alfred Warner  
 25 William John Smith  
 29 Joseph James Amos  
 29 Alice Dawson  
 29 Joseph William Dawson  
 29 Elizabeth Ruth Walker  
 29 Charles Thomas Swash  
 31 Catherine Mary Gatland  
 Sept. 1 George Wilfrid Charman Williams  
 1 Elsie Celia Cason  
 1 William George Sparks  
 5 Alice Eveline Bewick  
 5 Arthur Ernest Hayes  
 8 Herbert Horace Stallion  
 12 Emily Louisa West  
 12 William Henry Herbert King  
 12 Lilian Eliza Procter  
 12 George Frank Hempstead  
 12 Sidney Thorn  
 12 Ellen Louisa Fitz-Patrick  
 12 Ethel Charlotte Coe  
 14 Alice Ann West  
 14 May Victoria West  
 19 John George Pearson  
 19 Ethel May Hollington  
 19 George Pye  
 19 John Shrieve  
 19 Frederick William Davis



# S. Andrew's Parish Magazine.

## CLERGY.

*Priests* { The Rev. H. V. S. ECK, M.A.  
(Curate in Charge).  
The Rev. L. L. EDWARDS, M.A.  
The Rev. G. BERENS, M.A.  
The Rev. H. MOSLEY, M.A. } *The Vicarage.*  
*Deacon:* The Rev. M. P. GILLSON, B.A.

## DEACONESSES.

(Of the All Saints East London Diocesan Community).

SISTER MARY, 5, Wilmot Street.  
SISTER EDITH, 5, Wilmot Street.

## PARISH NURSE.

Nurse WILLIAMS, 13, Pollard Street.

## CHURCH WORKERS.

Miss CRUMP, }  
Miss JAMES, } 5, Paradise Row.  
Miss A. NASH,  
Miss HARINGTON, S. Margaret's House.  
Mrs. IRELAND, 10, S. Andrew's Street.  
Mrs. JACKSON, 118, Finnis Street.  
Miss LEEKE, 9, S. Andrew's Street.  
Miss MCKENZIE, 227, Corfield Street.  
Miss NASH.  
Mrs. QUICK, 89, Wilmot Street.  
Miss WARING, 134, Bishop's Road.

## Church of S. Andrew.

### CHURCHWARDENS.

Mr. COOKMAN, 10, Finnis Street.  
Mr. UNWIN, 380, Bethnal Green Road.

### SIDESMEN.

Mr. CROOKES, Mr. MCQUEEN, Mr. WANT, Mr. EARWAKER,  
Mr. SULLIVAN, Mr. MIZEN.

### ORGANIST.

Mr. F. P. PARKER.

## SERVICES.

DAILY .. .. 7.30. Mattins.  
8.0. Holy Communion.  
7.30. Evensong.  
SUNDAYS .. .. 7.0. Holy Communion (1st and  
3rd Sundays).  
8.0. Holy Communion.  
10.45. Mattins.  
11.30. Holy Communion (Choral)  
and Sermon.  
3.15. Children's Service.  
6.30. Evensong and Sermon.  
SAINTS' DAYS .. 6.30. Holy Communion.  
7.30. Mattins.  
8.0. Holy Communion.  
7.30. Evensong.  
FRIDAYS .. .. 8 p.m. Service of Intercession, with  
Instruction.

HOLY BAPTISM { Wednesdays, 11 a.m. and 7.30 p.m.  
Sundays, 4.30 p.m.  
CHURCHINGS—BEFORE any Service.

All seats in S. Andrew's Church are free and un-  
appropriated. Prayer and Hymn Books will be found on  
the shelves at the west end of the Church, and it is  
requested that they may be replaced there after Service.

Care of the Church—Mrs. MIZEN.

Care of the Sanctuary—Sister MARY and Sister EDITH.

## S. Andrew's Hall.

### SERVICES IN THE CHAPEL.

SUNDAYS .. 8.0. (3rd Sunday in the Month.) Holy  
Communion.  
8.15 p.m. Mission Service.  
MONDAYS .. 6.0 p.m. Children's Service.  
TUESDAYS .. 7.30 p.m. Evensong and Holy Baptism.

### GUILD OF S. ANDREW.

Secretary—Mr. H. ROBERTS, 45, Mape Street.

Meetings { 1st Tuesday—Committee.  
3rd Tuesday—General.

## SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

*Superintendents.*

S. Andrew's Insti- { 10 a.m. .. .. Rev. G. BERENS.  
tute, Parish Hall { 3 p.m. (Boys) Rev. M. P. GILLSON  
Hague Street { 3 p.m. (Girls) Miss LEEKE.  
Board School { 3 p.m. (Infants) Miss EUSTACE.  
S. Andrew's Hall { 10 a.m. .. .. Rev. H. MOSLEY.  
(Boys and Girls) { 3 p.m. .. .. Rev. H. MOSLEY.

## SUNDAY CLASSES.

S. Andrew's { 3 p.m. (Boys) Rev. G. BERENS.  
Institute { 3 p.m. (Girls) Miss CRUMP.  
S. Andrew's Hall { 3 p.m. (Girls) The SISTERS.  
6.45 p.m. (Boys) Rev. H. MOSLEY.

## MEETING FOR MEN.

Institute (No. 6 Room), {  
Sunday, 8.15 p.m. } Rev. L. L. EDWARDS.

## WOMEN'S BIBLE CLASS.

Institute No. 6 Room), {  
Thursdays, 2.30 p.m. } Rev. G. BERENS.

## MOTHERS' MEETINGS (on Mondays at 2.30).

S. Andrew's Institute { Ground Floor—Miss WARING.  
1st Floor—  
Parish Hall—Miss HARINGTON.  
S. Andrew's Hall .. .. The SISTERS.

## CLUBS.

President—Rev. H. V. S. ECK.

### MEN'S CLUB.

S. Andrew's Institute. { Secretary—Rev. L. L. EDWARDS.  
Nightly, 8—11. { Treasurer—Rev. G. BERENS.  
Saturday, 5—11. { Librarian—Mr. J. H. ROSE.

### BOYS' CLUBS.

S. Andrew's Institute, { Secretary—Rev. G. BERENS.  
Nightly, 8—10. { Librarian—Miss WARING.  
S. Andrew's Hall, { Superintendent—Rev. H. MOSLEY  
Thursday, 8—10. }

### GIRLS' CLUB.

S. Andrew's Institute, { Superintendent—Miss CRUMP.  
Monday & Thursday, { Secretary—Miss BROADBEAR.  
8—10. { Librarian—Miss BOWYER

Temperance Society—Secretary—Rev. G. BERENS.

Senior Girls' { S. Andrew's Inst.—Miss WHITWORTH.  
Band of Hope. { S. Andrew's Hall—Sister MARY.

Junior { S. Andrew's Inst.—Rev. L. L. EDWARDS.  
Band of Hope. { S. Andrew's Hall—Rev. H. MOSLEY.

Association for { Secretary—Rev. L. L. EDWARDS.  
Home and Foreign { Assistant Secretary—Mr. J. MCQUEEN.  
Missions

Work Party { S. Andrew's Institute—Mrs. UNWIN and  
Miss HARINGTON.  
S. Andrew's Hall—The SISTERS.

# S. Andrew's Parish Magazine.

NOVEMBER, 1897.

## S. Andrew's-tide.

THE arrangements for our Annual Festival at the end of this month are as follows:—

SATURDAY, NOV. 20—Men's Club Dinner.

MONDAY, NOV. 22—Parish Tea at 8 p.m., to be followed by a Concert. Tickets, Sixpence each, admitting to Tea and Concert, to be obtained from any member of the Staff.

TUESDAY, NOV. 23—Annual Service and Meeting of S. Andrew's Guild. Service at 8 p.m. Preacher—Rev. Stanley Gresham, All Saints, Walworth.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 24—Work Party's Sale of Work in the Parish Hall. To be opened at 3 p.m. by the Hon. Mrs. Algernon Lawley. Admission 2d. each.

FRIDAY, NOV. 26—Day of Intercession for Missions.

SATURDAY, NOV. 27—Addresses to Church Workers. Particulars to be announced.

SUNDAY, NOV. 28—**Advent Sunday.** Services as usual.

MONDAY, NOV. 29—**Vigil of S. Andrew.** 8.30 p.m., First Evensong of the Festival and Procession. Sermon by Rev. A. L. Jukes, Rector of West Hackney.

TUESDAY, NOV. 30—**S. Andrew's Day.** 6 a.m. Choral Celebration of Holy Eucharist.

7.30 a.m. Mattins.

8 a.m. Holy Eucharist.

6 p.m. Festival Service of the Children's Guild.

8.30 p.m. Evensong, Sermon, Procession, and Te Deum. Preacher—Rev. James Adderley, Minister of Berkeley Chapel, Mayfair.

## Mothers' Union.

SISTER Mary has succeeded Miss Birley as Secretary of the Mothers' Union. The next meeting will be on Wednesday, November 3rd, in the Institute, at 2.30 p.m.

## Children's Evensong.

THE special Evensong for Children will be resumed in the Parish Hall on Sunday, November 7th, at 6.30.

## An Appeal.

FOR many months at intervals during the past year there has appeared in our Magazine a notice with the pathetic heading "OUR WANTS," and among those wants has been invariably "A Piano for the Parish Hall." We very much wish that another heading might have appeared "OUR THANKS," and that under that heading we might have found the wished for article. But, alas, though we are thankful for much help and kindness from friends at a distance, the Grand Piano still remains a want, and it will be understood how great a want, when it is considered that one little cottage piano has had to do duty for every entertainment in the Parish Hall, for the weekly meetings of the Senior Band of Hope, for the weekly Mothers' Meetings, for the practices of the "Snowdrop Minstrels," and for many other things besides, and that in consequence it has had to be carried up and down stairs two or three times a week, and that one society or meeting has had to wait till another has finished with the poor little thing. We venture to think that such a state of things constitutes a real necessity, and that we are not asking for what we could do without; we have therefore almost in despair availed ourselves of the Three-Years-Hire System, and have procured a large cottage Piano with an iron frame which now stands in the Parish Hall, thus setting free our little old piano for use in one of the smaller rooms down stairs. For this new piano we shall be paying twenty-three shillings and sixpence a month for three years, unless—and that is the object of this appeal—some kind friend of St. Andrew's will send us the sum of £30 with which to pay down the sum demanded for immediate possession by Messrs. Jarrett and Goudge. Who will come to our help in this way?

E. L. C. F.

THE Annual Meetings of the East London Church Fund will be held in the third week in November. The Meeting especially intended for this district will be held in Shoreditch Town Hall, on November 16th. Particulars will be announced on bills, which will be posted nearer that date. There will be sermons and collections in S. Andrew's Church for the Fund on the Sunday preceding the day of the meeting.



## Guild of S. Andrew.

THE Monthly Meeting of S. Andrew's Guild was held on Tuesday evening, October 19th, in the Parish Hall.

A most interesting address was given by the Rev. J. Mahomed, Chaplain of the London Hospital, on "Some Labour Movements in Russia."

The Warden, in introducing the speaker, said that the subject stood somewhat apart from those usually brought before the Guild; but that it was well for our sympathies to be extended to those who were struggling for better conditions of life and labour abroad; and for us to know how much we had to be thankful for when we compared our lot with theirs.

Mr. Mahomed, in the course of a carefully prepared address, based on official reports, described the conditions under which the workers in the factories of S. Petersburg, Moscow and other large towns of Russia and Poland, had to live and labour.

The machines were for the most part unfenced and dangerously near to one another, the mortality among the workpeople being as high as 32 per cent. per annum.

The sanitary arrangements were disgraceful. Many of the factories served as the lodging places of the men and women at night; and in some of the glove factories the men and their families slept in the cellars.

The law on these points was fairly satisfactory, but the inspectors had no sympathy with the workpeople and did not enforce the law.

Any persons seeking work in a factory had to enter into a contract with the employer; and it was made a penal offence to attempt to alter the contract in any way.

Wages were, as might be expected, low; the Admiralty Engineers, who were the aristocrats among working men, received only 18/- per week, whilst in the cotton factories the wages for men averaged about 8/- per week, and for women from 4/6 to 5/-.

Any attempt to combine on the part of the workmen was treated as a criminal offence, the penalty being imprisonment for the first offence and banishment to Siberia for the second.

Mr. Mahomed gave many other facts similar to these, and illustrated the various points in his address by extracts from reports, and by the personal experience of those who had seen these things for themselves.

## Missionary Association.

OUR new Association for Home and Foreign Missions has now been in existence some four months, and we are now able to judge to some extent how far the experiment is likely to succeed. The receipts for the first quarter have been paid in to the four Societies concerned, and, on the whole, the amount collected is encouraging.

When divided up, it was found that there was the sum of £3 4s. 6d. each for the Additional Curates' Society, the East London Church Fund, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and the Zululand Mission.

In addition to this, 6s. came in for the Special Zululand Fund of the S.P.G., and 18s. 6d. for the Zululand Mission, making the amount paid in to S.P.G. £3 10s. 6d., and that to the Zululand Mission £4 3s. The sum total was made up of the contents of 68 boxes, together with one or two collections and two or three special donations. We have made a very good start, and now it remains for us to see that we do not fall below the standard we have set ourselves during the first quarter of our existence.

The two Missionary meetings at the beginning of October were both attended by a good number of S. Andrew's people.

That in the Oxford Hall on Monday, the 4th, was specially stimulating. The Coadjutor Bishop of Brisbane was most inspiring; the speech of the Archdeacon from Japan was full of interest, and gave us a capital idea of what Missionary work in that enterprising country is like; whilst the layman from West Africa made us feel how terribly Christianity is needed in that part of the dark continent, and how valuable a help to the Missionary some medical skill and knowledge may be.

Many of those who were present will also remember this meeting from the fact that it was the Bishop of Bristol's farewell, as Bishop of Stepney, to Bethnal Green.

The meeting in Holborn Town Hall, on the Tuesday, was also a good meeting, though perhaps not up to the level of some previous ones.

It was a great pleasure to many from S. Andrew's to hear Mr. Hodgson again, for the Mission he conducted here in 1890 will not soon be forgotten.

The Rev. L. H. Frere spoke as one who had been working in Zululand for some years, and had much to tell of what is being done out there.

The Rev. W. H. Heale, Head of the Harrow Mission, gave a most amusing account of a visit he paid, for the sake of his health, to Zululand last year. We hope some day it may be possible to get Mr. Heale to come down here and tell us some more of his South African experiences.

Will all interested in Foreign Missions please take note of the following: On Thursday, November 25th, at 8 p.m., a great meeting in connection with the S.P.G. will be held in Exeter Hall, Strand. The Bishop of London will preside, and amongst the speakers will be the Archbishop of Cape Town, the Bishop of Newcastle, New South Wales, and the Bishop of Saskatchewan, Canada.

We will obtain a supply of tickets in good time, and hope that many from S. Andrew's will be able to go.

### S. Andrew's Hall.

SUNDAY, October 31st, we are keeping as our Dedication Festival, and also as a day of General Thanksgiving. It is now two years since the Bishop of Stepney dedicated our Chapel, and certainly as time goes on we learn to appreciate it more, and we often wonder how we were able for so long to do without such a place set apart for the worship of God.

The various organizations of the Hall are gradually getting into full swing for the winter, though perhaps we are a little slower about it than usual.

THE JUNIOR BAND OF HOPE have all sorts of schemes in the air, and we hope that they will soon make some attempt to realize a few of them.

THE SENIOR BAND OF HOPE have at present chiefly occupied themselves with dancing and other frivolities, but they also have a cantata half learnt, and dresses waiting to be cut out and made. But Bands of Hope, like other great bodies, move slowly, and we are sure that when they do begin they will be very much in earnest.

THE BOYS' BIBLE CLASS had a day in the forest on October 2nd. We started early in the morning and had a most delightful time.

Loughton was looking its very best, and we all agreed that for a really select party early autumn is the time for an outing.

Blackberries were in abundance; huntsmen and hounds were out, the latter, to some of us, looked so very much like hunting us that we were not quite happy in their company, others who knew a little

more about things followed in the chase. Cricket, Donkey Rides, and a splendid tea at Mr. Hughes' of the "Gardeners' Arms," all helped to make us the most sensible and sociable party in the world.

Most of our readers will be aware from Mr. Eck's letter, in the September number of the Magazine, of the great financial difficulty there is in meeting the necessary expenses of S. Andrew's Parish.

We are going to try at S. Andrew's Hall the experiment of doing without a resident caretaker.

This, with the co-operation of our many friends and workers, we quite hope to be able to manage, but it means that we lose, after many years' work the services of Mrs. Stables and Miss Sarah Stables.

We are sure that they will be much missed by many, and we are glad of the opportunity of recording our heartiest best wishes for their future welfare.

### Girls' Club.

THE Girls' Club re-opened on the first Monday in October, and will meet as usual on Mondays and Thursdays.

On Mondays, when the Parish Hall is not otherwise engaged, the girls will use it for Musical Drill, on other Mondays and every Thursday they will meet as usual in Rooms No. 1 and 2. We were all very glad to welcome Miss Bingley once more, and are looking forward to giving another display of the Musical Drill, which is so prominent a feature of our evening's amusement. The statement of accounts for the last display, which was read at the opening of the Club, showed a most satisfactory result, and enabled us, after paying all expenses, to devote £2 to a library fund. The rules of the Club have been carefully revised, and are now printed on a card of membership, which is given to each member of the Club. Girls belonging to S. Andrew's Parish, desiring to join the Club, must be recommended by the Superintendent of the Sunday Classes, Miss Crump, and should apply to her at the Club on Monday nights.

### Offertories.

|                                                                   | £ | s. | d. |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------|---|----|----|
| Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity ... ..                             | 2 | 7  | 5  |
| Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity (Queen Adelaide Dispensary) ... .. | 7 | 12 | 7½ |
| Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity ... ..                           | 2 | 8  | 2½ |
| Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity ... ..                            | 2 | 6  | 6  |
| Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity ... ..                            | 2 | 10 | 6  |

£17 5 3



**C.E.T.S.—S. Andrew's Branch.**

OUR winter campaign opened with the Half-yearly Meeting, which was held in the Parish Hall on September 25th. It was preceded by a Tea for members at 6.30, at which about forty were present, and Evensong and a Sermon by the Rev. H. S. Woolcombe, of S. Dunstan's, Stepney.

There was a fair number of members present. The most important business was the election of the Committee, and the following were chosen to fill the places vacated by the retiring members:—Messrs. Pickard, Heath, Mudd, Ireland, Hawkins, W. Newley, and the Misses Waring, Newley, H. Nash, and James.

The Treasurer made a statement concerning the Entertainment Committee, formed for the purpose of arranging Entertainments for the benefit of the society.

On OCTOBER 9th we began our series of meetings, the details of which were stated in last month's Magazine. There was a fair attendance of members, and Miss Waring read a paper, the text of which was *Æsop's* fable of the lion and the mouse, pointing out the enormous difficulties which temperance people had to contend with, but urging that if every member did a little it would be possible to do something. After the interval, which seemed to be appreciated, we were entertained by local friends, Messrs. Baxter, Rose, Crawley and Miss Harington.

OCTOBER 16th.—The Secretary addressed the meeting and took as his point some of the knots or difficulties which met us in the temperance work, and hoped that during the season we should have addresses which would teach and not only exhort. This evening the Rev. F. W. Fischel, Messrs. Marks and Ireland, Mrs. Davis, and Miss Marks contributed to our amusement.

OCTOBER 23rd.—A paper was read by Mr. J. Mudd, one of the Committee, on "The Influence of Drink on the Labour Question," and gave us some facts which were new to most of those present. The entertainment was provided by the Helpers' Dramatic Club, who gave a sketch, called "A Fish Out of Water," and kept us amused to a later hour than usual.

On OCTOBER 11th we had the first of the entertainments provided by the Entertainment Committee; the hall was nearly full and much appreciated the effort of the Oxford House Dramatic Company in the 'Lottery Ticket,' and the 'Journey's End.' The collection at the interval amounted to £1 8s., and

with the sale of programmes and refreshments will provide a nice sum to help us on with temperance work.

We would earnestly invite all who are interested in temperance work to give us a look up on Saturday nights at 8.30 in S. Andrew's Hall, Cambridge Road, where we try to combine instruction, sociability, and amusement.

**Men's Club.**

THE Quarterly General Meeting of the Men's Club was held on Friday evening, October 15th, in the Parish Hall, with a much better attendance of members than usual.

There was a contest for the twelve seats on Committee, 16 members having been duly nominated. The result of the ballot was that Messrs. Allen, Buckey, Biggs, J. Clark, Downs, G. Gates, Greenwood, Ireland, S. Johnson, H. Smith, Trinnaman, and Tyler were elected.

Messrs. Buckey and Tyler were unanimously re-elected to represent the Club as Federation Delegates.

The balance sheet of the Club showed a balance of receipts over expenditure of £19 13s. 8½d., an increase largely due to the takings of the new Billiard Table, the cost of which, however, still remains to be paid for in part from the takings.

The balance sheets of the various sub-societies showed a satisfactory financial state of things.

The President announced that the Council had decided to extend the limits of membership from 250 to 275 members, but as it was a question which affected the comfort of the members he would like to have the feeling of the General Meeting on the matter. The meeting endorsed the decision of the Council by a very solid majority.

It was announced that the Annual Club Dinner would take place on Saturday, November 20th, and Messrs. Allen and Buckey again kindly consented to act as Stewards.

With regard to general Club news, there is not much to report this month. Things are in full swing now, and even with an extended membership it seems as though there would be no vacancies for candidates in a short time, as new members are coming in fast.

The Athletic Club has resumed its Thursday evening practices in the Gymnasium, and its runs out on Tuesday evenings.

The Minstrels have already fulfilled two or three winter engagements, whilst the Federation Winter Games' Competitions are being played off, as also Billiard, Bagatelle, &c., Handicaps, among members of the Club. Results, however, cannot be published this month.

### Boys' Club.

GYMNASIUM.—We re-opened on Wednesday, October 6th, with Messrs. Cox and Bunney again as our instructors, and we have had a good muster each meeting since. At present we are engaged in rubbing up our dumb-bell and bar-bell drills, and we find we have not forgotten them altogether from last year. We intend to start soon on indian club drill, and to do that we must have the clubs, so will any kind friend help us towards getting them.

BAND.—After a month's rest we met again on October 8th, and all former members turned up, and some new recruits; so with steady practice there is no reason why we should not become something like we were in the days gone by.

C.E.T.S.—During the winter months we intend to have monthly meetings, as far as possible, on the first Monday of every month. At these it is proposed to have a short talk and some form of amusement, songs, etc. We have also altered the subscription to a penny a month instead of sixpence a year.

FOOTBALL.—We share a ground at Stamford Hill with the Men's Club, and our season's programme is pretty full. We opened the season on October 2nd at Hackney Marshes by playing the Silents, a team of men, and were only defeated 3-1. On October 9th, on the Marshes, the Wapping United beat us 7-0. On the 16th, at Stamford Hill, the Primrose F.C. disappointed us; and October 23rd we beat the Webbe Cadets 2-0, after a good game.

### Guild of S. Michael and All Angels.

SEPTEMBER 29th was our first festival, and the real beginning of the Guild. The six months of probation, which began with the first week of Lent, was only just completed, and no children can be admitted as full members till they have satisfactorily served their time of trial. The service was at six o'clock in the evening, and we were glad to see a good many of the mothers present, showing the active interest which they take in the Guild. The Warden gave a short address to those who were

to be admitted, reminding them of the objects of the Guild, namely, to keep in mind our three rules and look forward to Confirmation as one of the chief objects for which we have joined together. After the address, some forty children, who had faithfully served their time of probation, were admitted by the Warden, each receiving a card and the Guild badge; the newly admitted members then formed in procession round the Church, and the service was closed by the Warden giving the Blessing.

We can only trust that this thoroughly devout and beautiful service may be a foretaste of many like festivals of our Guild, and of a spirit of devotion to our Lord, which may guide and animate its members.

### Baptisms.

|       |    |                                |
|-------|----|--------------------------------|
| Sept. | 22 | Nelson Henry Hearn             |
|       | 22 | Richard William Rogers         |
|       | 22 | Alice Markham                  |
|       | 26 | Amy Lilian Roberts             |
|       | 26 | Ethel May Incheysay            |
|       | 26 | Charles Nash                   |
|       | 26 | Arthur Wilfred Robinson        |
|       | 28 | Annie Franks                   |
|       | 29 | May Victoria Bass              |
|       | 29 | Louisa Florence Reed           |
| Oct.  | 3  | Lilian May Ellison             |
|       | 3  | Robert Thomas Peacock          |
|       | 3  | Edith Martha Wheeler           |
|       | 3  | George Edwin Aldridge          |
|       | 3  | Thomas George Baker            |
|       | 6  | Charles Victor Smith           |
|       | 6  | Alice Charlotte Robinson       |
|       | 6  | Jane Aldridge                  |
|       | 10 | Sarah Poynter                  |
|       | 10 | Emma Beatrice Short            |
|       | 10 | Richard Henry James Stewart    |
|       | 10 | Grace Miriam Jaycock           |
|       | 10 | Emily Abrahams                 |
|       | 10 | George Messenger               |
|       | 12 | James Alfred Wimpory (Private) |
|       | 13 | Charles Daniel Goggin          |
|       | 13 | Annie Amelia Godfrey           |
|       | 13 | Elizabeth Adelaide Savage      |
|       | 13 | William Barnes                 |
|       | 17 | Walter George Ashpole          |
|       | 17 | Edith Siebert                  |
|       | 17 | Rosina Florence Batt           |
|       | 17 | Lena Florence Louisa Pye       |
|       | 20 | Florence Elsie Galer           |
|       | 24 | Sidney Horace Wackett          |
|       | 24 | Louisa Victoria Hill           |
|       | 24 | Arthur William Hill            |
|       | 24 | Sarah Harris                   |
|       | 24 | Adelaide Caroline Collier      |

### Marriages.

|      |    |                                                   |
|------|----|---------------------------------------------------|
| Oct. | 3  | Charles White and Mary Ann Philpot.               |
|      | 17 | Henry Benjamin Moore and Charlotte Ellen Bennett. |
|      | 23 | James Edward Cannell and Elizabeth Dawkins.       |
|      | 23 | Charles Brackett and Rosetta Isaacs.              |
|      | 24 | James-Osborne and Margaret Edgley,                |



# S. Andrew's Parish Magazine.

## CLERGY.

|         |                                                    |                  |
|---------|----------------------------------------------------|------------------|
| Priests | The Rev. H. V. S. ECK, M.A.<br>(Curate in Charge). | The<br>Vicarage. |
|         | The Rev. L. L. EDWARDS, M.A.                       |                  |
|         | The Rev. G. BERENS, M.A.                           |                  |
|         | The Rev. H. MOSLEY, M.A.                           |                  |
| Deacon: | The Rev. M. P. GILLSON, B.A.                       |                  |

## DEACONESSSES.

(Of the All Saints East London Diocesan Community).

SISTER MARY, 5, Wilmot Street.  
SISTER EDITH, 5, Wilmot Street.

## PARISH NURSE.

Nurse WILLIAMS, 13, Pollard Street.

## CHURCH WORKERS.

Miss CRUMP,  
Miss JAMES, } 5, Paradise Row.  
Miss A. NASH,  
Miss HARRINGTON, S. Margaret's House.  
Mrs. IRELAND, 10, S. Andrew's Street.  
Mrs. JACKSON, 118, Finnis Street.  
Miss LEEKE, 9, S. Andrew's Street.  
Miss MCKENZIE, 227, Corfield Street.  
Miss NASH, 15, Victoria Park Square.  
Mrs. QUICK, 89, Wilmot Street.  
Miss WARING, 134, Bishop's Road.

## Church of St. Andrew.

### CHURCHWARDENS.

Mr. COOKMAN, 10, Finnis Street.  
Mr. UNWIN, 380, Bethnal Green Road.

### SIDESMEN.

Mr. CROOKES, Mr. McQUEEN, Mr. WANT, Mr. EARWAKER,  
Mr. SULLIVAN, Mr. MIZEN.

### ORGANIST.

Mr. F. P. PARKER.

## SERVICES.

DAILY .. .. 7.30. Mattins.  
8.0. Holy Communion.  
7.30. Evensong.  
SUNDAYS .. .. 7.0. Holy Communion (1st and  
3rd Sundays).  
8.0. Holy Communion.  
10.45. Mattins.  
11.30. Holy Communion (Choral)  
and Sermon.  
3.15. Children's Service.  
6.30. Evensong and Sermon.  
SAINTS' DAYS .. 6.30. Holy Communion.  
7.30. Mattins.  
8.0. Holy Communion.  
7.30. Evensong.  
FRIDAYS .. .. 8 p.m. Service of Intercession, with  
Instruction.

HOLY BAPTISM { Wednesdays, 11 a.m. and 7.30 p.m.  
Sundays, 4.30 p.m.  
CHURCHINGS—BEFORE any Service.

All seats in S. Andrew's Church are free and unappropriated. Prayer and Hymn Books will be found on the shelves at the west end of the Church, and it is requested that they may be replaced there after Service.

Care of the Church—Mrs. MIZEN.

Care of the Sanctuary—Sister MARY and Sister EDITH.

## St. Andrew's Hall.

### SERVICES IN THE CHAPEL.

SUNDAYS .. 8.0. (3rd Sunday in the Month.) Holy  
Communion.  
8.15 p.m. Mission Service.  
MONDAYS .. 6.0 p.m. Children's Service.  
TUESDAYS .. 7.30 p.m. Evensong and Holy Baptism.

### GUILD OF S. ANDREW.

Secretary—Mr. H. ROBERTS, 45, Mape Street.

Meetings { 1st Tuesday—Committee.  
3.d Tuesday—General.

## SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

*Superintendents.*  
S. Andrew's Insti- { 10 a.m. ... .. Rev. G. BERENS.  
tute, Parish Hall { 3 p.m. (Boys) Rev. M. P. GILLSON  
Hague Street { 3 p.m. (Girls) Miss LEEKE.  
Board School { 3 p.m. (Infants) Miss EUSTACE.  
S. Andrew's Hall { 10 a.m. ... .. Rev. H. MOSLEY.  
(Boys and Girls) { 3 p.m. ... .. Rev. H. MOSLEY.

## SUNDAY CLASSES.

S. Andrew's { 3 p.m. (Boys) Rev. G. BERENS.  
Institute { 3 p.m. (Girls) Miss CRUMP.  
S. Andrew's Hall { 3 p.m. (Girls) The SISTERS.  
6.45 p.m. (Boys) Rev. H. MOSLEY.

## MEETING FOR MEN.

Institute (No. 6 Room), }  
Sunday, 8.15 p.m. } Rev. L. L. EDWARDS.

## WOMEN'S BIBLE CLASS.

Institute No. 6 Room), }  
Thursdays, 2.30 p.m. } Rev. G. BERENS.

## MOTHERS' MEETINGS (on Mondays at 2.30).

S. Andrew's Institute { Ground Floor—Miss WARING.  
First Floor—Miss CRUMP.  
Parish Hall—Miss HARRINGTON.  
S. Andrew's Hall .. .. The SISTERS.

## CLUBS.

President—Rev. H. V. S. ECK.

### MEN'S CLUB.

S. Andrew's Institute. { Secretary—Rev. L. L. EDWARDS.  
Nightly, 8—11. { Treasurer—Rev. G. BERENS.  
Saturday, 5—11. { Librarian—Mr. J. H. ROSE.

### BOYS' CLUBS.

S. Andrew's Institute, { Secretary—Rev. G. BERENS.  
Nightly, 8—10. { Librarian—Miss WARING.  
S. Andrew's Hall, { Superintendent—Rev. H. MOSLEY  
Thursday, 8—10. }

### GIRLS' CLUB.

S. Andrew's Institute, { Superintendent—Miss CRUMP.  
Monday & Thursday, { Secretary—Miss BROADBEAR.  
9—10. { Librarian—Miss BOWYER.

Temperance Society—Secretary—Rev. G. BERENS.

Senior Girls' { S. Andrew's Inst.—Miss WHITWORTH.  
Band of Hope. { S. Andrew's Hall—Sister MARY.

Junior { S. Andrew's Inst.—Rev. L. L. EDWARDS.  
Band of Hope. { S. Andrew's Hall—Rev. H. MOSLEY.

Association for { Secretary—Rev. L. L. EDWARDS.  
Home and Foreign { Assistant Secretary—Mr. J. McQUEEN.  
Missions }

Work Party { S. Andrew's Institute—Mrs. UNWIN and  
Miss LEEKE.  
S. Andrew's Hall—The SISTERS.

# S. Andrew's Parish Magazine.

DECEMBER, 1897.

## ADVENT.

Owing to S. Andrew's Day falling during the first week in Advent, and Christmas Day during the last week, we propose to hold our usual Special Week-day Services on the second and third Wednesdays only, on which days there will be a late Evensong and Sermon at 8.30 p.m.

With the exception of the Special Services for Men on Sunday Nights, the other Services will be as usual.

### SUNDAYS—

- 8 a.m. Holy Communion.
- 10.45 a.m. Mattins.
- 11.30 a.m. Choral Celebration and Sermon.
- 3.15 p.m. Children's Service.
- 6.30 p.m. Evensong and Sermon.
- 8 p.m. Service for Men.

The *Dies Irae* (Hymn 398) will be sung after Evensong on Sunday Nights.

### WEDNESDAY, Dec. 8—

- 8.30 p.m. Evensong and Sermon; Preacher, the Rev. J. Miles, Rector of S. Katharine Cree, E.C.

### WEDNESDAY, Dec. 15—

- 8.30 p.m. Evensong and Sermon; Preacher, Rev. W. H. Davies, Rector of Spitalfields.

## S. ANDREW'S-TIDE.

### MONDAY, Nov. 29 (Eve of S. Andrew's Day)—

- 8.30 p.m. Evensong and Sermon; Preacher, Rev. A. L. Jukes, Rector of West Hackney.

### S. Andrew's-Tide (continued)—

### TUESDAY, Nov. 30 (S. Andrew's Day)—

- 6 a.m. Choral Celebration.
- 7.30 a.m. Mattins.
- 8 a.m. Celebration.
- 6 p.m. Service for Children; Address by the Rev. G. K. S. Marshall, S. Matthew's, Bethnal Green.
- 8 p.m. Evensong, Sermon and Te Deum; Preacher, Rev. Jas. Adderley.

## CHRISTMAS.

### THURSDAY, Dec. 23—

- 3 p.m. } Service in preparation for
- 9 p.m. } Christmas Communion.

### FRIDAY, Dec. 24 (Christmas Eve)—

- 8.30 p.m. Evensong and Carols.

### SATURDAY, Dec. 25 (Christmas Day)—

- 7 a.m. Holy Communion.
- 8 a.m. Holy Communion.
- 10.45 a.m. Mattins.
- 11.30 a.m. Choral Celebration and Sermon.
- 4 p.m. Lantern Service in Parish Hall, for Children. Admission by Ticket (to Sunday School Children only).
- 5 p.m. Evensong and Carols.

On the two Sundays after Christmas (Dec. 26 and Jan. 2), there will be Lantern Services in the Parish Hall, at 8.15 p.m.

## The Bishop of Stepney.

As most of our readers are aware, the appointment which was so anxiously awaited by all who have the welfare of East London at heart, has been made, and the vacant Bishoprick of Stepney has been filled, and our neighbour, we may even say our parishioner, Canon Ingram, has succeeded Bishop Browne as Bishop-Suffragan for East and North London. We do not think that the Bishop

of London's choice could well have fallen upon any man who has a greater knowledge of the needs, or a greater desire for the welfare of East London, than Canon Ingram, and we confidently believe that in him our people will find a real Father in God. He will be consecrated in S. Paul's on S. Andrew's Day, and he asks our prayers for grace and strength for the bearing of the great burden which will then be laid upon him.



### The Magazine.

As the last Saturday in December will this year fall on Christmas Day, the January number of the Magazine will not be issued until Saturday, January 1st.

Will distributors kindly make a note of this, and all present readers please make an effort to continue taking in the Magazine and to secure fresh subscribers as well.

It is important that we should extend the sale as much as possible, as every fresh number sold helps to diminish the loss to the Parish on its Magazine.

In making up the accounts for the year, it has been found that there is a loss of some £3 on the Magazine. This means that if 60 or 70 more copies a month had been sold, there would have been no loss, and the Parochial Fund can ill afford to lose money as things are.

The distributors are prepared to call regularly at each house in the Parish, and as the Magazine is sold for a penny, and we venture to think is value for the money, we hope that this little appeal may produce some good results.

To friends at a distance we are prepared to post the Magazine at a charge of 2/- a year.

### Parish Almanack.

THE Almanack for 1898 will be ready early in December, and will be sent round to every house in the parish as soon after its arrival as possible. We hope that all readers of the Magazine and many others besides will expend a penny on their Parish Almanack; it will, we hope, be as useful and ornamental as our present Almanack is, and we hope that it will have an even larger sale.

### Guild of S. Andrew.

THE Annual General Meeting of the Guild of S. Andrew, preceded by a Service in Church at 8 p.m., was held on Tuesday evening, November 23rd, in the Parish Hall. The preacher at the service was the Rev. Stanley Gresham, whose presence amongst us once more gave great pleasure to many of his old friends. His words from the pulpit must have given much food for earnest thought to those who were present, and it is satisfactory to record that so large a proportion of the members were in Church on this occasion.

The business before the meeting was of a routine character, and no burning questions were raised, so that, although it was rather late before the meeting could be held, it was over in good time. The Secretary, Mr. H. Roberts, and the Treasurer, Mr. F. P. Parker, having been re-nominated, and no other names having been proposed, were duly re-elected. The three gentlemen who served on the old Committee, Messrs. F. Newley, T. Rew, and A. G. Simson, were also re-elected without opposition; six ladies, however, having been nominated for the three vacancies, a ballot was found necessary. Messrs. Earwaker and Ireland kindly acted as Scrutineers; and as the result of the ballot the Misses Broadbear, Crump, and Nash were elected.

The Treasurer's balance sheet was read by the Warden, and showed a small balance in hand.

The Secretary read an exhaustive, and on the whole, satisfactory report for the past year. He referred sympathetically to the removal from the parish, and from active membership in the Guild, of Miss Birley and Miss A. M. Harington. The one unsatisfactory feature in the report was the fact that, with an increased membership, the average attendance at meetings and services showed a falling off, compared with the previous year. Attention was called to the good work done by the Book Repairing Band, under the superintendence of Mr. McQueen, which it was intended to resume during the winter months.

### Missionary Association.

THE first meeting in connection with our re-organised Missionary Association, held on Wednesday, October 27th, was a little disappointing.

We were driven much against our will into No. 1 Room of the Institute, and expected to have been most terribly crowded, but the event proved that the Room was even too large for the requirements of the meeting.

Very few indeed came to it, and of those who did come, several were not at the time members of the Association, though before they left they had, we are glad to say, enrolled themselves in it.

It was all the more to be regretted that so few came, as the address given by the Rev. F. Cox, Vicar of S. Philip's, Dalston, was most interesting.

Mr. Cox came to speak more especially on behalf of the Additional Curates' Society, thus directing our thoughts to the Home aspect of Mission work. As one who has worked in the

East and North-East of London for some thirty years, he had many interesting facts to tell us about Church work in the past, as well as in the present. He commended the Additional Curates' Society to us as one which strictly adheres to the parochial system of the Church.

We only wish that there had been many more to hear Mr. Cox's excellent address, and trust that when he comes to us again, as we hope he will, he will have a much better audience.

Boxes will be due in at the end of the year, and we shall be glad to have them as soon after Christmas as possible.

### S. Andrew's Hall.

As announced in last month's Magazine, we kept our Dedication Festival on Sunday, October 31st. It was a day of general thanksgiving, and we are glad that many of our people were able to join in our services on that day. Mr. Eck gave the address in the evening, and was also present at a gathering of teachers after Sunday School in the afternoon. We have to thank many for offerings of flowers and fruit for the decoration of the Chapel. We received also donations towards S. Andrew's Hall Fund, and a present of hymn books for use in the Chapel. There is nothing of interest to report this month of the various meetings held in the week. The Sewing Party, after a long rest, is busy again on Wednesday evenings, and will *not* change its hour of meeting during Advent, as has been the custom in previous years.

### Mothers' Union.

At our meeting on Wednesday, November 3rd, Mrs. Malden gave the address.

She began by reminding us that our Branch of the Mothers' Union is one of the first that she had herself started in the East End. She remarked upon its being small, and said that every member should try to get another Mother to come with her, for all Mothers wishing to bring up their children well should join the Society.

To belong to the Mothers' Union should not be a mere form, but she should always keep in mind the three special objects for which the Society was formed.

- (1) To uphold the Sanctity of Marriage.
- (2) To give all Fathers and Mothers a right idea of their responsibility in the training of their children.

- (3) To organise in every place a band of Mothers who will unite in prayer, and seek by their own example to lead their families in purity and holiness of life.

We have to show by our lives, as married women, that we realise what a very great and holy thing marriage is; that it is God's ordinance, not man's; to try to prevent others speaking slightly of it or misusing it; to show our children in our own homes what married life ought to be; their ideas of marriage will be formed from what they see there. If we set them a beautiful example, they will grow up good; but if they see nothing but wretchedness and evil in their homes, what chance have they of growing up with a high idea of married life? We must remember that we are their pattern. It is a good rule on each anniversary of our wedding day to read through the marriage service and see if we are keeping the promises we then made.

We are *always* training our children; whether for good or evil, for God or Satan, depends entirely upon our own daily lives, and we can no more help it than we can help breathing. To say that we teach them no evil is absurd; if we are not teaching them good, we are teaching them evil. Good things will not grow on uncultivated ground, but weeds will. Let us make our Mothers' Union Cards our Sign Posts; hang them up where we can always see them, and consult them daily, to make sure that we are keeping on the right road. Let us never forget to say our Mothers' Union Prayer each day. We are *asked* to use it, not made to *promise*, for fear we might break the promises; but without prayer the Mothers' Union would be useless. We have to remember that we are *patterns* to our children, and that we must *lead* and *take* them, not *drive* nor *send* them.

Our next meeting will be on December 1st, in the Institute, at 2.30.

### C.E.T.S.—S. Andrew's Branch.

Our weekly meetings are now in full swing, and after two months' trial have been found on the whole to be satisfactory.

October 30th.—The Entertainment was provided by S. Andrew's Choral Society. Mr. and Miss Marks gave us one or two solos. The Treasurer was the speaker, and the subject was—"Does it pay to Drink."



*November 6th.*—Miss Sullivan and friends undertook the amusement part of the programme, which consisted of songs and violin solos. The Secretary spoke on the subject of "Drink and Pauperism."

*November 13th.*—The Treasurer again gave the address on the subject of "Drink and Thrift." Mr. T. Rew and friends gave a Concert, in which songs were sung by Miss Aldis and Mr. T. Rew; violin solos by Mr. Aldis; while two quartettes were given by Messrs. T. Rew, E. Rew, Baxter, and Rose.

*November 20th.*—A stirring speech by Rev. J. H. Buckingham, of S. Stephen's, Spitalfields; but unfortunately the attendance was the smallest we have had. The Entertainment consisted of recitations by Mr. Davis and Mr. Price, cornet solos by Master Shadbolt, and songs by Miss Nash and the Rev. S. Fischel.

We would once more urge, first of all, the members of our Temperance Society, to back us up in this important work; and secondly would ask all who feel strongly on the question to come on Saturday nights to S. Andrew's Hall at 8.30, and bring some one with them.

### Children's Evensong.

WE would again this month draw attention to the Children's Evensong in the Parish Hall at 6.30, the same time as the Church Service. It is intended for those children whose parents are really unable to take them to Church. It is not meant for infants or children who are too small to take any part in the service, and they will not be admitted. Parents are asked to see that their children come regularly. The service lasts just about an hour.

### Men's Club.

THE chief event in connection with the Men's Club which calls for notice this month, has been the Annual Dinner, which took place on Saturday, November 20th.

It was decidedly the largest affair of the sort which the Club has yet seen, upwards of one hundred members in addition to several guests sitting down to dinner in the Parish Hall. Among the guests were some old friends, whom it was a great pleasure to the members to meet again, notably Mr. Lawley and Mr. Gresham.

The toast list was a short one, consisting only of two items, "The Guests" and "The Club."

In proposing the health of the guests, with which he coupled the name of Mr. Lawley, the President read letters of apology from several friends, including Messrs. Bramwell and G. Wilson, who both sent kindly messages to the members of the Club.

Mr. Lawley responded and spoke of the pleasure it was to him to be present once more at a Club Dinner, and specially to see so many familiar faces.

Mr. Douglas Eyre, Secretary of the Federation, in proposing the welfare of the Club, spoke most kindly of the high place which S. Andrew's Club holds in the Federation, and expressed a hope that it would in the future manage to do as well on the river as it did on the running track and across country.

The Secretary responded for the Club, and laid stress on the fact that the success of S. Andrew's Men's Club depended almost entirely on the admirable way in which the members managed things for themselves.

A word of praise must be said for the first-rate manner in which Mrs. Mizen had catered for so large a party. The task must have been a heavy one, yet nothing was wanting, and nothing had gone amiss.

After the dinner had been cleared away, a very happy social evening was spent by members and their friends. Messrs. Allen and Buckey, the two stewards, worked hard to keep things going, and succeeded, with the help of Mr. Lemay and his party, who kindly supplied the instrumental music, in keeping the ball rolling until a late hour.

The Club may very well congratulate itself on its dinner of 1897.

**ATHLETIC CLUB.**—We congratulate three of our members on a very striking feat in the Unity Athletic Club Five Mile Cross Country Sealed Handicap and Scratch Race, run on Saturday, November 20th. F. Cleveley secured first place in the Scratch Race, J. Carson was first in the Handicap, and J. Lazorek third. For three of S. Andrew's men to have scored such a success as this is most creditable to them; and with members who can do so well outside their own Club, we may anticipate a continuance of the good record which S. Andrew's Athletic Club has already made. A Three Mile Road Handicap was run off among members on Thursday, October 28th. H. Bremmer came in first, W. Cleveley second, and S. Johnson third. J. Belsham came in first among the novices. Mr. Allen, of the Unity Athletic Club, very kindly acted as starter and timekeeper.

**MINSTREL TROUPE.**--The Minstrels are progressing, and are branching out in the way of instrumental music, one or two violinists and a cornet player having lately thrown in their lot with the "Snowdrops." But alas! there is one drop of bitterness in the cup; Mr. George Blyth, the pianist of the Troupe, has resigned his position, and up to the present no successor has been found. It is a serious matter for the Minstrels, and we only wish Mr. Blyth could see his way clear to finding time to carry on the work which he did so successfully. But perhaps some other reader of the Magazine could volunteer for this office, which involves two practices a week from 9 till 11 p.m.

**AMBULANCE CLASS.**--In connection with S. John's Ambulance Association a small class has been formed from among members of the Club, and the lectures are being given on Wednesday evenings by Dr. Tunstall.

Though small the class is a keen one, and we are hoping for good results when the examination takes place at the end of the course.

How to render first aid in an emergency is such useful knowledge that we are confident the class will never regret having taken the course of lectures.

The President of the Club is taking an active interest in the matter, and doing all he can to help to carry it to a successful issue.

### Boys' Club.

ON Monday, November 1st, we held the first of the meetings of the C.E.T.S. Branch in connection with the Club in the Club Room. There was a fair attendance, and the Rev. H. S. Woolcombe, of S. Dunstan's, Stepney, gave us a plain stirring talk on the question of Intemperance and its dangers. During the evening, Mrs. Boustead gave us some capital recitations; while Messrs. Rose, Baxter and Ireland contributed to the general pleasure by their songs.

Several fresh members have joined the Society, and we would repeat that we intend to hold a Monthly Meeting on or about the first Monday in every month.

The Gymnasium is still going well, and we began our drill in Indian Clubs this month, and did fairly well, considering it is the first time some of us have really handled those weapons. The other drills are satisfactory, though of course we are not quite perfect.

**Football.**--Our Team is keeping well together, and distinctly improving in their play and combination. We have played the following matches:--Saturday, October 30th, at Stamford Hill, we met the Silver Star F.C., and won one goal to none; November 6th, at Walthamstow, Old S. Mark's

Second, and after a good game the result was a draw, two goals each. November 13th, we played at Stamford Hill the Burdett Coutts' F.C., and they beat us by one to none. On November 20th we were to have played S. Anthony's, Stepney, F.C., but they failed to put in an appearance.

### Offerories.

|                                          | £   | s. | d. |
|------------------------------------------|-----|----|----|
| Twentieth Sunday after Trinity ... ..    | 2   | 6  | 8  |
| Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity ... .. | 2   | 19 | 0  |
| Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity       |     |    |    |
| (East London Church Fund) ... ..         | 9   | 19 | 5½ |
| Last Sunday after Trinity ... ..         | 2   | 11 | 3  |
|                                          | £17 | 16 | 4½ |

### Marriages.

|         |                                               |
|---------|-----------------------------------------------|
| Oct. 31 | Albert James Green and Maria Earl             |
| Nov. 1  | William Driscoll and Rosetta Armstrong        |
| 1       | George Cate and Ellen Louisa Smith            |
| 7       | Henry Richard Jacobs & Elizabeth Honor Howell |

### Baptisms.

|          |    |                              |
|----------|----|------------------------------|
| October  | 27 | Margaret May Saunders        |
|          | 27 | Rebecca Elizabeth Cardoza    |
|          | 31 | William Richard Burrows      |
|          | 31 | Lilian Maud Rose             |
|          | 31 | Arthur David George Dulieu   |
|          | 31 | Alfred Thomas Westwood       |
|          | 31 | Charles Edward Pelton        |
|          | 31 | Minnie Henrietta Chapman     |
|          | 31 | Henry Thomas Maguire         |
|          | 31 | Louisa Goods                 |
|          | 31 | James Whale                  |
|          | 31 | Caroline Rogers              |
|          | 31 | Annie Elizabeth Rogers       |
| November | 2  | Edward Harrison              |
|          | 3  | Frederick William Norman     |
|          | 3  | William Thomas Blanks-Dorian |
|          | 3  | Archibald Victor Ellis       |
|          | 3  | William Thomas Ellis         |
|          | 3  | Arthur Frederick Francis     |
|          | 3  | Stanley Arthur Wells         |
|          | 5  | Ethel May Ayling (private)   |
|          | 7  | George William Joseph Ede    |
|          | 7  | Esther Amelia Henley         |
|          | 7  | Margaret Mary Tyson          |
|          | 10 | Florence Isabel Sarjant      |
|          | 14 | Sarah Gladys Bilby           |
|          | 14 | Henry Griffiths              |
|          | 14 | Florence Elizabeth Dean      |
|          | 14 | Charles Andrew Brown         |
|          | 14 | Priscilla Louisa Kenee       |
|          | 17 | Ethel Violet Campe           |
|          | 17 | John Till                    |
|          | 17 | William Henry Fordree        |
|          | 21 | Charles Macaree              |
|          | 21 | Rosina Amelia Smith          |
|          | 21 | Albert Edward Smith          |
|          | 21 | Alfred George Pickles        |
|          | 21 | William Owen                 |
|          | 21 | Thomas Henry Budgen          |













